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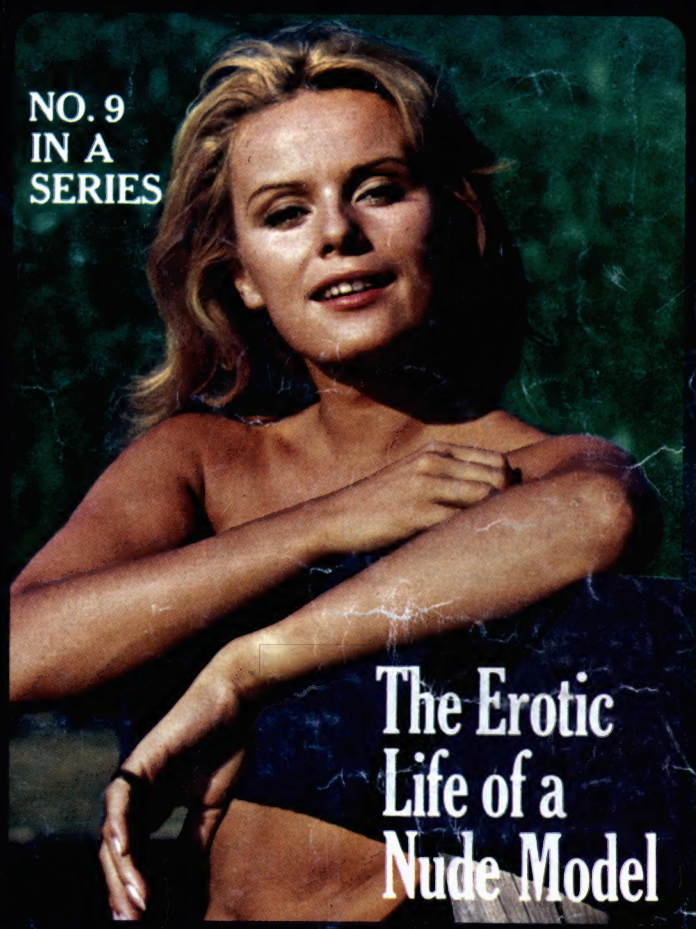

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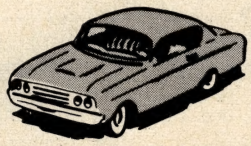

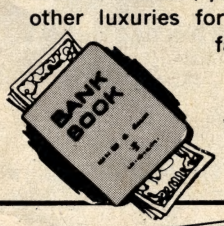

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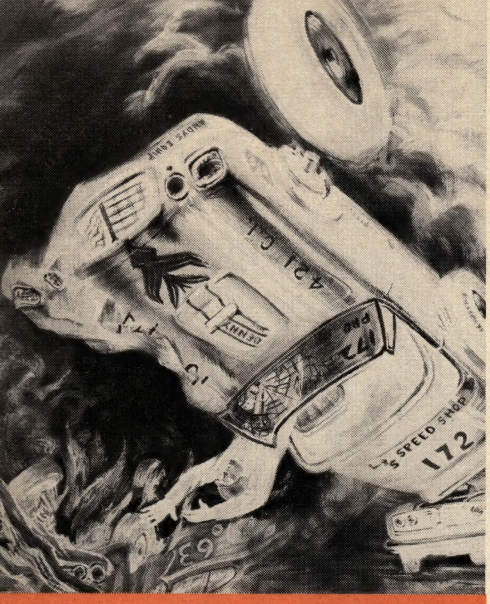

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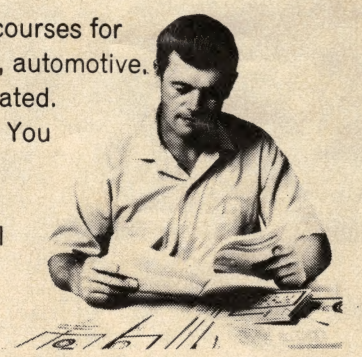

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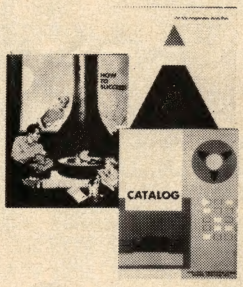

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STAG CONFIDENTIAL.....

INSIDE FOR MEN

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"MY WIFE—THE TRAMP"

WITH ONE MAN--GO ALL OUT TO MAKE THEIR MARRIAGES WORK. SEXUALLY, THEY'RE UNBEATABLE, AND THEY TRY SO HARD TO MAKE IT IN A "STRAIGHT" WORLD THAT MEN WHO TAKE THEM FOR THEIR MATES WALK AROUND WITH SMUG GRINS...

Department of Transportation red-faced over derailment of its $2.5 million experimental linear motor vehicle. While being tested to do up to 250 miles per hour, the embarrassing thing was that the derailment took place when the vehicle wasn't moving at more than 15 mph...

FORGET THE BACK-UP SAFETY SYSTEMS THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO COOL OFF A NUCLEAR REACTOR SHOULD A LEAK OR BREAKDOWN OCCUR. ACCORDING TO BOSTON'S UNION OF CONCERNED SCIENTISTS, THE EMERGENCY COOLING SYSTEM WOULD NEVER PREVENT DEADLY SPILLAGE OF RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL IF THE SYSTEM CONKED OUT. THE CORE WOULD MELT, THEN BURN THROUGH THE REACTOR, ALLOWING RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL TO POUR OUT...

Next time you ride a plane, ask your stewardess this question: "Are you a turtle?" Make sure you're not sipping a drink when you put it to her, because her answer is guaranteed to make you swallow your spirits--glass and all...

A MAN'S CAR

COMING UP: ROADSIDE SWITCHES FOR DISABLED CARS. IF YOU RUN INTO TROUBLE, JUST WALK TO THE NEAREST ALARM BUTTON, PRESS IT, AND HELP WILL COME TO YOU...

GM has promised a car that will let you survive crashes at speeds up to 100 miles an hour...

NEW SURVIVE-A-CRASH CAR

According to a late report, that "new car smell" most men love can be extremely dangerous. The smell is caused by chemicals evaporating from the plastic interiors and can sometimes cause a condition known as "shock lung"--a sometimes fatal effect...

LOOK OUT FOR GYP TOW-MEN IF YOU EVER BREAKDOWN ON THE HIGHWAY. WHILE THE MAJORITY OF OUTFITS ARE LEGIT, SOME REPAIR SHOPS THAT RUN THEIR OWN TOWING SERVICE WILL COME BAIL YOU OUT WHEN YOU CALL, THEN BELT YOU WITH REPAIR BILLS THAT WOULD CHOKE A HORSE. ONCE THEY HAVE YOUR CAR IN THEIR POSSESSION, YOU'VE GOT A HELL OF A FIGHT ON YOUR HANDS GETTING IT BACK WITHOUT ANTE-ING UP WHAT THEY'RE LOOKING YOU FOR...

Owners of more than 100,000 German-built Opels are being urged by the government to bring their cars back to General Motors for windshield cementing. Models affected are 1970, 1971 and 1972...

Future protective bumpers will add from 60 to 100 pounds to regular-sized cars...

SAVE YOURSELF MONEY AND AGGRAVATION BY

(Continued on page 44)

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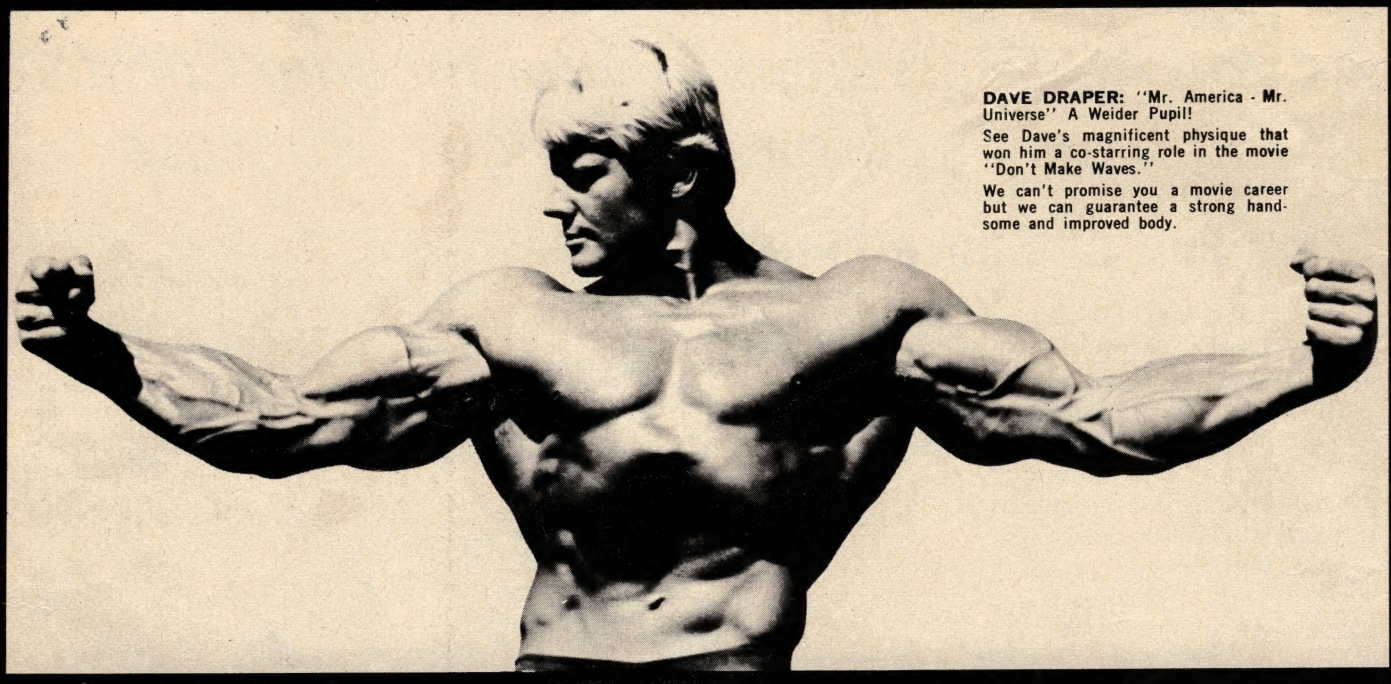

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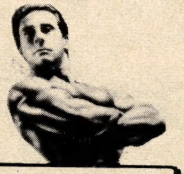

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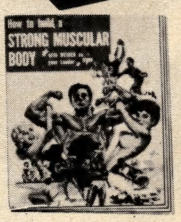
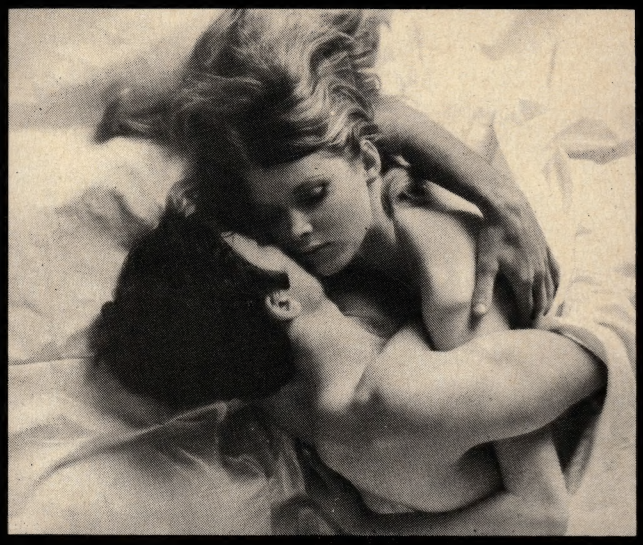


YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

To help you solve any sex problem in your life, STAG has added Dr. Hermann K. Wolff, noted consultant, to its staff. Although Dr. Wolff cannot reply to readers' questions individually, the most interesting questions received each month will be answered in this column. Address all queries to Dr. Hermann K. Wolff, c/o STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022.

By HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.



Positions Are For Pleasure Only

1 **I'm 22 and I made love to a woman for the first time when I was 18. The only position I can keep an erection in is the so-called "female superior" position, where I lie on my back and my partner is on top of me. I recently read an article by a psychologist who says this position is proof of homosexuality. I've performed mutual masturbation with other guys when I was in my early teens, but since I was 16 I've never dug anyone but girls. Am I a secret homosexual?**

R.L., Kentucky

The gender of your partner, not the position, is what makes a sex act homosexual or heterosexual. Stop worrying about homosexualtiy and continue to enjoy heterosexual lovemaking in any position you can.

Rape And The Single Girl

2 **I have been going with this girl for 4 months. She was raped by her father when she was 11. Eight months ago she was raped by her boyfriend and became pregnant. She got an illegal abortion. Shortly after, her boyfriend's brother raped her. Since then she let more than 4 guys do it with her. But she says she won't do it with me because she loves me too much. Is she putting me on? And what should I do?**

L.A., Nevada

Check out while the checking out's good. This girl obviously has problems that go way beyond getting raped. Don't let them become your problems.

Vaginas—Too Loose, Too Tight

3 **In the book, "The Godfather," a woman has an operation that tightens her vagina. Does such an operation really exist?**

L.C., Arkansas

Yes. If the vaginal muscles have been torn, ruptured or stretched—usually as a result of childbirth— the defect can be corrected surgically. Most often, however, a "loose" vagina merely means weak vaginal muscles, which can be strengthened with a device called a perinometer, available at most drugstores.

(Continued on page 62)

"WE JOINED A 'SEX EXPERIMENT' CLUB"

"Those get-together nights at the club are really the wildest. All rooms are jammed with people, all making love in every possible and impossible way. And what we like more than anything else is that we are turning into the most sexually open couple you'll ever bump into."

STORY STARTS ON PAGE 16

Newsweek, June 21, 1971

Group Sex

As dusk fell on the hilltop estates overlooking the San Fernando Valley one recent Friday night, a line of sleek cars turned into an imposing gate where a uniformed security guard solemnly checked off the couple in each car. He asked for first names only: "Dick and Susan, Escondido, OK. Sharon and Carl, Fresno, OK." Inside the mansion's living room, some twenty tense, young married couples—middle-income salesmen, lawyers and accountants with tanned wives in mod outfits—had little to say to one another. But they weren't really there for talk. Rather, they were taking the first step in the elaborately ritualized mating dance that preceded the sharing of each other sexually.

"These are just like regular parties," explains Mark Melanson, an active member of California's Club 101 one of

SWINGING WITH THE SWINGERS

Back in 1945, a muscular young actor named Greg McClure played the title role in "The Great John L.," a film biography of the 1890s heavyweight boxing champion John L. Sullivan. The film proved to be the high point of McClure's ill-starred Hollywood career, and he soon drifted away to the workaday world of commerce. One night last week, McClure set up a projector in The Swing, the Studio City, Calif., bar he has operated for the past five years, and watched the movie again, surrounded by a friendly throng of steady customers—swingers all, just like Greg McClure himself.

Today McClure's handlebar mustache is even bigger than it was when

Word of the wide-open clubs-for-couples first broke nationally when Newsweek magazine featured a detailed article on the sex phenomenon.

A 'SEX EXPERIMENT' CLUB

as told to ALEX AUSTIN

FROM the long porch or any of the front windows of the 15-room house built in the hills over Malibu, one could watch high waves of the Pacific crashing down upon the empty beach. It was a beautiful, dramatic sight. But most of the people in the house were not paying attention to it.

"When you have three or four men and women making love to you, it's pretty hard to concentrate on the view."

This was said by a 24-year-old single girl, Susan, in an interview with STAG's reporter. She was describing the activities of "The Hilltop House Club," one of the many clubs springing up all over the country that are bringing together middle-class men and women, not to bowl or play bridge, but to partcipate in group sex.

According to Susan, there are around 40 members of the club—most of them married. Each pays $30 per month to cover the club's expenses which include rental of the house.

"The house is available to members all the time," Susan said. "We have one 'Everybody Party' a month. Most of the members show up for these. They're wild nights. All the rooms are filled. People are making love on the stairs, in the garden, in the kitchen, everywhere, and they're doing everything. I've done things at these big parties that I'd never even imagined. One night I had three men and two women giving me the total treatment. There wasn't an inch of me that wasn't being used in one way or another. I kept having orgasms until I passed out. What happened after that, I don't know to this day. I woke up the next morning feeling that for the rest of my life, I wouldn't have even one inhibited moment, no matter what was going on.

"Aside from the great times I have at the club," Susan went on, "I know that, because of this group sex, I've become as sexually free as a woman can be. And that freedom is going to serve me for the rest of my life. When I finally get married—because I do want to someday—I'll be the best sex partner for my husband that a man could want."

The phenomenon of group sex clubs is spreading so rapidly across the country, STAG sent a reporter to interview members of such clubs in various cities.

One of these clubs met regularly at "The Green Post Lodge" located on the outskirts of St. Louis. To the passing motorist, the lodge looks like an expensive motel with a large restaurant-bar. Two long wings of rooms reach out from both sides of the bar.

Charles and Eva, married for seven years, are members of this club. He is 31, she is 27. They have no children.

STAG: How long have you been involved in group sex?

CHARLES: Around two years, I'd say.

STAG: And with the club?

CHARLES: Almost a year.

STAG: What made you decide to join a club instead of swinging with friends or neighbors as you apparently did during your first year?

EVA: For one thing, it's safer. We used to get together at different houses, ours included. We were always afraid that somehow our neighbors would find out what was going on at the parties we gave. Also, it's lots easier to meet new people all the time at the club. The lodge is pretty well-known by now as a swinger's hang-out. People who disapprove of what we do won't show up here. New couples are always coming to meet other couples or larger groups with *(Continued on page 50)*

Sign in the upper window of building shown reflects a whole new approach to coupled-off sex.

Nudity at most club meetings is usually the ice-breaker. Couples begin stripping as they dance.

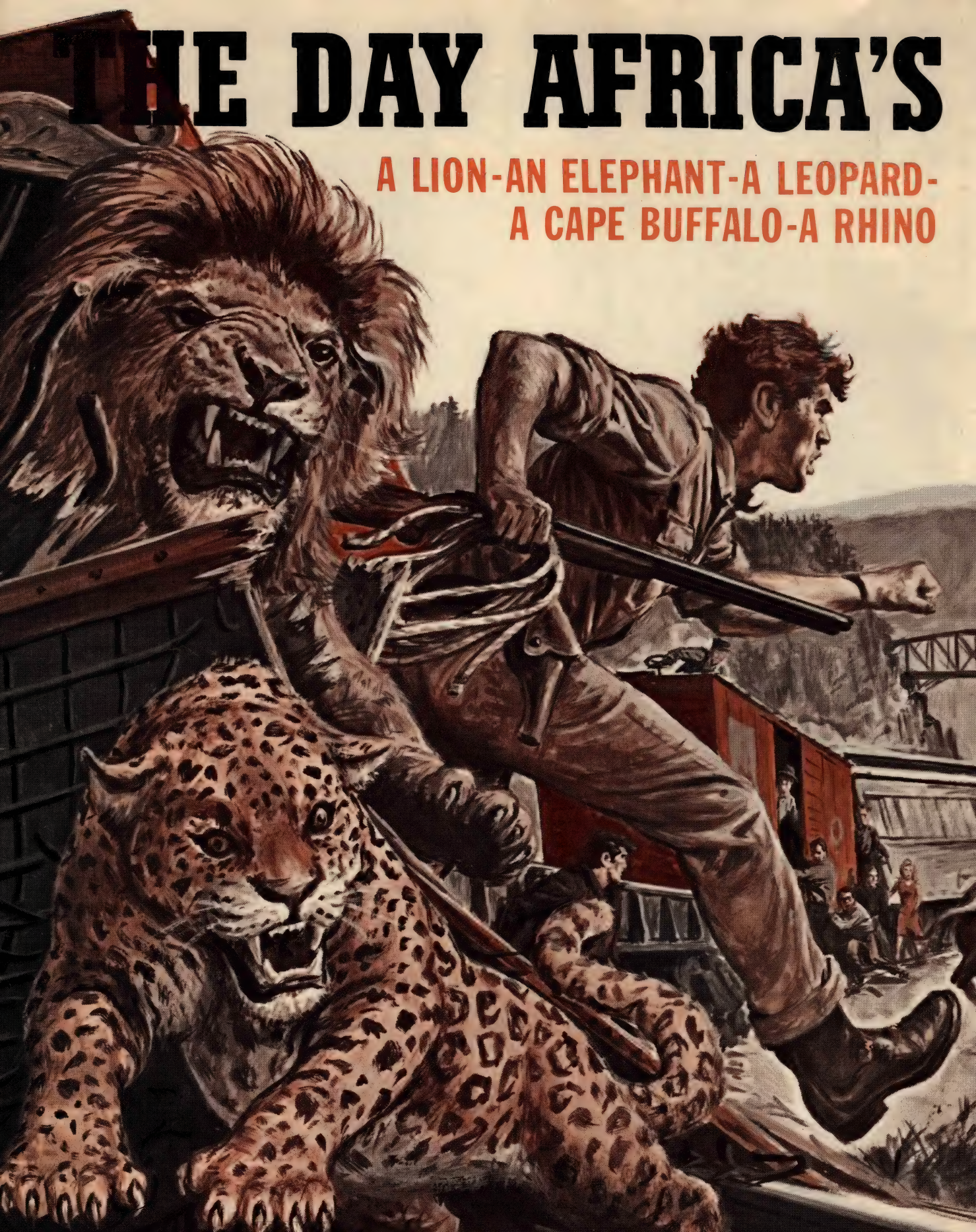
To help a "first timer" over her shyness, a veteran will often share her "undressing quarters."

"After a while you begin to look for new kicks. You'd be surprised how many couples think making love in a tub is ecstatic."

"But the sight that absolutely says it all is when the club's loving couples pair off and enter their own private worlds."

THE DAY AFRICA'S

A LION-AN ELEPHANT-A LEOPARD-A CAPE BUFFALO-A RHINO



When the train derailed, smashing the cages open, every terror-filled hour increased the danger of slaughter as five of the most vicious animals on earth tore off through the rugged wilderness.

"BIG 5" TERRORIZED NORTH CAROLINA

THE Haley Bros. Circus train was using the Turner Gorge trestle, far in the western section of North Carolina where the Great Smokies invade Tennessee, when it derailed on the gentle curve. The flat cars, with their load of dangerous animals, were the first to have their trucks leave the tracks. Engineer Caleb Marsden sensed the derailment in the change of speed and sound of the steam engine, was already applying gentle pressure to the brakes before he looked back to see what was happening.

As each succeeding car reached the point where the rail had separated from the *(Continued on page 66)*

By WALTER STEELE
Art by Earl Norem

HUNT ON FOR ESCAPED AFRICAN GAME
DUFFYTON, N.C., April 26 . . . A small hamlet nestled in the Great Smokies was suddenly catapulted into a nightmare today when a derailed Haley Bros. Circus train unleashed a fistfull of terror – five untamed African "monsters", an elephant, lion, leopard, rhino, and Cape buffalo. This small town, unprepared for the onslaught of wild beasts roaming the countryside freely, has called for help from the National Park and Forestry Rangers.
A nationwide call for civilians with African Safari experience, big game hunters has been posted by the Town of Duffy
Big game hur
Al Kirby,

Grabbing his gun and a rope, Kirby jumped from the train as the animals spread out.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: In 1967 Congress passed a Wholesome Meat Act to improve federal safety standards. But many critics, like Ralph Nader, have charged that the Agriculture Department has sold out to the meat industry, and that these federal laws are nothing more than propaganda to disguise federal failure. Because so many questions have been raised about the safety of the 11.3 billion pounds of hamburger meat consumed by Americans each year—an average of 55 pounds per person—STAG has interviewed three leading experts to get at the truth, whether we're shoving massive doses of poison down our gullets. These are the experts' composite answers.)

Q Would you eat hamburger meat?

A. Not unless I had my own portable laboratory to check the meat in a snack shop or restaurant, and to check it at home, before I would ever put a piece of it in my mouth. Or unless I cooked the meat so thoroughly it would taste like a piece of charcoal and be just as inedible.

Q. Why do you feel that way?

A. The main reason is that I know from personal experience, from chemical tests I've performed myself, that a good percentage of the hamburger meat we get in restaurants and in the stores is full of bacteria and filth, and that special bonus we're getting in our meat is making a lot of us ill.

For example, a short while after retiring from the FDA two years ago I set up my own consulting firm to analyze chemical and other substances for industry. One of my first clients was a metropolitan newspaper in an East Coast city. The paper was doing a series of articles on the quality of hamburgers and I was asked to analyze hamburgers bought in restaurants and hamburger meat bought in butcher shops. And I came

ARE AMERICA'S UNFIT FOR

Rat droppings—cockroaches—human fecal matter—a dozen kinds of bacteria—eyes, ears, spleens—meat from dead, diseased, dying and deformed animals: These are only some of the "extras" you may be swallowing down—along with your next mouthful of chopped meat patty.

up with a stomach-turning report.

I discovered that every single piece of hamburger meat had such large amounts of bacteria that under the laws of some cities that have adopted bacterial standards for foods it would have been considered unfit for human consumption.

Q. Can you give us some details from that report?

A. Certainly. Hamburger meat bought in one major shopping and tourist area contained 42 million bacteria per gram, and meat bought from another major area contained an incredible 98 million bacteria. By even the most conservative standards that was much too high. Portland, Oregon, for instance, forbids the sale of meat with more than 2 million bacteria per gram, and Springfield, Massachusetts considers meat to be putrefying if it has more than 10 million bacteria per gram. Yet the meat I analyzed had in some cases almost 100 million bacteria per gram.

But that wasn't the worst part of it. I also analyzed the meat for the presence of coliform organisms, a special type of bacteria known as E. Coli that causes diarrhea, nausea and vomiting and may cause the fatal blood infection, septicemia, when taken in large amounts. It is pretty much agreed in the medical profession that no food should contain more than 50 coliform bacteria per gram. Minnesota, one of the few states with a bacteria law, permits no more than 50 per gram. Yet my tests showed that in the first sample brought to me there were more than 130,000 coliforms per gram—2,600 times more than the maximum permitted in Minnesota. In a second sample the coliform count was 60,000, and in a third it was 2,000.

That's the main reason I won't eat hamburger meat.

Q. How does the bacteria get into the meat?

A. Several ways. In the case of ordinary bacteria, it is part of the putrefaction *(Continued on page 46)*

HAMBURGERS HUMAN CONSUMPTION?

By ARCHER SCANLON

"I Never Slept With A Cop Before"

He opened the door in his shorts, the shotgun pointed down at first. Suddenly the night became an orange flash, and I fell.

I touched her and she said, "I mean, I've known a lot of guys, but I don't want you to get the idea I'm easy, just because you and I...because I've been thinking about it all day, and honest-to-god... I've just never..."

I DIDN'T accept it all at once. It came over me kind of in bits and pieces. Like, I don't remember falling. The grass was wet. I rolled over once and tried to push myself up. I remember damp grass against my face, but not the falling.

His shotgun exploded again and the ground in front of me suddenly flattened. I wasn't afraid. It hadn't started hurting, and it's not that I was afraid, it's just I didn't want to die.

I couldn't push off the ground. Moisture on the grass seemed warm and salty. Something was caught in my eye. I thought about brushing it out, but decided not to bother. There was a terrible desire to see Valorie again that I couldn't explain. If I could see her, touch her maybe, the rest wouldn't matter.

Things felt overflowing and it was hard to understand. A gentle hand brushed against my forehead. I thought at first it was Val, but the hand connected itself to Morgan's face, which was old and lined and very sad. His mouth moved to *(Continued on page 88)*

Janice Burton was on the bed nude. She'd been dead over six hours, her wounds covering most of the right side of her body.

Nurse Roberta Conklin and I became great friends. By the second week, she was bathing me with the hospital door closed.

She stepped out of the bathroom, still a little wet, her swaying breasts glowing.

By DICK LOVE

Art by Bruce Minney

STAG'S FICTION FIND

Camera caught gunman forcing Empire National Bank's customers to sprawl on floor while his buddies rifled the till. During shootout escape attempt at Pomona, N.Y., one heister was badly wounded.

Jackknifed tractor-trailer pinned a motorcyclist against highway guardrail in Tampa, Florida.

STAG'S BIG PICTURE

Some on-the-spot news photos pack the punch of a piledriver. See them once and you remember them for life. Those are the kind of pictures we hope to run on these pages each issue—the most dramatic pick of the thousands that pour across our desk every month.

Subbing for movie actor Cliff Robertson, Hollywood stuntman slams his WW I-vintage biplane into a

Author of "My Face For The World To See," Liz Renay exposes the rest to nightclub audiences.

ranchhouse, while close-up camera crew stand their ground to record the spectacularly planned wreck.

SENSATIONAL TAPE RECORDINGS OF AN ACTUAL SKYJACK IN PROGRESS!

By JAMES AREY

For more than 13 hours, Captain John Priddy faced the guns of hijackers 5 miles above the earth in an incredible display of courage and coolness. And when the ordeal was over, his 747 was smoking ashes.

Will Gerken is a cool, composed, unflappable man. He has to be. As a schedule control manager for Pan American World Airways, he keeps tabs on some 172 jetliners operating daily over 85,000 miles of route structure around the world. Gerken is one of an elite corps of men who work concentrated eight-hour shifts in a "war room" type of office in a Pan American hanger at John F. Kennedy International Airport. These men are like master puppeteers pulling strings to guide huge airplanes between New York and London . . . Rome and Beirut . . . Hong Kong and Bangkok . . .Caracas and Buenos Aires. . . .

On September 6, 1970, the strings broke on Flight 93.

Gerken leaned over a closed-circuit teletype machine linking his office with the Pan Am dispatcher at London's Heathrow Airport 3,456 miles away. A message rattled out on the machine:

AFTER DEPARTURE AMSTERDAM FLIGHT 93/06SEP SUFFERED 9052 REPEAT 9052 AND PROCEEDING MIDEAST STOP FINAL DESTINATION NOT KNOWN BUT LAST WORD REPORT CAPTAIN FILED FLIGHT PLAN FOR BEIRUT STOP WILL KEEP YOU ADVISED STOP *(Continued on page 80)*

From the book THE SKYPIRATES by James A. Arey. Copyright (c) 1972 by James A. Arey.

Left, Captain Priddy and his wife Valerie quizzed by newsmen in Cairo after landing. Right, captured skyjackers awaiting action by police.

With 8 minutes to clear the plane, minor injuries (below) were inevitable; none was serious.

While taking on fuel in Beirut, the hijackers aboard were extremely nervous even about letting comrades approach the plane.

High explosive "sandwiches" (a hijacker's term) planted in storage areas, lavatories and cockpit totally destroyed the 747.

Cairo Airport's main runway was a mass of smoldering wreckage as firemen quenched the last of the 24-million dollar blaze.

NO. 9 IN A SERIES

EROTIC LIFE OF A NUDE MODEL

"If you like sex—and I do—you find yourself moving from the photographer's bed to the magazine editor's (male or female) couch to the ad agency's big client's apartment to, finally, a porno movie set on the West Coast."

By JEAN M.
As Tape-Recorded By R. L. KRASNER

"YOU'VE probably seen me in the nude. I hope you did. I always get a kick of knowing that thousands of men know my body from head to toe."

The above statement was made by a 23-year-old nude model when I tape-recorded an interview with her for STAG. She is a tall, buxom girl with jet black hair that hangs down to the middle of her back. She has worked as a nude model for the past five years in San Francisco, Los Angeles and New York. What follows is her own account of the life she has lived during those five years.

"From the time my breasts started to become noticeable, when I was only fourteen, I was a regular visitor to my mother's full-length mirror. When she wasn't around, I'd go into my parents' bedroom, remove my bathrobe, and I'd stand nude in front of that mirror until I heard footsteps on the stairs. Then I'd put on my robe and get back to my own room on the double.

"I knew even that early that I had a beautiful body and it was going to get better too! I was proud of it. But it took a couple of years before I got up enough nerve to show it to any of the boys I knew. We'd go through the usual mad necking and occasionally I'd let a boy unbutton my blouse, and take out one of my boobs. By the time I was sixteen, they were full-blown, so to speak. And there wasn't a girl in our neighborhood who could compare to me.

"I 'came out', as they say in society circles, around a month before my seventeenth birthday. I went out on a blind date that a girlfriend of mine set up. She went with 'older men'. They were 20 or 21, She told me she had already been to bed with her date. She said I didn't have to do anything I didn't want to with my date. There'd be no pressure.

"Well, I didn't need any pressure that night. We went to her house after seeing a movie. Her parents were away for the weekend. After sitting around, the two men had a couple of drinks, then my girlfriend and her date disappeared into one of the bedrooms. My date just held me in his arms, nuzzling me for a long time. He was patient and easy.

"No big push. Little by little he got me hot with this gentle stuff. I wanted him to touch my breasts, but he didn't. I wanted him to get a hand up my skirt, he didn't do that either. He was one smart sweet guy. He kept working me until I was the one to put his hand on one of my boobs. From that point one, it was all coasting. The first screwing a girl gets isn't supposed to be enjoyable. O.K. then—I'm freaky. Mine was beautiful.

"He asked me if I'd come to his place one night next week. I'm not a coy bitch. I told him if he hadn't invited *(Continued on page 60)*

THE GREAT $3,000,000

PRE-MOVIE BOOK BONUS

Slim seemed to slide under the flipping car as he maneuvered around the pile-up.

SPEEDWAY HEIST

She was no "pit stop bunny" who puts out for any Top 10 driver. She had a face, a body and a couple of million in cold, pure diamonds. And while Slim had the inside track, it looked as if someone was ready to commit murder to nose him out.

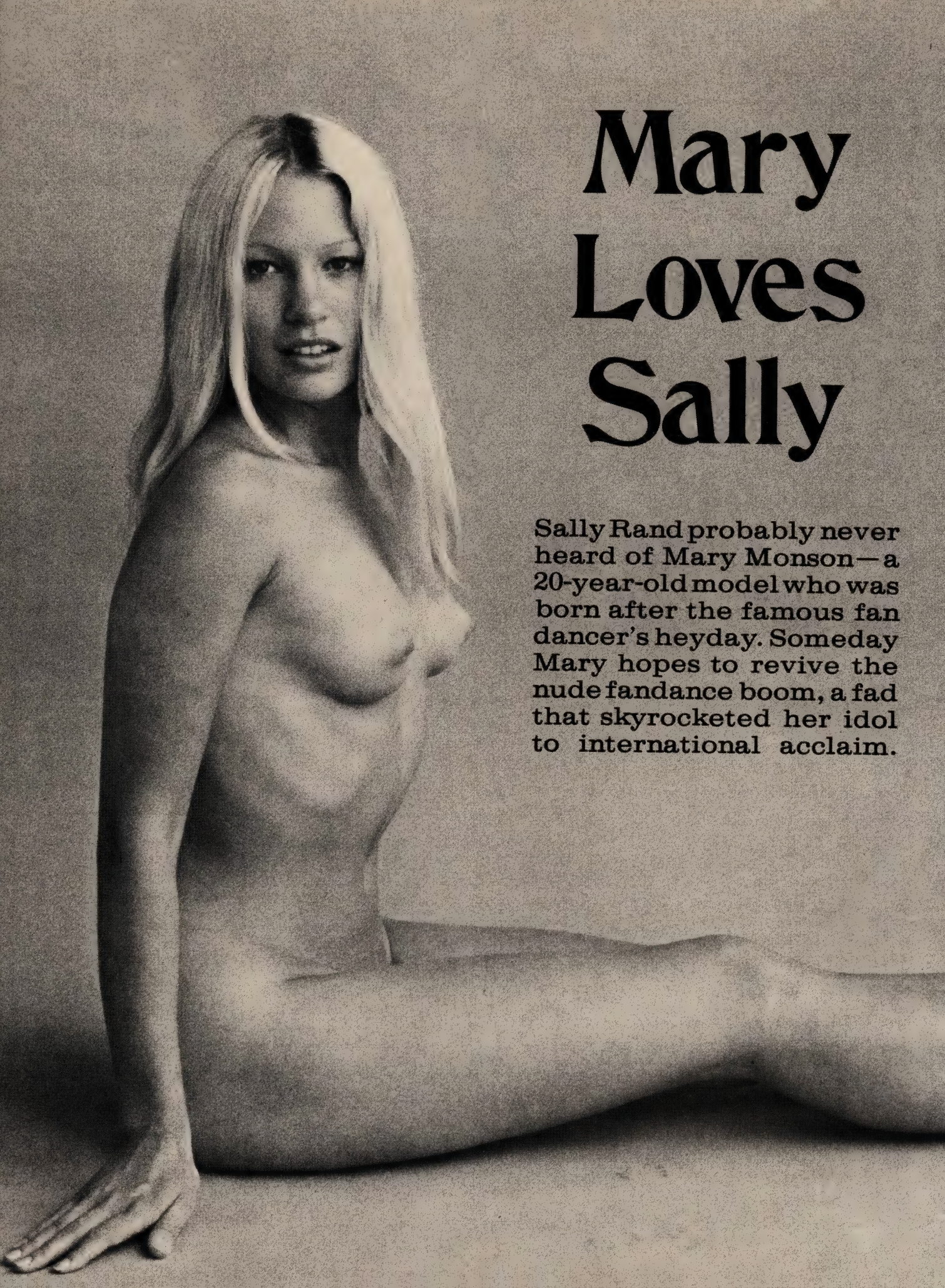
Still naked, they wandered outdoors to the moonlit pool and cooled themselves.

By SAM PORTER
Art By Samson Pollen

SLIM DURGIN left the bar feeling a warm glow, not only from the liquor in his belly, but because he had won the afternoon's race in a perfectly functioning car. The thousand-plus dollars in his pocket was only a taste of what would soon be there. It took time and money to put a stock car into racing shape and now Jasper McLeod had the '70 Plymouth humming the sweet song of success. The three thousand bucks they had won, said from here on out it was steaks instead of hot dogs.

Slim was so preoccupied with his euphoria, he didn't notice the man from the bar following him.

The stranger was oddly dressed under an old-fashioned Homburg, cane and high buttoned vest and small Windsor knot in a solid color tie. Despite his leather-heeled brogans, he walked silently, pacing himself to Slim's easy stride. He carried the cane parallel to *(Continued on page **92**)*



Mary Loves Sally

Sally Rand probably never heard of Mary Monson—a 20-year-old model who was born after the famous fan dancer's heyday. Someday Mary hopes to revive the nude fandance boom, a fad that skyrocketed her idol to international acclaim.

Most Heroic U.S. Submarine Mission Of WW II

ESCAPE FROM

From their crash-dive under fire until they inched up to the sur-

By the second morning the boat smelled like a sewer. Men clung to water pipes, huddled at air vents, drank, then vomited.
Art by Mort Kunstler

40 FATHOMS

STORY STARTS ON NEXT PAGE ▸

face, the *Puffer* went through an ordeal unequaled in sub history.

ESCAPE FROM 40 FATHOMS

By THEODORE ROSCOE

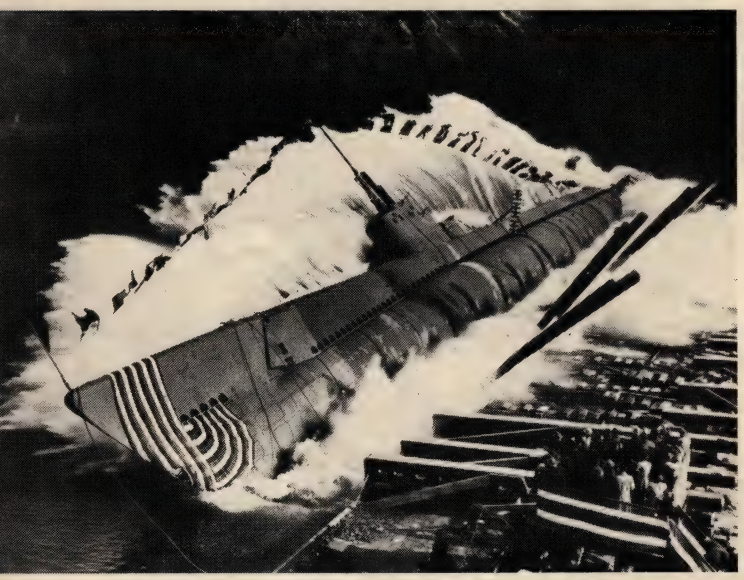
ON OCTOBER 9, 1943, the American submarine *Puffer,* under Lieutenant Commander M.J. Jensen, was patrolling the northern waters of Makassar Straits. By mid-morning, she was on the track of a large Japanese merchant ship. At 1110 she hit the merchantman with two torpedoes. The target stopped dead in the water, assumed a list but refused to sink. Thereupon, at 1119, Jensen fired two torpedoes from the stern tubes. One of these prematured. The other missed or was a dud. So Jensen maneuvered for another attack.

The merchantman's escourt, a *Chidori*-class torpedo boat, had been seen earlier that morning, but was at this time nowhere in the immediate vicinity. Left to defend herself, the damaged merchant ship opened fire on the submarine, blazing away with small-caliber guns.

Jensen directed a cautious approach on the wounded ship. The periscope showed the vessel lolling under a cloud of smoke. Gunfire flashed from the ship's deck where seamen were struggling with emergency repair equipment. Evidently the *maru* was hard hit; she made a sitting pigeon. But sitting pigeons can turn into decoys if their superstructure conceals guns of heavy caliber.

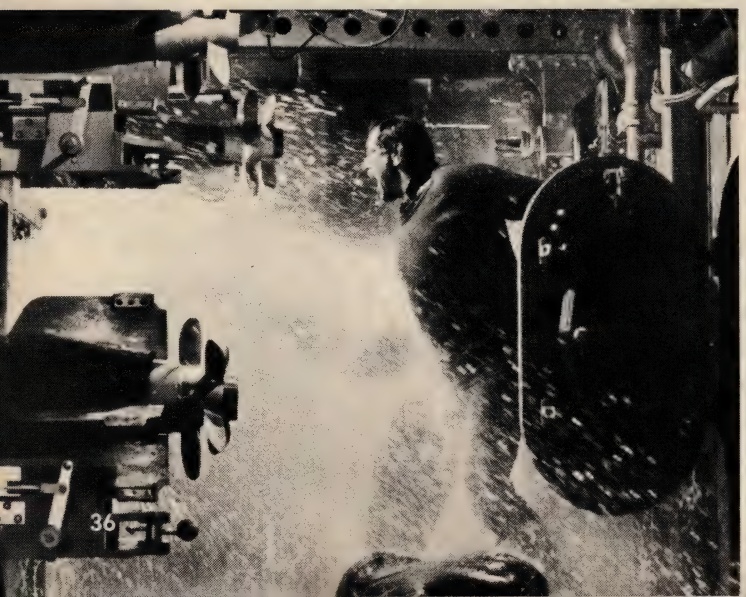
Although the average Jap merchantman's gun crew was scrubby makeshift, the chance of a 20-mm. raking or a hit by a 3-incher dictated submarine discretion. Moreover, the ship's radio, if not the racket of her gunnery, promised to rouse the wandering escort. *Chidori* patrol boats were known to be tough customers. About the size of American destroyer-escorts (DE's), they were fast, versatile and agile. For surface battle they packed 4.7inch guns and *(Continued on page 74)*

From the book TRUE TALES OF BOLD ESCAPES by Theodore Roscoe
(C) 1965 by Theodore Roscoe. Published by Prentice-Hall Inc.

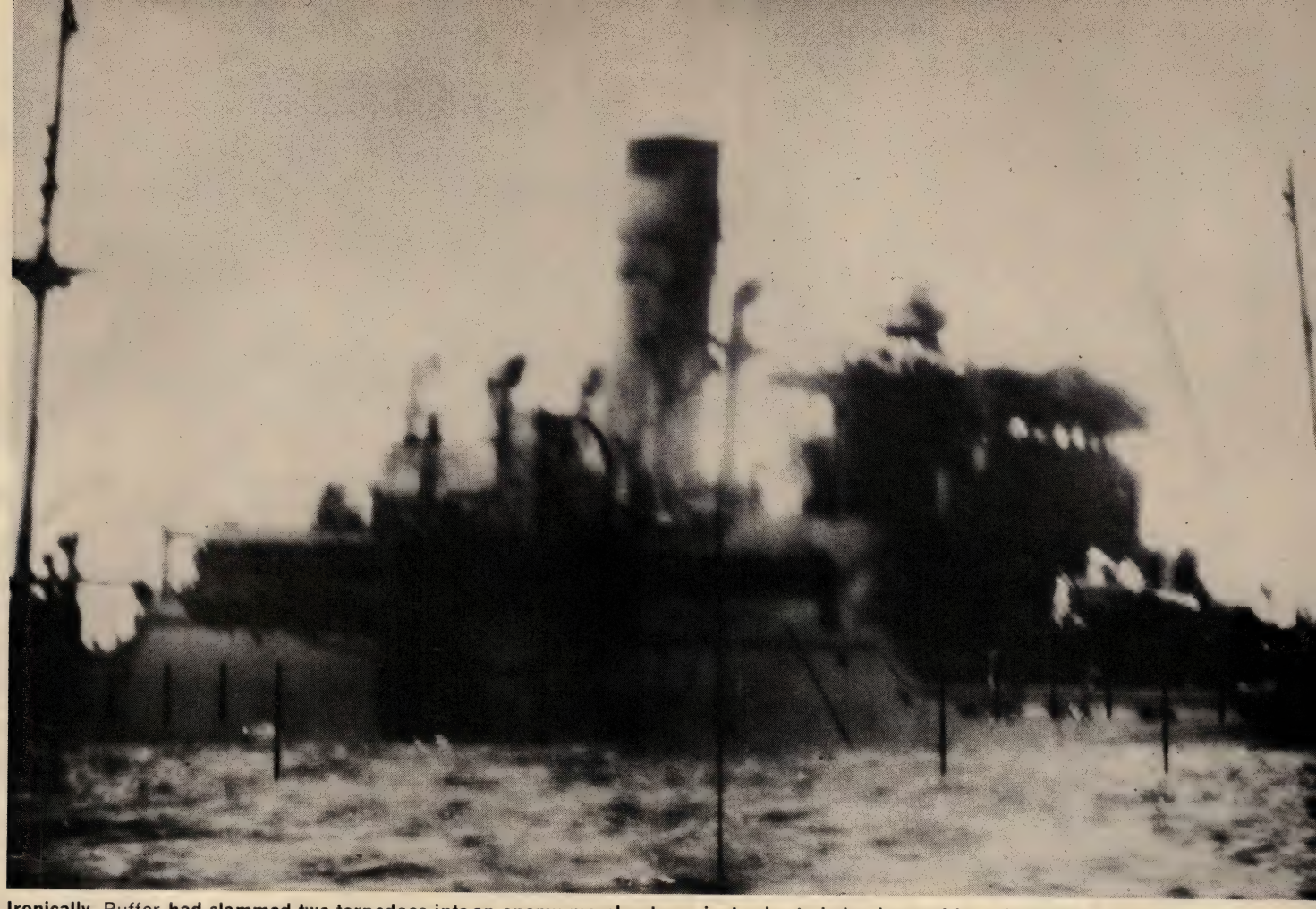


In 1942, Puffer slid into the Manitowoc River, Wisconsin, the fourth in a series of 10 long-range fleet subs launched there.

Water leaking into the after torpedo room, the bilges and induction and supply lines made Puffer's depth control a mess.



On the surface, Japanese ships kept up a constant bombardment of the target area with a saturation pattern of depth charges.



Ironically, Puffer **had slammed two torpedoes into an enemy merchantman just prior to being jumped by a Japanese patrol boat.**

Puffer **came back for her revenge. In February 1944, she caught a Japanese ship in her periscope and roared in for the kill.**

Exclusive of Iron Curtain captives, at least 40 nations practice some form of slavery—from forced labor to sex-on-demand.

By C. K. Winston

Behind 1972's Most Shocking Scandal: THE WORLD OF 10

ACCORDING TO THE U.N. SLAVERY STILL EXISTS IN THE FOLLOWING COUNTRIES:

1. **CHATTEL SLAVERY:**
   Algeria, Chad, Libya, Mali Mauretania, Morocco, Niger, Pakistan, Philippines, Senegal, The Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, Saudi Arabia.

2. **SERFDOM:**
   Afghanistan, Bolivia, Ecuador, Ethiopia, Peru.

3. **DEBT BONDAGE:**
   Burma, India.

4. **SHAM ADOPTION:**
   West Africa, Southeast Asia, Lebanon, Syria, Turkey, South and Latin America with the exception of Chile and Argentina.

5. **SERVILE MARRIAGES:**
   All Islamic countries.

NOTE: **All but Chad, Libya, Mali, Mauretania, Senegal, Saudi Arabia, The Sultanates, Afghanistan, Bolivia, Ethiopia, Peru, Burma, have ratified the UNITED NATIONS SUPPLEMENTARY CONVENTION ON THE ABOLITION OF SLAVERY, THE SLAVE TRADE, AND INSTITUTIONS AND PRACTICES SIMILAR TO SLAVERY.**

Prices at this Arabian slave market averaged $20 a woman, $15 for young boys, $.75 for "left-overs."

Turkish teenagers were sold to prostitution lords.

Harem-owning sheiks usually travel in style—which means taking along their favorite sex partners. Chosen girls sometimes share a fully-equipped trailer.

IT WAS BEDTIME for the tall, swarthy sheikh. Ringing the bell on his night table, he waited only moments before his elderly servant entered the bedroom with three naked girls. "Have you decided which one you desire tonight, your highness?" asked the servant, bowing deferentially.

His highness, one of the wealthiest sheikhs in the Gulf of Aden, surveyed the three slave girls critically. The black girl had by far the most beautiful breasts; large, firm, pear-shaped. The shorter Arab teen-ager beside her possessed the greatest skill and finesse in unconventional love-making techniques. Nevertheless, the sheikh decided upon the blonde German girl with the boyish figure. Her short-cropped hair and well-developed buttocks were in keeping with his mood for that evening.

"Take all but Maria away," his highness ordered, rising from his bed and walking toward the window. Fifteen floors below, he could see the long line of cars slowly moving up New York City's famed Fifth Avenue!

* * *

The scene just described, according to testimony presented to United Nations Human Rights Division, occurred on December 2, 1971. Although this particular situation of a slave in the U.S.A. is unlikely to recur (our State Department has received assurances from all Middle East and *(Continued on page 52)*

MILLION SLAVES!

In South American countries, Indian natives whose ancestors greeted the Spanish explorers still observe sex-slave rites.

Central Brazil is the home of a vicious white slave racket: girls are kidnaped, forced into prostitution until they die.

Signing phony show business "contracts," European girls become legal sex slaves.

Girls who live in harems are lucky to be "called to bed" more than once a month.

When Madam's "girls" turned up murdered, Mexican cops broke up ring.

Behind-The-Scenes Report From Around The World

FOR YOUR

Phase Two—New York. . . . "We support our President," the handbill says. "Total winter body treatment at summer pre-freeze prices. Satisfaction guaranteed." This was no joke. The city's whorehouses operating in thin legal disguise as "massage parlors" are holding the price line. This is irony. Such places are impossible to monitor. Few keep any books they would care to show to OEP people. Yet, marketplace pressures keep them as honest as some businesses and more honest than most. (Food chain meat prices are above pre-freeze figures, for example.) Listen to Janine, 23, golden toga, long black hair. She rubs

sweet oil into the solar plexus of a man on her table. His only cover is a goofy grin and a satin towel across his hips. "We'd like to charge what the traffic will bear and to hell with the freeze. But the traffic can't bear much. For the first time since I've been in this business, men are coming in and saying, 'Hey Janine, can you maybe leave out the oil and the satin towel rub and maybe do the number a little cheaper this time?" By "the number" he means manipulation to orgasm.

Chicago. . . . The same story. Listen to Helen, 28, a short and well-carved blonde girl who works with several others and sleeps with men for $75 to $125 per night: "They just won't take anybody any more. They want to see two or three of us and take a pick. You know. Strip down and flash your buns, just like in the old cribs on the frontier, for God's Sake. They just don't have the expense accounts they used to. And they know we're hurting too, so they're being a lot nastier and choosier."

Miami. . . . Different chapter but same book here, too. Marie, 26, "bikini hustles" at the big beach hotels. "There just isn't any point even trying to raise the prices, honey," she says. "Hell, it's hard enough just keeping old prices in line. You tell these cigar chewers $50 and they start moaning that their pay raises are frozen and can't you make it $25? Who needs that?"

Not Marie, at any rate. The following week Marie flew to the Virgin Islands for an indefinite stay and took a job in a gift shop.

Big Shots—They came at dawn in trucks and cars and took ambush positions on a ridge. Then, silence. Once in a while someone checked his rifle bolt; the click sounded as loud as a steel beam dropped ten stories. Someone young said, "Gee, Eddie, how do you get used to the waiting," Someone old replied, "You never get used to it, kid."

Then, as the sun rose, they saw them massed below. All talk stopped except for one voice saying, "God, look at 'em all." One man took a sitting position and aimed carefully, slowly. . . .

Thus began the annual buffalo herd thinning conducted by the Arizona Game and Fish Department; this is a four-day shoot near the Grand Canyon. Hunters are chosen by lottery and given numbered turns. Each may take one animal from the herd of about 200 roaming the houserock Valley Buffalo Ranch, a state-owned game sanctuary. This is a once-in-a-lifetime thing. Once he or she bags his buffalo he or she may never hunt at Houserock again. Fee is $45. Each hunter receives hide, head and a front quarter of meat. Arizona claims such herd control is vital; the range is just not big enough to support more than 200 adult buffalo. And what enthusiasm the hunters show for this humanitarian work. . . .

On this day of last October, game wardens on horseback herded buffalo in pairs past the shooting ridge. . . . The animals moved slowly, nibbling grass. . . . Seventy-five yards. . . . A heavy Remington went off. . . . The lead animal fell on its face. . . . The second sniffed his companion, then stood and chewed some grass beside its dead head. . . . The next gun was a Winchester. . . . The second animal fell about ten feet from the first. . . . "Great shooting, men," someone said. "Those ear shots are damned hard to make on a moving target."

Predictably, a lot of people are getting damned mad, if not about the end purpose of the hunt, about the means.

Ecologists and conservationists ask why the surplus animals are not just simply rounded up and butchered as beef cattle are. They feel this would be cheaper than the state spending good money and man hours on what is really just a meat shoot, no matter how many people choose to call it hunting.

They feel the meat could then be sold publicly, fed to prisoners or simply distributed to the poor.

INFORMATION

But ugliness concerns the protesters most. They say that even the slaughterhouse is prettier than a staged hunt, pandering to individuals who lack taste or courage or both to go out and risk the real thing.

"The Old Ones Don't Scream"— The neighbors complained of a garbage stink coming from Mrs. Steen's apartment. Police finally forced her door and found the stink was Mrs. Steen herself. She had been dead a long time.

There were no clues. There were no suspects. Nonetheless, police knew exactly how the crime had been done. They have heavy experience with such murders. Mrs. Robert Steen, 73, a widow living alone, was the third inside the month in the phalanx of lower east side Manhattan apartment cooperatives known as "Retirement Row."

"We have maybe 40 high rise buildings here in three projects and Lord knows how many thousands of old retired people in them," says Lieutenant Colin Flaherty of the 13th Precinct. "I sometimes think every junkie and mugger in the city is down here, like foxes raiding a chicken yard. They know the old-timers are pushovers. For one thing, the old ones don't scream very loud."

Mrs. Steen had been strangled with one of her own stockings resisting the robbery. The two earlier victims that month had been killed fighting off thieves also. By analyzing these murders and scores of muggings, police now know the thieves' attack patterns:

- They stroll Avenue D, a street of shops linking the three main apartment mini-cities. They watch for elderly people homeward bound from shopping.
- They choose a victim, follow him or her home.
- They enter the elevator with the victim, sometimes feigning politeness, holding the door, helping with heavy packages.
- They always permit the victim to push his or her floor button first. They themselves get off on the floor above or below. They do not want the victim to realize he or she is being hunted.
- Then they race along the fire stairs to the victim's floor. They usually arrive just as the victim opens the apartment door. They shove him or her inside. And there they rob and too often kill.

Violence to the old is so common in this neighborhood it is accepted as a way of life. One day last spring on Avenue D a young man took an old woman's purse, looted it as he ran and hurled the empty carcass over a fence into a lot. The woman did not call the police. She did not even retrieve the purse. She simply shrugged and said, "So I'm lucky he didn't take my life, too."

Then Mrs. Robert Steen pulled her coat tight about herself and shuffled home.

The Combat Cookbook— "First steal a pound of onions from the mess sergeant," the recipe begins. Add then to assorted field rations boiling together in a helmet. Throw in noodles, tabasco. Simmer. Salt and pepper to taste. Makes delicious "grunt stew."

So goes a typical GI recipe in "the combat cookbook," that unwritten body of gourmet knowledge passed along in the jungles of Vietnam from man to man by word of mouth. No one knows how many recipes there are in the combat cookbook. Sergeant Arlen Tolls of Asheville, North Carolina says, "You might better call it the survival cookbook. If we didn't have these ways of doctoring the straight GI field rations, we'd probably starve to death out there. I mean, man, did you ever try to eat a can of that hickory smoked cheese without doing something to it first? I mean, that stuff's nonfood. I sent some home to my old man and he wants to know if it's all right to patch tires with."

An overstatement, of course. Field rations are edible without doctoring. But they are also bland and palate choking. And sometimes the doctoring elevates them to cordon bleu cuisine. Consider the mess called "grunt stew." It sounds awful. Those who eat it love it:

Mix together in large pot cans of sliced ham, cheese (either hickory smoked or pimento), gravy, beans and franks, beans and meatballs, turkey loaf. Simmer. Dump in whole onions, garlic salt and bottle tabasco sauce. Pour over cooked noodles. Serves 4-6.

Sergeant Tolls loves it so much he dreams of commercial exploitation. "There's a captive market for the stuff. Think of it. Thousands of guys remembering how good grunt stew used to taste and dying for some when they get back stateside. There just has to be a way to freeze it and sell it. How about that? Granny's Grunt Stew. There's millions in it."

When the urge hits they'll pick you up, eliminate all the frills, take you straight to their place, then spend the rest of the night pleasing you. All they ask in return is for you to come on strong—with none of the kid-glove sexual techniques that turn them off.

By CLEMENT KORNGOLD, Ph. D.

RALPH Yeakel, a 32-year-old insurance claims adjuster from San Diego, California, swore under his breath. His first date with his secretary, a busty, green-eyed, red-haired girl just out of her teens, was a real wash-out. At dinner in an expensive Italian restaurant near the docks, she had not been able to keep from yawning as he talked about politics, movies, vacation spots, the company they worked for, his Army duty in Vietnam.

Yet, she had willingly enough escorted him back to his apartment not far from the restaurant, although she sat demurely on a straight chair with her legs crossed as he nixed a nightcap and turned on the hi-fi.

"Pretty music," he noted desperately, "care to dance?"

To his surprise, the girl stood up and allowed herself to be taken into her date's arms. Still, it was like dancing with a window dummy. Everytime he made an effort to press his loins against hers, she stiffened and drew away. Yeakel thought sourly that dancing with his secretary was about as sexually stimulating as a waltz with one's maiden aunt.

The music ceased as the automatic arm of the phonograph rose and returned to its cradle. The girl stepped back, but permitted the young man to hold her hand as he led her back to her chair and waiting drink. Before he released her, he stroked her palm softly with his fingernail.

The beautiful redhead looked at her date with undisguised contempt. "Why the hell," she asked sarcastically, "don't you take it like a man instead of scratching around for it like a rooster?"

For several seconds, Yeakel was too dumbstruck to reply. When he recovered his composure, he pointed toward the open door of his bedroom, and said softly, "Care to go in there?"

His secretary laughed derisively. "I said, 'take it like a man,' " she retorted.

Yeakel was not sure why he lost his temper. Perhaps it was the girl's mocking tone. The hint of an invitation behind the rejection. Overwhelming frustration. Grasping the girl around the waist with his right hand, he jerked her toward him and roughly kneaded her breast with his left. He heard the girl gasp with surprise as his fingers found her taut nipple beneath her bra, and he squeezed.

Trying desperately to pull away, the girl lost her balance, pulling Yeakel down with her on to the thick living room carpet. Quickly, the man pinned the girl beneath him and shoved his hand up under her raised skirt.

The redhead kicked violently, but Yeakel was far too strong for her. Forcing her thighs apart, his fingers crept upward toward her lacy panties. "Bastard," the girl snarled, but an instant later, her body shook involuntarily, her glittering eyes went soft, and she kissed Yeakel passionately between moans.

"Don't stop," she whispered pleadingly, "and don't be gentle."

I can still remember Ralph Yeakel's dismay when I failed to show surprise at the story of his affair with his secretary. Our hostess at a party we were attending had told him that I was a practicing psychologist and marriage counsellor, and he felt that I was the perfect audience for what he considered an unique instance of unusual sexual behavior.

I explained to him patiently that my files were full of cases of women who, for one reason or another, like being manhandled, taken *(Continued on page 48)*

WOMEN
WHO
WANT
HE-
MAN
SEX

STAG CONFIDENTIAL...

(Continued from page 10)

READING YOUR CAR OWNER'S MANUAL FOR THE TYPE OF GAS TO USE ON YOUR PARTICULAR AUTO. GREATEST MYTH IS THAT YOU NEED ONE TANKFUL OF PREMIUM FOR EVERY FIVE TANKS YOU FILL UP WITH REGULAR GAS...

OUTSIDE THE LAW

ASK ANY CON: FOR THE LONG-TERMER--MALE OR FEMALE--JAIL IS STRICTLY A HOMOSEXUAL WORLD. CUTTING A MAN OR WOMAN OFF FROM NORMAL SEX OUTLETS--SOMETIMES FOR

TRAINING GROUND FOR HOMOSEXUALS

PERIODS OF 10 YEARS TO LIFE--MAKES MAN-TO-MAN OR WOMAN-TO-WOMAN SEX ALMOST INEVITABLE...

Off-shoot of searching passengers to prevent hijackings has been at least 1,500 arrests at various US airports on charges having nothing to do with possible plane kidnaps...

STEALING SHOPPING CARTS FROM SUPERMARKETS HAS DEVELOPED INTO SUCH A BIG RACKET THAT IT PAYS INDIVIDUAL CHAINS TO HIRE PEOPLE TO ROUND-UP MISSING CARTS...

New Jersey became the sixth state in the Union to pass a law compensating victims of violent crimes...

J. EDGAR HOOVER, FBI CHIEF, INSISTS USE OF PAID INFORMERS LED TO RECOVERY OF $30 MILLION WORTH OF MONEY AND GOODS LAST YEAR...

NYC cops so bugged on prostitution and pornography they're under orders to hit offenders with everything in the books--from income tax evasion to littering...

MEN IN UNIFORM

Latest youth protest in Vietnam by Yankee-hating natives is a terror campaign of burning military trucks and attacking GIs, themselves. Exact number of

YANK-HATING VIET TERRORISTS

US vehicles destroyed is being kept secret, but it's not the numbers that has top brass up-tight--but the venom behind the attacks...

LOTS OF CAREER GIs AND OFFICERS WORRIED ABOUT WHAT HAPPENS TO THEM IF AND WHEN THE WAR IN VIETNAM ENDS AND TROOPS ARE RECALLED FROM EUROPEAN TOURS OF DUTY. NOT MUCH ROOM LEFT FOR ALL THE REGULAR ARMY MEN, AND PROMOTIONS WILL WIND DOWN TO A TRICKLE...

GIs in Europe, so disgusted by racial tensions in their barracks and obvious unfriendliness of people in whose countries they're stationed, are volunteering for Vietnam tours in larger and larger numbers. Even the threat of death in combat isn't enough to overcome their dislike of Continental service...

CONGRESSIONAL INVESTIGATORS HAVE FOUND 130,000 ALCOHOLICS IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE MILITARY...

Best estimate of our Air Force commanders is that both our tactical and strategic air power is declining rapidly, making Russia's climb to full strength even more frightening...

NAVY REPORTS VIETNAMIZATION OF THE FLEET IS PRACTICALLY COMPLETE...

US troops stationed in Korea--about 36,000--are dying of boredom. With no combat threat, such as in Vietnam, all the GIs have to concern themselves with is how to make it with a native girl...

90% OF ALL US NAVAL VESSELS ARE INFESTED WITH BUGS--WITH COCKROACHES LEAD-

ING THE LIST. CRAB LICE RUN A CLOSE SECOND, AND THERE ARE THE ALWAYS-PRESENT RATS, AS IF BUGS WEREN'T BAD ENOUGH...

Look for all slot machines to be removed from Army posts and bases around the world. Reason given: "It degrades sound management of clubs and frequently leads to sloppy operations." Real reason: Graft...

SCOOPING THE WORLD

EASIEST WAY TO INTRODUCE YOUR WIFE TO THE IDEA OF MATE-SWAPPING IS TO LEAVE A PILE OF PORNOGRAPHIC NOVELS AROUND THE HOUSE. MOST OF THE EROTIC BOOKS GO INTO EXTREMELY DETAILED DESCRIPTIONS OF EVERY PHASE OF SWAPPING SPOUSES. IT WON'T BE LONG BEFORE HER IMAGINATION IS SO FIRED UP, SHE'LL JUMP AT YOUR SUGGESTION THAT THE TWO OF YOU TRY IT. WATCH OUT FOR YOUR OWN REACTIONS, THOUGH, ONCE YOU SEE HER IN ACTION WITH A STRANGER--ACTION SHE

INVITATION TO A SWAP

MIGHT NEVER HAVE ATTEMPTED WITH YOU...

Australians scared to death we might be planning scientific-military bases in the Outback. Reason for their fear is that these installations would become prime targets in a nuclear war...

IF SKIING IS YOUR BAG, GET A LINE ON SOME OF THE OFF-TRAIL RESORTS WHERE THEY SKI IN THE NUDE. YOU'LL NEVER FORGET THE SIGHT OF A BARE-SKINNED GIRL SCHUSSING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN, NOR WILL YOU EVER DUPLICATE THE ALL-OUT SEX THAT GOES ON BACK IN THE CHALET WHEN EVERYONE SPRAWLS AROUND THE FIREPLACE--STILL IN THE RAW--TRYING TO HEAT THEMSELVES UP. SO FAR, THE LAW DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE PULLED A BUST ON ANY OF THE NUDIE-SKI LODGES...

Scientists are trying to predict earthquakes from action of natural geysers, such as Old Faithful in Yellowstone National Park...

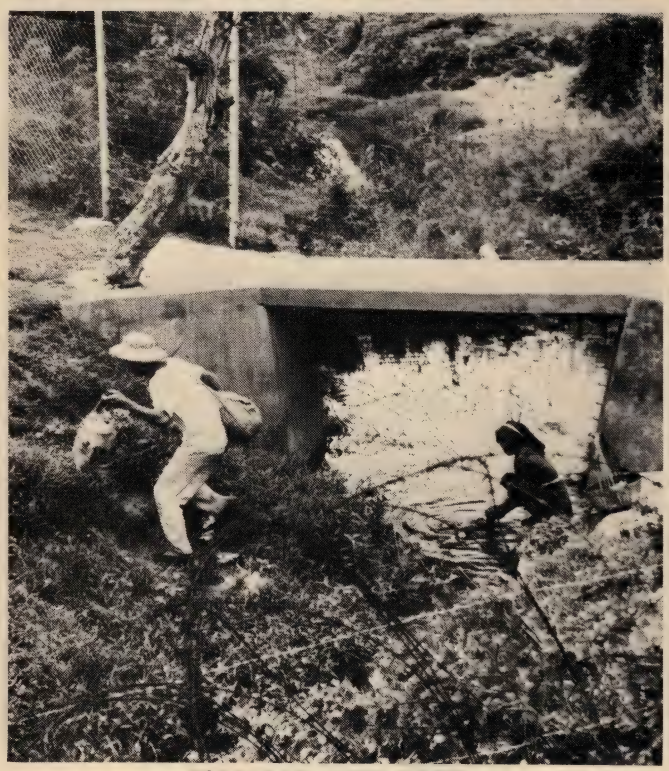
TO MINIMIZE KNEE AND HEAD INJURIES, GROUNDSKEEPERS AT STADIUMS USING ARTIFICIAL GRASS FOR FOOTBALL GAMES ARE WATERING DOWN THE ASTROTURF BEFORE ALL PRACTICE SESSIONS. DRY SYNTHETIC TURF IS MUCH MORE DANGEROUS THAN REAL GRASS...

30,000 kids around the world are suffering from malnutrition...

With all the "dirty bookstores"--and there are about 2,250 scattered around the country--the most any of them net is $20,000 a year. Big money in underground sex lies in porno movies...

RED WORLD

ODDLY ENOUGH, WITH U.S. AND RED CHINA PLAYING FOOTSIE, MORE AND MORE CHINESE REFUGEES ARE BUSTING THROUGH THE BAMBOO



ESCAPE TO HONG KONG

CURTAIN AT HONG KING...

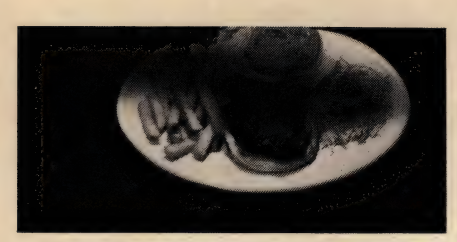
Once the Vietnam war winds down, look for a big shift of US naval strength to the Indian Ocean to block ominous Russian buildup in that area...

VERY FEW RUSSIAN GIRLS WILL GO ALL THE WAY WITH A MAN ON THEIR FIRST DATE. THEY ARE VERY TIGHT-LACED ABOUT THEIR ATTITUDES TOWARDS SEX. ONCE YOU BREAK THE ICE WITH A SOVIET SWINGER, THOSE WHO'VE MADE THE GRADE INSIST, THERE'S NO BETTER BED PARTNER ON THE FACE OF THE GLOBE...

Two Russian Ralph Nader-like consumer fighters have started a ruckus in the Soviet Union, claiming the consumer is virtually helpless under existing laws. They've pinpointed rent contracts, laundry and dry cleaning establishments as the biggest consumer gyps in the USSR...

JUST IN CASE, THE SOVIET REPUBLIC OF TADZHIKISTAN--NEAR THE CHINESE BORDER--HAS BEEN GIVEN DETAILED PLANS FOR EVACUATION SHOULD HOSTILITIES BREAK OUT...

We almost had an "incident" recently when a Soviet warship fired a few rounds at a U.S. P3 recon plane in International Waters in the Sea of Japan. C.O. of the Seventh Fleet kept his cool--claiming the Reds weren't shooting "at" the plane--but well ahead of it--and the firing couldn't be considered "hostile"...



process. Somewhere along the line the meat was not refrigerated properly or early enough, and it had begun to decay. In the case of the coliforms, it is the result of dirty people handling the meat. Coliforms are associated with fecal matter—which means that in a lot of meat processing plants, distribution centers and retail stores, the people who handle the meat have unclean toilet habits. And they are contaminating the meat they sell us.

Q. Could this have been just a fluke? I mean, perhaps this one city doesn't have strong health and inspection regulations or maybe is lax in enforcing them?

A. It was no fluke, decidely not. I've analyzed hamburger meat from other cities, and so have a lot of other people and organizations, and the result is invariably the same. For example, about the same time I was testing hamburger meat for this newspaper, a large non-profit organization that tests products for its subscribers, bought 198 hamburger samples in Philadelphia and found an average bacteria count of 3.5 million per gram. The actual samples tested ran from only 10,000 bacteria per gram in one, up to as high as 43 million. And in a spot check of 50 samples of meat for coliform bacteria, only one met Minnesota's standard of less than 50 per gram. All the rest exceeded that standard, and 32 of the 50 exceeded it by ten times or more.

That's not all. A few years ago the Agriculture Department sent inspectors into state plants over which the federal government has no inspection control, for a spot check. That report was enough to make a strong man vomit. For example, inspectors found in the plant of a nationally-known meat processor these conditions, which I'll quote in part from the official report: "It was noted that the meat grinder had much encrusted putrid material which would readily result in bacterial contamination of the ground meat. . . Other unsanitary conditions noted were ceilings with leaks dripping on exposed meat, causing serious contamination, and flaking paint in areas where exposed meat is normally handled. Some cockroaches were observed in the curing cellar where exposed meat is normally handled and stored." Or this report on a New York State plant: "While the legislators were slashing the meat inspection budget request, dead animals were being skinned not far from Albany, the capital city, and sold for hamburger. Of 30 random samples of hamburger picked up in one week, 26 were found to be 'embalmed' with sulfite." I'll get into the dangers of sulfite later, but for now that should be enough to demonstrate that my analysis was no fluke. Hamburger meat is rotten.

The report summed it up by saying that in almost every plant the inspectors visited, in dozens of states, they found grossly unsanitary conditions. Food processors were allowing meat to come into contact with manure, with pus from diseased parts of the animals, and other sources of contamination. They were allowing most food products to become contaminated with filth from improperly cleaned equipment and facilities. They were permitting obviously diseased tissues and spoiled, putrid and filthy materials to be packaged as "wholesome" meat products. And all of this was happening most often with hamburger meat.

UNFIT FOR HUMAN CONSUMPTION

Continued from page 21

Q. Assuming there is a lot of filth, bacteria, and viruses in the meat, won't cooking make them harmless?

A. In some cases, yes. But only if you cook the meat until it becomes that hunk of charcoal I mentioned earlier. And don't forget, a lot of the meat with massive amounts of bacteria was *cooked* hamburger, bought in lunch rooms. At the same time, some of the most virulent bacteria around simply cannot be cooked away. Staphylococci, for instance, which causes periodic outbreaks of staph epidemic all over the country. Staph bacteria multiply beautifully in a lot of foods, including hamburger, and every time you find staph in food you can be sure it got there through improper handling by someone in the chain from the slaughterhouse to the store. The heat of cooking can kill staph bacteria, but the toxin produced by the bacteria can't be killed by cooking—and it is the toxin that gives us food poisoning, not the bacteria itself. The same thing holds true for many other varieties of bacteria.

Q. Is food poisoning a major problem in the country?

A. You bet your life it is. Food-borne illness is probably the greatest health problem in the country, but no one does much about it because only a handful of people die every year. Yet the most conservative estimates are that at least 10 million people get sick every year from food poisons, and that salmonella, just one type of food poisoning, costs us about $300 million a year in medical bills, lost wages and lost production. And salmonella usually means meat, especially hamburger.

Q. Why is that?

A. Mostly because the bureaucrats involved in meat inspection are not playing it straight with the consumer. They tell the consumer that the government seal of approval on raw meat guarantees wholesomeness, but that's not so. There have been a lot of government reports recently—they don't get widespread publicity because the politicians are embarrassed and try to sweep everything under the rug—but these reports indicate much of the meat and poultry in the country is contaminated by salmonella. The government's attitude is that it doesn't matter, because salmonella is always killed in the cooking.

That may be so, unless you eat your hamburger rare. But even more important than that is the fact that once a housewife in her kitchen or a cook in a restaurant handles a piece of raw hamburger, the hands get contaminated. The sink gets contaminated. The utensils get contaminated. And so does other food that may be handled at the same time. And somebody comes down with salmonella poisoning.

Q. Wouldn't washing the hands after handling chopped beef eliminate the problem?

A. It sure would. But most people don't know this. And the government won't tell them. There is now a drive afoot to put a warning on hamburger packages and other meat that some disease-bearing organisims are probably present on the product and the user should carefully wash her hands and everything else that came in contact with the hamburger meat before touching anything else. But the meat industry is fighting against that, and the government is going along with the industry as it usually does. So salmonella is a major illness and will continue to be one.

Q. I've heard that even more serious diseases can be transmitted through hamburger meat. Is that true?

A. Oh, certainly. Polio and infectious hepetitis have been caused by viruses contained in a lot of foods, including hamburger. These I've mentioned are only some of the disease-carrying organisms found in hamburgers. There are a lot more.

Q. I'd like you to clear something up. Are you talking mostly about meat from state-inspected plants? The Agriculture Department keeps saying that 75 percent of our meat is great meat because it is processed in plants that are government inspected. Is that true?

A. For the most part we are talking about the meat that comes from state plants, which is about 25 percent of all the meat Americans eat every year. Plants that process meat which doesn't cross state lines, which is sold only in the state where the plant is located, are not inspected by federal agents. That meat, that 25 percent, should give every one of us a great deal to worry about.

Q. What about the other 75 percent?

A. If anybody believes the other 75 percent is pure and wholesome, then he's a fool. Federal plants leave an awful lot to be desired. Especially when it comes to hamburger meat, because you can put any kind of junk into the machine and call it pure beef hamburger. And get away with it despite government seals of approval.

Remember the Merkel scandal? Merkel was an old and respected meat processor in New York City that was bought out. The new operation began to buy horsemeat and also 4-D animals: dead, diseased, dying, deformed. They mixed the horsemeat and the filthy meat in with beef and sold millions and millions of pounds of it in the year before they were put out of business. And where were the federal inspectors while this was going on? The DA said at least some of them might have been bribed. Before you ask me if this was an isolated case, let me tell you it happens all the time. Some state and federal inspectors in the Chicago area were bribed a few years back, and within a couple of years about 20 million pounds of hamburger and other beef mixed with horsemeat and diseased meat had been sold. The stuff sold throughout the country was diseased and rotten meat.

A short while after that a similar scandal broke loose in Pennsylvania. A couple of processing plants were found to be using meat from horses and cows that were diseased, dying, or dead, and selling the lousy stuff as hamburger meat. At the same time, a number of dog food manufacturers had been mixing dog food made from diseased animals in with beef and selling the product as pure hamburger. Again, inspectors looked the other way and the meat had the government's seal of approval.

Q. But these are just a few cases?

A. Certainly, but they are barometers of what is happening to meat inspection even on the federal level. Don't forget, for every policeman arrested for taking a bribe, a thousand and more get away with it every day. On a lesser scale, the same thing is true about federal inspectors. For every crook that's caught, many go undetected and unpunished. And we get rotten hamburger meat. But bribery is not what worries me so much. Federal inspectors condemn an average of a *million* pounds of unfit meat every working day of the year. That's great, it shows they're on their toes. But it's the stuff they don't condemn that troubles me. You see, the Agriculture Department's whole philosophy is based on the idea of getting the American people to eat more meat, drink more milk, eat more vegetables and fruits, so

that the farmer and the businessman and the economy will prosper.

Because of that attitude, inspection has boiled down to the idea that what the consumer can't see won't hurt him. The inspector looks for defects that he can smell, touch or see. But the fact is that there are things in meat—especially hamburger meat—that nobody can see, smell or touch, and those things are of far greater danger to our health than obviously rotten meat. How often does the government test for hidden contaminants like salmonella and other bacteria? How often does someone look for residues of insecticides, nitrites, hormones, antibiotics or other chemicals that are used to adulterate meat to make it look and smell good when it is really rotten.

Q. Is there much of that, using chemicals to make bad meat appear to be good meat?

A. Yes, certainly. The true condition of bad hamburger meat is disguised by the latest preservatives, additives and coloring agents. Take sulfite, for example. It gives old and rancid meat a deceptively bright pink color, making it look fresh. Sulfite is banned by the federal government because it's been shown to produce cancer and a number of other fatal diseases. Yet sulfite is still being used in hamburger meat all over the country, in plants that are inspected by both federal agents or local agents. That New York State report I read to you says they found sulfite in 26 out of 30 samples of hamburger meat.

And that's not all. Hamburger meat is doped up with Aureomycin and penicillin as a substitute for sanitation. Which means you're getting antibiotics without knowing it. That's bad, because the germs that may be attacking your body grow more resistant to antibiotics the more you use the drugs, so that when you do get sick the antibiotic you've been unknowingly getting in your hamburger may have made a killer bacteria immune.

Hamburger meat is also often spiked with a meat tenderizer known as papain. Meat processors and restaurants and even stores use it, to make the meat cook up with a better flavor. Papain is dangerous. It's an enzyme that destroys the body's cartilage, and there have been cases of men dying after swallowing papain, and other cases where the wall of the food pipe is injured by it. Yet hamburger processors continue to use papain.

Another dangerous substance that is used for cosmetic purposes in hamburger—to give it a bright red color—is sodium nicotinate. That chemical can make you quite ill, causing dilation of the blood vessels and messing up your blood pressure, plus causing very severe allergic-like reactions. Some people have died from it. You'll find that substance in a lot of your hamburger meat.

Q. This may be a silly question after all you've said about the horsemeat and the filth and the chemicals in our hamburger, but if you're lucky enough to get hamburger meat that has not been adulterated in any of those ways, is it true that hamburger is 100 percent pure beef?

A. You have to be pretty damned lucky to find such hamburger meat. Or smart—if you go to a butcher shop and pick out a hunk of beef, then have the butcher put it into his chopper in front of you and watch him carefully, maybe you'll get hamburger that is pure beef. I say maybe, because it's an easy thing for a butcher to palm a hunk of fat or gristle and slip it into the machine with your beef. But buying hamburger that way is the closest you'll come to being certain you're getting all beef.

You see, the men in the hamburger industry have a funny habit of throwing all kinds of junk into the meat as they grind it up. They call it "blood and sawdust" in the industry. Most often what is added is fat, which is worth about a penny a pound if it's worth anything. Most experts say that hamburger with between 17 and 20 percent fat is the juiciest and tastiest meat of all. Any fat above that amount is excess and has probably been added deliberately by a meat swindler. Surveys recently conducted in a number of cities show that about half of all hamburger meat contains more than 20 percent fat, with some samples showing as much as 45 and 50 percent fat.

In fact, back a few years ago before New York City cracked down on wholesalers and butchers, investigators turned up dozens of markets that were selling hamburger meat containing up to 60 percent fat, plus beef blood and food colorings. One sample of packaged chop meat contained an incredible 90 percent fat.

Some whoesalers and retail butchers add more than fat, however. They inject water into the meat, and then add special chemicals to hold the water in the tissue. They use soya or cereal filler that costs a fraction of a cent a pound, because there are obviously enormous profits to be made by mixing penny-a-pound junk in with beef that's worth 50 cents a pound wholesale, and selling the whole thing at 50 cents. And they'll also add beef blood, to give it a rich color and to disguise the cereal filler.

That's what the blood and sawdust is all about. Everything is chopped into the meat except the butcher block itself.

Q. Besides the swindle involved, is there any danger in the "sawdust and blood"?

A. The obvious dangers are the chemicals that are added. Some, like sulfite, are known to be dangerous. Others have not been proved dangerous, but there are a lot of suspicions and if the government was more interested in the people than in the meat industry it would order these chemicals not to be used until they were proven *not* dangerous, instead of waiting to find proof of their danger as they do now.

But there is another kind of danger involved. In the first place, a lot of wholesalers will grind up into the beef those parts of animals for which there is no market, such as spleens, lungs, stomachs, snouts, jowls and almost everything you can think of including eyes and ears. The trouble is, this stuff is so valueless that it is often just thrown aside in heaps anywhere in the plant where it can become contaminated by rat droppings, insects, and other unsavory things. Then, when it is thrown into the chopper with the beef and the other sawdust and blood, all that dirt goes in with it.

Even more dangerous is the fact that a lot of wholesalers will not only mix leftover parts from the steer into their beef hamburger, but will throw in leftovers from hogs. We all know that pork should be thoroughly cooked to destroy possible trichinosis organisms. But if you're buying "pure beef" hamburger meat you'd never dream of finding pork in it, so you don't think in terms of really cooking the meat thoroughly. And if you like your hamburger rare, you may unwittingly be flirting with disease and possible disaster.

Q. There have been reports that things may get a lot worse with our hamburger meat and all the meat products we buy because of some strange goings-on in Washington. Can you tell us about that?

A. It's a damned shame. What is happening is a complete perversion of the law. You see, despite what I said earlier about defects in federal inspection the fact is that federal inspection is the best inspection we have. I only wanted to show that it was not as great as the Agriculture Department would lead us to believe. But it's fairly good.

Now, federal inspection standards are supposed to have been adopted by all the states by the end of 1970, under the 1967 Wholesome Meat Act. If the states didn't act by that time, then the Agriculture Department was supposed to send its inspectors into all state plants and make sure they came up to federal standards. That way, the 25 percent of meat that was sold only within the border of the state in which it was processed would be as wholesome as the 75 percent interstate meat.

Q. The Agriculture Department claims it has worked out that way.

A. That's just not so. What happened is that only three states set up systems that came up to federal standards. All the rest dragged their heels, because the meat lobby got to work. And then, at the beginning of 1971, the boys in Agriculture decided that instead of taking over inspection in the 47 states that don't meet the standards they would turn over all inspection to all states, no matter how lousy the systems are. And Agriculture took it a step further—it has drawn up an amendment to the 1967 law which would actually do away with federal inspection completely. The states would have the sole right to inspect meat plants, even those producing meat sold in interstate commerce. So the 25 percent rotten would become 100 percent rotten.

Q. And hamburgers?

A. They'd become poison. More poisonous than they are today. If the amendment to the law goes through, any man who eats hamburger meat would have to be a dunce, or suicidal. It's as simple as that.

Q. If no one is protecting the people who eat hamburgers, what is the best way to be certain we're buying top quality hamburger meat?

A. In the first place, I would never buy a hamburger at any second grade lunch stand or fast food shop. The biggest and most well-known hamburger chains are probably using only top quality hamburger meat. The safest place to buy a cooked hamburger or chopped steak is, of course, in a restaurant with a fine reputation on the line. But, those restaurants are high-priced and pretty fancy, and many of them wouldn't sell hamburgers anyway. But that's the kind of restaurant I'd look for.

Q. What about buying hamburger meat for home cooking?

A. The only way to buy hamburger meat is to buy the cheapest cuts of *unground* beef that's available. Plain ground beef is made up of fresh trimmings when a side of beef is boned. It shouldn't contain more than about 25 percent fat. Have the butcher show you the beef trimmings and make certain there are no separate hunks of fat thrown in as filler, and then watch him grind it.

The more expensive cuts are ground chuck, ground round, and ground sirloin, in order of higher price. You really don't have to spend the extra money for more expensive beef if you broil hamburger in the ordinary way in which a lot of the fat drips off. The leaner and more expensive cuts are better only if you're going to cook the meat in such a way that a lot of the fat stays in the meat.

In fact, for ordinary hamburgers the ordinary ground beef is a lot healthier, dollar for dollar. A consumer organization that recently ran a test on hamburgers showed that the price for a pound of protein in hamburger ranged from an average of $3.77 for ground beef, $4.65 for chuck, $5.97 for round and $6.53 for sirloin.

Q. In my shopping experience, it costs a little more to buy beef and have it ground to order than to buy pre-ground beef that is sold in packages. Does that affect the cost?

A. It does cost a little more, but it's worth the extra cost in the long run because all surveys by testing organizations have shown that ground-to-order meat has less bacteriological contamination than pre-ground meat. Furthermore, it is usually lower in fat and other filler, so in general you'll come out ahead because you won't be getting the "blood and sawdust." ◆◆◆

HE-MAN SEX

Continued from page 42

forcefully, or simply physically dominated by men. I could tell from Yeakel's expression that he didn't believe me when I said that girls like his redheaded secretary were not nearly as uncommon as he thought.

"It seems to me from what I read about the liberated female," he argued, "that today's women wants to be more like a man than like Tarzan's Jane."

"That's true for the majority," I agreed, "but perhaps the need for he-man style sex among the minority is a reaction to the fact that many men aren't acting like men."

Yeakel sipped his gin and tonic and looked thoughtful. "You mean," he asked, "some girls may be getting bored with this lack of sexual roles?"

"That's one way of stating it," I replied.

Yeakel had put his finger on one of the reasons certain women preferred vigorous seduction. There were others. Taken as a whole, they explained why these women found real pleasure—psychological and physical—in a man's natural sexual aggressiveness.

The day after the party, I went through the files in my office, re-reading the transcripts of scores of taped interviews with women like Yeakel's secretary. Over the last five years, some had come to me to try to understand their powerful drives and urges. Others had sought me out because their husbands or lovers either found their need for sexual aggressiveness repugnant, or were unable to satisfy these desires. In many cases, it was necessary to call in husbands and lovers to explain that these powerful drives and urges of their wives and girlfriends were perfectly natural and healthy. Instead of being old-fashioned sexually, these women were often protesting at the sexual status-quo.

A case, in point, was *Robin W.*, a 28-year-old divorcee who worked as a supervisor in the reservation office of a major American airline. Good-looking enough to have been a stewardess for several years, she had also done extremely well at a junior college in California before leaving to go to work.

Q. Have you always felt like this about men?

A. No, not really. I suppose it started after my marriage broke up . . .

Q. . . . Not during your marriage?

A. O.K. You're right. During, not after my marriage. The sex was like stale toast. The only way we made it was getting drunk first, and after a few times that really doesn't improve the situation.

Q. Was your husband physically incapable of the sex act?

A. Not at all. If I just stroked him a second, he'd have an erection. And his orgasms always came after mine.

Q. You indicated that you brought about his erection. All the time?

A. Yes, now that I think about it. In many ways, I guess Jimmy was sexually passive. He used to like me to do things to him orally.

The subject was far too bright to pursue this line of enquiry further without realizing herself that a good part of her need for sexual aggressiveness was due to her dissatisfaction with her former husband's passivity."

Q. What about the men you see now?

A. They're the opposite of Jimmy, I can tell you that. I don't have to arouse them. They're aroused before we start. They want me badly, that's for sure.

Q. Why are you so certain?

A. Because I make them prove it. If I can get out of it, I do. They have to physically take me to bed. I don't help them unhook my dress or bra, or shift my butt so they can slide my panties down. That's all up to them. If they have to rip a few undergarments or even an expensive dress, I write that off to the fun I'm about to have.

Q. It's always fulfilling, is it?

A. Always. Maybe the guy has his orgasm before me the first time. With these kind of guys, there always a second time, and sometimes a third. Somewhere along the line I'm going to be all right, although, to tell the truth, it's usually right at the beginning. All that exertion resisting gets me heated up sexually. The main thing is I'm not interested in a guy who's so considerate he holds back on his own pleasure until I'm satisfied. I remember Jimmy used to have a thing about simultaneous orgasms. That kind of jazz is just too cerebral, too artificial!

Q. It sounds as if your sexual activities are rather restricted now to the act itself. Is that true?

A. Not at all. I still dig oral sex and different positions, but that comes afterwards, not before. And the guy has to suggest it. No, suggest isn't strong enough. He's got to tell me he wants it.

Sarah G., like *Robin W.*, prefers truly aggressive men for slightly different reasons. Six feet tall in high heels, attractive as a fashion model, she was raised in a highly religious home in a midwestern town. Engaged to be married at 20, she left town suddenly, telling no one where she was going. It was six months later before she wrote her parents giving her New York City address and her fiance breaking off her engagement. At the time she came to my office, she was 24-years-old:

Q. Have you considered that running away from home and preferring dominating men may be related? Maybe you're hoping to avoid responsibility sexually by demanding the man be completely dominant.

A. That's possible. But I think there's more to it. I'm sure my height has something to do with my behavior. You know, I was as tall as I am now when I was only 13. For years, boys avoided me. You'd think the fact that I had fully developed breasts and hips would have turned a young guy on, but it didn't. Basically, I think it frightened them. However, I'm not concerned anymore with why I was rejected. All I know is that I was. I think that has a lot to do with my wanting a guy to come on strong. I want him to show he's interested in me, not say he is.

Q. Do you search out men bigger than you?

A. No, it's not a question of size. It's a question of attitude. There are lots of little guys who won't take no for an answer. The fellow I'm going with now is about five-feet-seven, but he's a tiger sexually. He wouldn't even wait to get home the first night I dated him. I wound up making it with him on his lap in a sportscar. When you're as tall as I am, that's no easy trick. What really turned me on was the way he said, 'Put out or get out.' He wasn't kidding. I think that if I hadn't made it with him, he would have dumped me in that parking lot.

Frances B., a 29-year-old housewife, expressed still another reason for her desire to be dominated. The first time I met her, she came to my office with her husband. Their six-year marriage was on the verge of dissolution. Speaking to each one privately, I discovered that although Frances' husband had had a few extra-marital affairs, her behavior bordered on the promiscuous. While he seldom refused an invitation, she actively sought out sexual liaisons. Indeed, she would invariably frequent the dock area of Philadelphia once a week in order to pick up truck drivers or dock workers for an afternoon's session at a waterfront hotel:

Q. I'm interested in these ventures toward the waterfront. If you do it every week as you say, you're bound to be caught eventually.

A. Caught eventually? Are you kidding? My husband could find me taking on three guys at once and he couldn't care less. With him, it's O.K. to have sex with someone other than your husband or wife. He says it adds spice. You should hear him talking about swapping. He's been trying to get me to make it with his friend for six months, because he figures the guy will have to let him screw his wife.

Q. You'd prefer a jealous husband?

A. Sure. Most chicks would, for all their complaining. It means the guy really loves you, as far as I'm concerned. I was at a party once and a guy, a complete stranger by the way, stuck his hand down my hip-huggers and squeezed my ass. I told my husband about it. Do you know what he said? He said, 'Well, you've got a terrific ass.'

Q. Surely you don't want a guy fighting over you all the time?

A. Why the hell not? A guy who's willing to fight over you is a guy who's crazy about you. A guy who fights for what he wants, fights to keep what he's got. It's that simple.

Of all the reasons offered for a preference for aggressive male behavior, the one given by *Roberta P.* struck me as the most interesting. A 27-year-old receptionist for a leading New Orleans plastic surgeon, her conservative clothes, neatly combed bun of hair and rimless glasses belied her almost animalistic appreciation of forceful sex:

Q. From what you've told me thus far, I would probably be right in assuming you've given the matter a lot of thought, right?

A. Right. Next question.

Q. Come up with any answers?

A. No.

Q. Let me suggest one, then. What if I were to say you like sex this side of rape because you're unwilling to admit you like way-out forms of sex?

A. I don't get your point.

Q. O.K. Let's start again. I've gone back over the transcripts of our previous sessions. On certain days, you've been completely contradictory. Sometimes you like oral sex, sometimes you don't. Sometimes you like it, in your own words, 'doggie fashion,' sometimes you don't. Why the ambivalence, the inability to make up your mind?

A. It's a matter of how I feel at a certain time.

Q. That's ridiculous, and you know it. There are certain times when you want a guy to do something to you and certain times you want to do something to the guy. Why do you make excuses?

At that point, *Roberta P.* lost her temper and threatened to walk out of the interview. I told her she was perfectly free to come and go. This remark appeared to have a calming influence on her. After smoking a cigarette, she apologized for her outburst.

Q. Shall we take up where we left off?

A. It was a tough question to answer, but I think I knew the answer. I was brought up to believe that sex was sinful. Yes, I know that such an upbringing is as rare as a snowball in hell, but I was. When my father wasn't carrying on about disease, my mother was warning me of pregnancy. I stayed a virgin until I

was 22 years old, and might still have been one if it wasn't for a guy forcing the issue. I brought myself to the stage of allowing the guy to masturbate me during petting, but always drew the line there. I remember telling the guy it would be a 'wedding present' for him, and to be patient. Well, one night he couldn't wait any more. Before I could fend him off, he'd ripped my panties away and was on top of me.

The funny thing is that I really dug it. All my life, I thought it would be painful. But it wasn't. I mean, here I was still dressed and the guy with his shirt and tie on, and I was enjoying it. I didn't feel guilty or anything. Why should I have? *I didn't give anything away. The guy took it.* (Author's Italics)

The same thing is probably true about oral sex or making it other than face-to-face. If the guy forces me to do it—turns me around or pulls my head down—then it's O.K. I guess what it is is that I like doing it, but I must feel subconsciously that it isn't right, so I have to be compelled to do it. Does that make sense?

It sure does.

Perhaps the most candid explanation for preferring forceful sex was supplied by *Janet W.*, a 26-year-old elementary school teacher from El Paso, Texas. Unlike all the other women to whom I spoke, she had not sought out my help, but had been sent to me by her current boyfriend, for whom her brand of sex was becoming too difficult to sustain. She told me first thing out that the only reason she was in my office was she was ordered to be.

Q. You like being ordered around?

A. No, not particularly, but I don't mind.

Q. Your boyfriend complained to me that he didn't care for so much rough sex.

A. Tough. I'll just get another boyfriend who does.

Q. You don't appear upset at the thought of calling it quits, then?

A. Look at this way. If you want a guy, you got to compete with a lot of other girls in this town. Well, we're all built the same, and except for finesse or way-out imaginative bits, we're all pretty much the same in bed. I'll do anything with a guy, repeat, anything, but that doesn't make me unique. So will 90% of the girls I know. So, you want to be a little different, distinguish yourself from the rest of the herd. I've always favored strong guys. When I lived in Florida, I used to pick up guys at the beach, because I wanted to be sure the muscles were real instead of padding in the shoulders of the coat.

Strong guys favor submissive girls, so I go out of my way to be submissive, but first I make them break down my defenses. The whole thing is role playing. Let me give you an example. A year ago, I met this guy who really turned me. I was at a party with a date when he comes up and tells me he wants to cut out. So I leave my date and go home with the guy. The next thing, we're in the sack. The guy makes love like he comes on. No preliminaries, plenty of energy.

I like this guy, but I'm no fool. Guys who come on strong, who don't give up until they've balled a chick, have a habit of looking around for fresh game once they've bagged a bird. To keep the guy interested, I make him force me into other things.

At breakfast, I deliberately parade around kitchen in a pair of transparent panties. Just the panties, nothing else, except the panties are so brief, they're almost non-existent. I have the radio going while I make his bacon and eggs, and I kind of dance to the rock music I hear. I know I've turned him on, because he's not saying a word. In about a minute, he's rubbing up to me from behind and caressing my breasts. Then, he turns me around and forces me over to the table. I can see he's cleared the dishes while my back was turned. I start protesting that it's vulgar to ball on the table, and that I've never done anything like that. I struggle first, then beg him to take me into the bedroom, that someone will see in the window. Naturally, the more I resist, the more insistent the guy is on making it right there and then. I can still recall how could that formica table was on my bottom.

Anyway, I make him fight for everything afterwards. I'm always saying no, that it's perverse, I couldn't, and he's always getting his way eventually. We went together for over four months before we exhausted all the sexual possibilities. It was a very groovy four months, I might add. He was interested in me every minute of the time, because it flattered him to have his way, to initiate me into sex. He had no idea that everything he thought of—including the kitchen table trick—wasn't new to me.

Q. You enjoy all that deception?

A. Deception has a pejorative sound. You're making a moral judgment. You really shouldn't when two people do something they both enjoy. I like being submissive, the guy enjoys being dominant. Hell, there are girls who like being dominant and guys who like being submissive. As long as they're both satisfied, who's to knock it?

There was, of course, a lot to be said for *Janet W.'s* argument. The problem arose when it wasn't mutually satisfying. About two months later, *Bill and Nan R.* came to see me. Married for four years, he worked as a construction supervisor while she stayed at home. For the first three years of their marriage, *Nan* had enjoyed her husband's forceful love-making, and often bragged to her friends that *Bill* insisted she be ready to have sex at any moment: in the morning, when he came home for lunch, during dinner, at night.

Lately, however, she had become restive about her submissive sexual role. Although she addressed her remarks to me, it was clearly to her husband she was appealing as he sat on the sofa next to her in my office.

N. There's no one else. And there hasn't been since the day we married. But, you have to have some variation to sex . . .

B. . . . Hey, hold on, baby. We do a lot of different things, you know that. I even bought that book, the *Kama Sutra,* so we could try every position in it. I don't see why you're telling Dr. Korngold that we don't have any variation to our sex.

N. Because *we* don't. The only variation is what *you* want. *You* decide everything. *You* say whether *you* want to make love to me with your mouth, or have intercourse.

Bill protested that he was, after all, the male in the relationship. His wife was just being irrational. Why did she want to change something that had, for several years, given them both pleasure? I felt I ought to answer that question.

Q. Has it occurred to you that people enjoy a certain amount of experimentation? From what you've told me, you do. I think what your wife is driving at is that she's dissatisfied because she'd like to give you pleasure, but you won't allow her to. She suspects that your forceful love-making has one purpose, namely, to please her.

Somehow, you've come to believe that if the woman plays the role of the seducer, if she makes love to you, then she's not behaving like a female. That's where you're wrong.

B. I just don't know.

Q. Why not give it a try?

B. All the time?

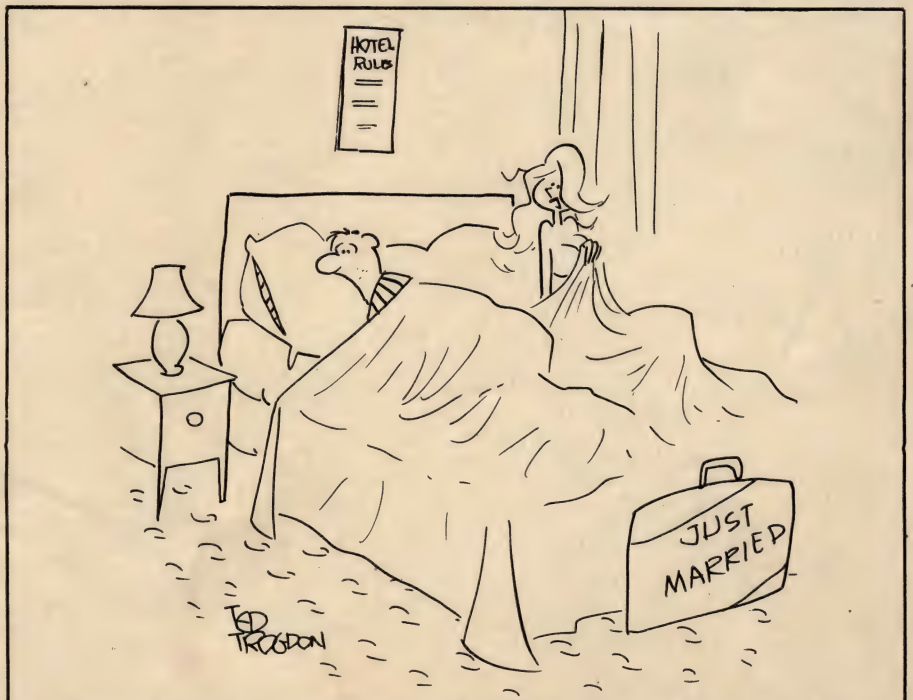
Q. No, not all the time. Once in awhile.

Other women I talked with expressed still other reasons for their need for aggressive sex. One had told me about watching her parents' marriage break up because of her mother's bitchiness, and how she had sworn as a child to keep her husband by pleasing him. Another argued that men who made love forcefully were more protective and offered greater social and economic security.

Running through all these women's explanations was a common thread. Modern sex had become too effete. There was a lack of strong feelings, passion, excitement, physical tension, abandon. People were going to bed with sex manuals, doctors were measuring the intensity of orgasms, uni-sex clothing was the fad. What used to be fun in bed had become clinical, analyzed, computerized, and sterilized. There seemed to be a nostalgia for the good old days when the man in the loincloth appeared in the clearing and said, "Me Tarzan."

And she answered, "Me Jane,"

And he told her, "You my Jane." ◆◆◆



"Thank goodness our wedding night is over. I'd hate to ever have to do that sickening, disgusting thing again."

NEW ALL-OUT LOVE CLUBS

Continued from page 16

whom they can swing. Some of them end up joining the club, others find this sort of sex isn't for them and they don't return. That's fine. Everyone to their own life-style.

CHARLES: There's a comfortable anonymity in meeting out here too. Occasionally you'll get someone at a session you'd rather not see again. When we met in different homes, we had several cases of freaks none of us wanted to see again, bugging the people at whose home the session took place. Phone calls, that sort of thing. Here if one of them returns, you can just ignore him or her. It's tough to do that in your own home.

STAG: How has group sex affected your marriage?

CHARLES: A lot of people think that when a married couple get into group sex their sex lives and their marriage is headed for the rocks and they do this to save it. That is the case with a lot of people, but far from all. It certainly wasn't with us. We both enjoy sex and are interested in every new possibility that's presented to us. We found that group sex has greatly enhanced our marriage and our sex life.

STAG: Exactly how?

EVA: Well, it excites you in ways having sex with one person never could. That excitement doesn't begin and end while we're with the group. When I get home after having had a number of men and women make love to me in the course of an evening, I'm much more turned on to my own husband that I ordinarily would be. As exhausted as we both usually are after such a night at the club, we almost always make love and that's the best part of the whole night.

CHARLES: I try to save my last erection for when we get home. Most of the time I make it. But even on those nights when I play myself out at the club, we manage to have a good time, at least enough so Eva can have one or two more orgasms before we fall asleep."

In the course of this survey, STAG discovered that not since Kinsey's first report appeared in 1948 has any sexual phenomenon caused as much excitement as Group Sex and the group sex clubs.

Wife swapping caused a minor stir. The single-swingers scene demonstrated that young men and women weren't mincing courtship words any more. The Sexual Revolution was moving fast.

Different parts of the country, harboring different life-styles, have different kinds of group sex clubs.

In Atlanta, for example, where it has been estimated that 4,000 men and women are into group sex, the clubs are, for the most part, more selective in their membership than, say in California, where the single restriction STAG found was that the clubs interviewed did not allow sadists to ply their passions at their meetings.

Clara, 29, married for nine years, mother of two, described the group sex club she and her husband, Luke, belong to.

"Our club is made up of ten couples," she told STAG. "With the exception of one couple that was brought in by friends, we all knew each other before we decided to form a club. Some of us had swapped mates for a while. A few of the wives and husbands, we learned later, had been unfaithful to each other, in secret, of course.

"That brings me to what I personally consider one of the most beneficial aspects of group sex clubs—it pretty much does away with marital infidelity. That might sound funny to you, I know. But there is a definite difference between knowing your husband is upstairs with one or two or three other women, making love, and wondering to yourself if he's faithful to you or not."

Then too, of course, when you can regularly have sex with other men and women, you don't have that secret yearning to get out and have sex with someone new for a change. I know for a fact that our club has stablized one marriage that was falling to pieces because the husband was playing around and then the wife started playing around to get revenge. Now they can play together with members of the club and their marriage has settled down again."

This club meets twice a month in the four-bedroom home of a couple that has no children. Heavy drinking is strongly discouraged on the practical grounds that a sober or just-high man is far better in bed than a stumbling lothario who will, more often than not, be rendered impotent by the alcohol he has consumed.

In Chicago, the group sex club STAG contacted was called "The University Club". "We all had a damn good laugh when someone proposed that name," one of the members said. "It sounds like we're a bunch of old geezers sitting around in leather chairs, remembering the dear days of their college youth. We happen to have one leather chair in our club house, but it's used for much more exciting activities than remembering other days."

The current president of "The University Club" a 29-year-old married man, Larry, told STAG that it has been estimated that in Greater Chicago, there are more than 8,000 couples regularly practicing group sex. A third to a half of these belong to clubs.

The twenty-five couples who make up the basic membership of the club, rent an eight room house located only minutes away from Chicago's famous "Loop." They elect a president every two months. His or her job is to check on the maintainence of the house, the food and liquor stock, and, with the help of his or her mate, to see that members are notified of big parties that are held two or three times a month.

Members may use the house any time they wish for smaller gatherings. They are also encouraged to bring guest couples to the big parties.

"We're always happy to greet new members who fit into our way of swinging," Larry said.

STAG: What do you mean by your way of swinging?

LARRY: Well, for one thing, we don't want any male homosexuals or even bi-sexuals. I know a lot of groups encourage bi-sexuality for both men and women. We don't. Some of our women like to neck or go down on each other. That's O.K. But the general feeling is that we don't want any men latching onto other men.

STAG: Do you have any other restrictions?

LARRY: No rough stuff. That's important. We don't want any men who think they're king stud of the jungle. We're out to enjoy ourselves, not to prove anything. We also don't want any single men. They often want to set up relationships with some of the wives in the club. That means trouble. Also, a husband who knows his wife is making love with a man whose wife *he* can have if he wants to, feels a lot easier than he would if a single stud was inside with his wife. Oh, and another very definite restriction—absolutely no drugs of any kind.

Group sex clubs are formed in many ways STAG found in the course of this survey.

In Alta, Utah, for example, a club was started one afternoon when a couple on the ski slopes suggested to some other couples and a few single women, that they return to the lodge and spend the rest of the day warming each other up.

"It was crazy, but beautiful," a 24-year-old ski enthusiast named Beverly told STAG. "We skied back to our lodge, undressed and doused ourselves with vegetable oil. One of the men suggested we try it this way and everyone went along. Why not? A new kick. Beautiful. Right?

"We spent the next three or four hours just slithering all over each other. It was fantastic. Everyone was doing everything to everybody. We all had so much fun we decided to form a club and have regular 'meetings' twice a month. It's worked out just fine. We don't always do the vegetable oil bit, but there are lots of other ways we have fun together."

In a Pittsburgh suburban development, a group had its beginnings at a party given by Sarah and Mark, both 27, married for five-and-a-half-years. They have no children.

Six couples Sarah and Mark had known for a long time, several of them neighbors, were guests at the party. Sarah told STAG:

Some—not all—of us had done things together like going to the pool one of the couples had, and we all skinny-dipped together. But there was no sex. Another night, six of us got pretty high on a champagne punch and we ended up playing strip poker in the middle of the living room. Again, there was no sex. But on this night, some of the men did make remarks about how maybe one night we ought to play switch partners and ball. We let it go by as a joke, but it did set us all to thinking about group sex.

Then one night we got involved in a game called 'gotcha.' The couple, at whose house the party was, had a board with a needle on it that you could spin, like in lots of kid's games. But this needle pointed to squares in which were described different sexual positions. When they showed us the board, the husband suggested we play it—'not for real'.

Well, we got down on the floor and began spinning that needle. No one was doing anything more, at that point, than spinning the needle. But it wasn't long before one of the other husbands suggested we really play the game. He said we all knew each other well enough. There wasn't a moment's hesitation on anyone's part—not genuine hesitation anyway. One wife said she didn't know if she could go through with something like that. Well, as it ended up, she turned out to be the wildest woman of us all.

The way we played it was that the man spun the needle. Then he chose one of the women with whom he would perform whatever sex act the needle had pointed to.

By the end of that evening, we all decided that we'd form a permanent club, have regular 'meetings.' We talked about renting some kind of a club house. But we finally decided we'd have 'meetings' at the houses of those couples who did not have children. We all pitch in, of course, for food and liquor and whatever other expenses come up.

When asked what advantages he and his wife found in such a group sex club, Mark said, "For one extremely important thing, it does away with the creeping sexual boredom that sets into almost all marriages sooner or later. It's natural to get bored after a certain

amount of time with the same partner."

STAG: Do you agree with this, Sarah?

SARAH: I think men suffer more strongly from the boredom bit than women do. But make no mistake, we get bored too after a while. I think the difference is that men will more readily admit to themselves that they're getting bored than women will. We may be liberated, but we're still not cured of being romantics no matter what Germaine Greer and those other Lib ladies say.

STAG: Do the group sex sessions at your club do away with boredom?

MARK: Definitely. You can feel yourself into a sex rut with your wife and maybe there's no meeting of the club for another three weeks. . .you still know there *will* be a meeting and that alone relaxes you.

In urban areas, group sex clubs often have their beginnings in bars that cater to men and women who are looking for group sex partners. In Manhattan, the Captain Kidd bar is noted as one of the more elegant meeting places for such pleasure seekers. In Los Angeles, movie star Greg McClure who played the leading role in "The Great John L.", a film biography of the great heavyweight champion, John L. Sullivan, today operates a swingers bar appropriately called "The Swing." The flashing lights behind the bar spell out the suggestion, "Luv Thy Neighbor." Men and women who have just met neck openly on the dance floor. A mimeographed message on each table suggests. "Send a couple a drink via a waitress; don't wait for it to happen, make it happen."

One couple who got their swinging start at "The Swing" are Marie and Lester, both 30, married for three years, this being the second marriage for Marie.

"We'd heard about 'The Swing' from friends of ours who are into every wild scene that comes alone. We weren't planning to get involved when we went there. We wanted to see what happened."

LESTER: I think we both had at least a little seed in the back of our minds that was ready to grow out and say, 'Let's go'.

STAG: Did you have this 'seed', Marie?

MARIE: When I said we weren't planning to get involved that night, I didn't mean we weren't interested. My first marriage—I was 17 when I got married—was such a stiff drag, I knew the inside of me was ready for anything, if given the opportunity. And 'The Swing' gave us just that opportunity. We were watching those couples necking on the dance floor when the waitress came up with two drinks, placed them down on the table and told us they were sent by the couple over there. . .she indicated with a nod who she was talking about. They smiled at us. We both nodded our thanks. After a few minutes, Les turned to them and waved them over to our table.

It was not long before the two couples drove to the house of the couple who had sent the drinks and there spent the remainder of the evening trading partners back and forth until, as Marie put it, "I could barely stand."

They continued to meet with this couple three or four times a month. One night they decided to go to 'The Swing" together and there recruit two or three more couples for a larger party. This was the beginning of a group sex club that calls itself, "The Beach, Bar and Bed Organization for Happy Swingers Only."

For the time being, group sex clubs are the latest and most popular phenomenon on the sex scene in this country.

What's next?

The coming kick is always difficult to call.

One group sex enthusiast laughingly told STAG, "Maybe the next big scene will be chastity. You know, girls will get their kicks from knowing they're still virgins. Thank goodness I won't be qualified to make *that* scene!"

◆◆◆

THAT'S THE LAW

GARAGE SALE—Owning twenty acres of valuable real estate, you decide to sell some off. Your buyer indicates that he intends to put up a number of handsome houses. However, not long after the sale, you learn that what he really plans to build is a large municipal garage. Knowing that this will greatly reduce the value of the rest of your property, you go to court. Have you legal recourse?

Yes, said a California court. You were persuaded to sell your land in the first place under false pretenses. That consititutes fraud and renders the contract null and void.

■ ■ ■

CATCH TO THE SNATCH—You and a friend are coming out of your house one day when you spot a man who matches up with one of the ten most wanted posters. Mustering nerve, you jump him, subdue him and lock him in an empty storeroom while you go for the police. Much to your chagrin, it turns out the man is quite respectable, quite angry and quite intends to prefer charges of kidnapping. Can you be convicted?

Not of kidnapping, decided a New York court. The fact that you reasonably believed the man to be a menace to society releives you of that onus, but you must answer to charges of false imprisonment.

■ ■ ■

CARELESS—Your wife tells you one night, that she's noticed that one of the neighbor's children is in need of medical attention. You go over and inform the neighbors, but, a week later, when the child still has not received treatment, you take it upon yourself to procure and pay for the doctor's services. Can you later collect from the child's parents?

Absolutely, ruled a New Jersey court. If parents can be shown to be negligent in providing medical care for their children, a third party who undertakes that care may demand reimbursement from the negligent parents.

■ ■ ■

DON'T BANK ON IT—You're making a deposit at the bank one day and just as you're handing over the money, a robber enters and orders everyone to stand still "and no one will get hurt." Instead of complying, the teller before you, sweeps the money tray off the counter and drops out of sight. The startled holdup man fires quickly at the teller but hits you instead. Can you hold the bank teller liable for your injury?

No, ruled a Pennsylvania court. The teller, in the attempt to save himself and the bank's money, did nothing illegal or actionable. It was the gunman's bullet not the teller's action which did you the harm.

■ ■ ■

GOOD MORNING, LOVER—In virtually every other way you are normal, but your one quirk is the compulsion to make love to your wife as soon as you wake up. She, on the other hand, is agreeable during most conventional hours, but violently resents being violated before she's fully awake. Nevertheless, in spite of her physical resistance, you continue to visit your attentions upon her. Can she have you charged with rape?

No, said a California court. Under the law a man is deemed incapable of raping his wife. Legally, the nature of the relationship precludes it. However, if the aspect of force occurs too often, the wife may use it as the basis of a suit for divorce on the grounds of cruelty.

■ ■ ■

A HEDGE ON DEATH—A friend in need asks that you lend him $10,000. You do, but to hedge your bet you take out a $10,000 life insurance policy on him. Eventually, he pays back the loan but then, while the policy is still in effect, suddenly dies. Learning of the policy, his widow demands that you pay her the insurance benefit. Does she have a case?

Indeed she does, said a Colorado court. You may insure a person to whom you are unrelated only when you have a valid "insurable interest" in him. Since the loan had already been repaid, you no longer had that interest. Thus, the sum you received must go to your friend's widow—after the premiums you paid are deducted.

10 MILLION SLAVES

Continued from page 39

Asian diplomats that in the future they will visit here without slaves or more than three wives), it demonstrates clearly that human slavery remains a powerful international institution. According to The Anti-Slavery Society For the Protection of Human Rights in London, there are now over 10,000,000 human slaves in the world—excluding inmates in forced labor camps.

And the number, they add, is actually increasing.

Let us look at some other illustrations of slavery. These scenes are based on information the Anti-Slavery Society regards as "Reliable" rather than merely "Reports." Most of the information was gathered at considerable risk to the life of the informants.

MITU, COLUMBIA: SEPTEMBER 18, 1971.

Huddled about the fire, the ten young Ub tribesmen stared at the flies swimming in their bowls of inedible gruel. Even though it was the only meal given after an 18-hour work day on the rubber plantation, the rancid fish floating on the surface was too much for even the hardiest stomach. Several of the Indians had attempted a mouthful, only to vomit a minute later.

"Six moons have gone by," said the eldest, a gaunt youth of 22, "and Don Jose has not paid us the pots or pans we were promised. We must go even if we return with nothing."

The Indians listening nodded in agreement, careful to avert their eyes from the three armed, white "foremen" nearby who were washing down steak and beans with tepid beer.

Acting as spokesman for the group, the eldest walked over toward the three white men. "We are leaving," he announced simply.

Without a word, the three foremen drew their revolvers and fired one shot each into the Indian's chest. As the mortally wounded Indian staggered a few feet before dying, the nine survivors rushed forward momentarily, then halted as the foremen raised their weapons again.

"Let us bury him at least," his brother asked.

"No," answered one of the foremen, nodding toward an enclosure filled with savage, half-starved Alsatians. "The dogs need a meal. They like human flesh. Keep that in mind if you try to escape."

THE SUDAN: APRIL 12, 1971.

The portly Sudanese slave trader and his wife rode upon camels. Tied to each beast and walking behind were three, black, teenage Nigerian girls. All six were chained at the wrist and ankle. Dressed in transparent robes which shielded them from the fierce sun but still allowed prospective customers to inspect the wares, the girls stumbled barefoot through the sand toward Port Sudan on the Red Sea.

By noon, they had passed through the gates of the walled city of Haiya. A slave market beneath a colorful canopy was already in progress. "Take the pregnant one to the auctioneer," the trader told his wife. "We will need at least $7,500 for our journey to Mecca."

The slave trader's wife giggled. "You are cashing out most valuable 'Traveler's Check' now," she said.

"By the time we arrive in Mecca, the rest will be pregnant too," her husband assured her, "and they will fetch even higher prices in Saudi Arabia."

AFGHANISTAN: JUNE 23, 1971.

"A beautiful daughter you have," the Suni mullah said to his wealthy landowner host as he took a pipe of proffered opium.

The father, a tall man in his early 40's, beamed with pride at the young girl seated before him on a pillow. Stroking her breasts with his right hand, he placed a pipe of burning opium in her opened mouth with his left.

"My adopted daughter," he corrected his admiring guest. "Her parents were delighted that she should be raised in the luxury of my house." The landowner waited until the girl had sucked deeply on the pipe, then playfully pushed her head down onto his lap. "Her parents were so happy with the $25 gift I made to them for allowing me to adopt her that they offered me her younger sister for $5 less."

* * *

Of all the forms of social evil, slavery is perhaps the least known and least discussed. This is a bit surprising when you consider that slavery—as defined by the United Nations in 1956—exists in at least 40 countries outside the non-communist world. Clearly, casting a searching light on one of the oldest and most persistent problems of mankind would endanger sensitive and often strained international relations in the free world. Yet, because slavery not only continues to exist, but grows, it is important that Americans realize just what slavery is—and how it can and must be eradicated.

WHAT IS A SLAVE?

According to the U.N., a slave is someone "over whom any or all of the powers attaching to the right of ownership are exercised." This rather large, legal definition is intentional. For slavery exists in many forms. There is "Chattel Slavery," by which we mean the ownership of a person as property. Human beings in this category can be bought or sold like furniture. Often, their children inherit the status of slaves. Owners of slaves possess complete authority over them, and may, in some countries, maim or kill them with impunity. Admittedly, most slave owners take reasonable care of their property, just as you and I would take care of our car—and what a horrifying analogy that is! Too often slaves are forced to undergo incredible degradation to remind them of their inferior status. In the Sultanate of Muscat and Oman, where slavery is legal, slaves are forbidden to talk. For most slaves, however, the order is unnecessary. Some have had their tongues ripped out for violating the rule. Others, children of a lone line of slaves, have never learned to speak at all. Dr. Ronald Arbuthnot, a physician working in the Sultanate, told me that he believes certain slaves have, over hundreds of years of ancestors forbidden to speak, lost their physical power to do so.

The most glaring degradation, though, exists in the sexual realm. Both female and male slaves must submit to their masters' whims. One Afghanistan mullah was reported to keep 20 virgin slaves whose only sexual outlet was the performance of fellatio upon their master.

Another form of recognized slavery is "serfdom." While technically he is not owned by his master, the master's control of his economic (and therefore social) life is so complete that the master may sentence him to death through starvation by withholding work. Not long ago, in a foreword to "The Rivers Ran East" by Leonard Clark, Baron von Wolfenegg, then Peruvian Minister for Agriculture, estimated that there were 3,000,000 Indians in the High Andes of Peru who could be called slaves. Defenders of serfdom in Peru claim that because the Indians receive $15 a year in wages, they cannot be termed slaves. They neglect to point out, however, that these Indians working on the great estates must purchase all their clothes and necessities from a shop on the estate. Cost of clothes and necessities? Exactly $15.

"Debt Bondage" is another recognizable form of slavery. In this, a man or woman agrees to work until a debt is discharged. Unfortunately, because of such factors as interest, the purchase of food, clothing, farm supplies, etc., the debt is cancelled only with the man or woman's death. Quite often, debts are paid off through the sale of children to brothels or wealthy landowners. A correspondent for the German magazine, *Der Stern,* recently came across a 16-year-old girl named Fakhri in a brothel in Bandar Abbas in the Persian Gulf. Her parents were peasants in a village in Baluchistan in southeast Iran. They couldn't leave their land without repaying a feudal "debt" to their landowners, and sold Fakhri to a passing trader to raise the money. On the day she was discovered by the reporter, she told him that she had serviced over 20 customers for fees ranging from 30 to 55 cents. If she could maintain that rate for 365 days a year until she was 21 years old, she thought she could repurchase her freedom. Freedom in this case meant she could keep the entire proceeds of her prostitution.

Another form of debt bondage is the selling of oneself into indentured labor. In 1969, a woman reported to the U.N. that she had dined at a doctor's home in Damascus, where two parlormaids were girls eight years old. Concerned that they were kept in attendance until the guests left at 1:00 a.m., she asked at what hour in the morning their work started. The reply was 5:00 a.m. The owner said he had acquired them in the country in northern Syria as indentured labor for ten years. He had trouble understanding his guest's obvious repugnance. So far from being exploited, he argued, the children were lucky to have their board, lodging, clothing and training. "They are most fortunate not to have been sold to a brothel," he added.

"Servile Marriage," in which a girl is given to a man as a bride in return for money, is also recognized as slavery by the U.N. It is widely practiced throughout black Africa and the Islamic world. Anti-slavery organizations argue that the practice exists in Europe where society accepts the right of a parent to demand a dowry for his child.

The final form of slavery is often termed "Sham Adoption." Rather than sell their child for a fee, parents receive a "gift" for the right to "adopt" him or her. This convenient legal fiction is maintained in countries where authorities are now cracking down upon slavery of the chattel variety.

WHERE DOES SLAVERY EXIST?

Slavery, in one or more of its five varieties, exists in at least 40 countries of the non-communist world. Moreover, it occurs right on the U.S.A.'s doorstep. A few years ago, a delegate of a Catholic Non-Governmental Organization at the Economic Council in Geneva told the Anti-Slavery Society she had evidence that the sale of young Mexican girls to

(Continued on page 56)

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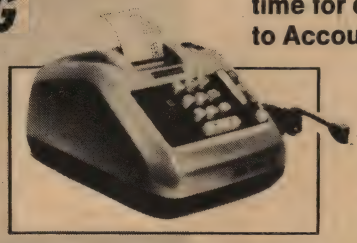

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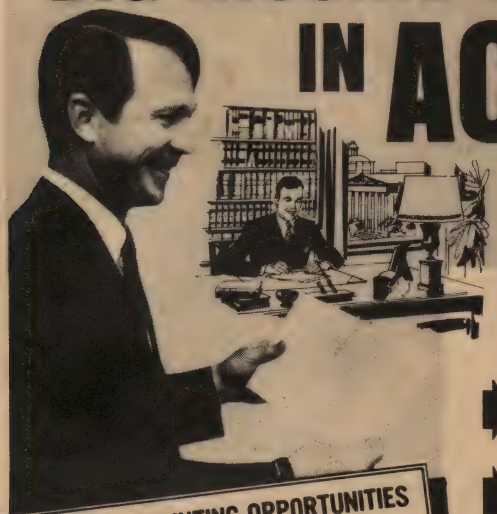

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MAN'S WORLD MEMO

SEX DREAMS WIVES HAVE—The fifth year of marriage is when wives really begin to feel their sexual oats. According to intimate, in-depth interviews with 400 married women, the new sexuality seems to begin with erotic daydreams. Wives suddenly find themselves in a rut with their own sex life and begin fantasizing about what it could be like with other men under different circumstances. They'll spend hours of their free time conjuring up wild images of themselves being made violent love to by any number of strangers–very often the kind of love they've never indulged in with their mates. Most usual form of daydream consists of huge amounts of

oral sex—where the woman is both the giver and taker. Next most popular imagining is making love with two or more men at the same time. Third on the list, psychiatrists found, were lesbian episodes in the five-year-marrieds' sexual make-believe. Once they get past this crucial time in their marriages, wives tend to adjust and make a good life for themselves. Those who don't get over the daydream hurdle often wind up taking lovers to make their fantasies come true. End result: usually a divorce.

COMMUTER TRAIN TRAMPS—A new breed of sex hustler has begun to show up on commuter railroads across the country. For the price of a monthly ticket to the last stop, the girls have the field to themselves—making contact with businessmen who travel up and back each day from suburban homes to metropolitan offices and factories. If the girl gets together with a man on the way to the city, it's a breeze for the two of them to arrange a daytime rendezvous at a convenient motel. If the connection is made on the way home—usually in bar cars many commuter specials carry—a date is set for somewhere in the country, the two getting together in their own cars. Girls who've been making it with train pickups claim it's police-proof, and guys who've been following through on dates with the girls agree they're the wildest—going all out to cater to every taste. Something about on-board train dates seems to turn them on.

FROGMAN'S BEST FRIEND: DOLPHINS THAT TACKLE SHARKS—Biggest danger to US Navy frogmen are vicious sharks that will attack without warning. In order to protect underseas sailors engaged in salvage or rescue work at sea, dolphins are now being trained to mount an offensive against the oceans' killers. Since dolphins and sharks are not natural enemies, the dolphin had to be carefully coached for its bodyguard assignments. The way it worked was to first make the dolphins associate the taking of bait from a trainer's hands with a sonic beeper

that allowed the underwater mammal to home-in on the bait. Once that was accomplished, the trainer held his handful of bait near the shark's gills. Now when the electronic beep sounded, the dolphin made a beeline for the bait near the shark. From that stage, the dolphin was trained to know he'd get his bait only when he banged into the shark with his beak. Future frogmen can go about their business, safe in the knowledge that they will have a gang of fearless shark fighters running interference between them and the monster killers.

TRIAL BY SURVIVAL—If you were a member of a Stone Age tribe in New Guinea called the Gorkis, this is what you'd have had to do to be alive today. On your 13th birthday you'd have been handed a crudely made spear, a small gourd of water and about a half-pound of dried meat. You'd be taken, blindfolded, to a spot

about 100 miles from your home—in the middle of a terrifying jungle—then left to make your way back on your own. You'd face every terror of New Guinea, from snakes to jungle cats, and by the time you managed to reach home base, you'd be considered "a man." Anthropologists estimate that about 40% of the boys left to complete the ordeal by survival never are seen again. Which is one primitive way of keeping the population in check.

THE STEWARDESSES WHO PASS YOU ALONG—If you travel by plane a fair number of times a year, chances are you're going to get chummy with a couple of stewardesses. You tend to meet the same ones every so often. Should you get to the point of bedding one down, don't flip out if she hands you the name and address of a co-worker of hers in the city you may be traveling to next. This is her way of telling you she digs you—likes you well enough to share you with her buddies. If you're a right guy and treat them decently, you're in for a cross-America sex jaunt that few people have ever imagined. You'll be loved by experts in any city of consequence in the country, then lovingly sent on your way to one of the other girls who'll greet you with open arms.

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Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....Zone.....State.....

(Continued from page 52)

brothels near the Texas border was common practice. A Mexican journalist confirmed the delegate's report early this year when he wrote an expose after attending an auction held in a public square in a Mexican village near Chihuahua: "The price of a girl was determined by her looks, strength, health, and, in some cases, virginity. A middle-aged woman, in the employ of the brothel owners, was in attendance to judge whether or not the claim of a parent that his child was a virgin was true or false. When it was, the price was often double that of a non-virgin."

HOW DOES SLAVERY DIFFER FROM FORCED LABOR?

Forced labor, as one international law expert says, "is slavery taken out of private ownership." The slave is "owned" or controlled by the government. Technically, he has committed some anti-government offense for which he is being punished. Most countries in which forced labor is practiced claim that a definite duration is put upon that labor, and that the person is freed upon completion of his sentence.

HOW ARE SLAVES OBTAINED?

New slaves are obtained from several sources. One is the child of slaves. Another is through the sale of a child or the putting it up for adoption by destitute parents. A third manner is the kidnapping of victims. The case of Aouicha Mouissa is typical of the seizure of innocent children. At the age of seven, she was kidnapped outside her primary school at Tindouf in southwest Algeria one morning in 1963. She was sold afterwards across the border as a slave to a rich landowner in Mauritania. Her situation came to light because her schoolmaster, Andre Chalard, was expelled by Algerian authorities for attempting to intervene on her behalf. Later, Algeria and Mauritania were both forced to admit officially that slave traffic had crossed their borders; each blamed the other. The child has never been seen since the incident.

It is interesting that Algeria, while admitting traffic across her border, denies that slavery exists within the country. In Chalard's opinion, there were over 3,000 slaves in the region around Tamanrasset. In this region is situated a modern nuclear fission plant. Fierce Taureg chiefs, whom the Algerian government is reluctant to offend, send their slaves to work at this plant and allow them to keep one-fourth of their wages toward the purchase of their freedom.

An even more shocking case of kidnapping came to light recently during a trial of slavers in Freetown in Africa's Sierra Leone. There the incentive for kidnapping and the purchase of slaves was not the money to be earned from brothels or wealthy sheikhs. Rather, the victims were sold for almost $1,500 apiece to tribes practicing human sacrifice and cannibalistic rites.

IS THERE ANY TRUTH THAT VICTIMS ARE KIDNAPPED IN OTHER PARTS OF THE WORLD BESIDES AFRICA AND ASIA?

More than truth: there is proof. A year ago, *Le Monde*, the country's most influential and respected paper, reported that a ring of white slavers was operating in France. Their kidnap operation was a model of simplicity and efficiency. Girls shopping in a dress store were told to try on clothes in a basement dressing room. After being beaten unconscious and drugged, they were put aboard a private plane for Konokry in Guinea. Over 200 girls, many in their teens, were said to have been spirited into brothel slavery before the ring was uncovered.

A father of one of the missing girls flew to Konokry during the trial of the kidnappers, and discovered his daughter sick and undernourished in a brothel famous for "exhibitions" and youthful girls. Despite her condition, the brothel owner demanded—and received—over $3,000 for her release.

"It is no accident," says an official of the Anti-Slavery Society, "that 8,000 German girls have disappeared from Paris within the last three years. Their pale skin and blonde hair makes them greatly in demand in Islamic countries throughout the world."

A Paris police officer, who asked that his name be withheld, went even further in a recent interview I had with him. "The startling thing," he told me, "is that the missing girls all resembled each other physically. Short, blonde hair, small of stature, well developed buttocks and modest breasts. In short, they looked boyish. Knowing Islam's toleration for such homosexual practices as sodomy and fellatio, I have no doubt the girls were carefully selected."

HOW MUCH DOES A SLAVE COST?

This is, naturally, a difficult question to answer. It varies widely from, say, the poorer Philippines to oil rich Saudi Arabia. Because Saudi Arabia is the largest market for slaves, it is worthwhile noting the prices paid for human beings there. In 1947, a slave went for $600. Today, the same slave costs $7,500. The sheikhs, who have grown immensely wealthy from oil revenues, can afford the inflation.

It is interesting to note that a slave's value increases as one nears Mecca. Captured in Nigeria, for exmple, the slave fetches only $750 within the country's borders. In Khartoum, the slave's value is more than doubled. Once across the Red Sea into Saudi Arabia, the price trebles.

In 1970, an Egyptian pilot was arrested for selling his wife to a slaver. During the trial, it was discovered that he had also sold 65 previous wives for over $400,000. He seemed, noted spectators, quite unperturbed by his ten-month sentence.

A man's wealth in the Arab world is often measured by the slaves he possesses. The Sultan of Oman, for example, admits to owning 700 slaves today—up by 500 over his total for 1950. These slaves at the market price would realize $5,250,000.

WOULDN'T THE ABOLITION OF HAREMS DRIVE THE GIRLS INTO PROSTITUTION?

Very likely. Few anti-slavers advocate the eviction of concubines from the harems. The immediate result would be prostitution, and in Saudi Arabia, for instance, the practice is almost unknown. However, harems are not always the glamorous places shown in Hollywood movies. Boredom, lesbianism, and cruelty are commonplace. Men are still castrated for their role as eunuch guards. Girls unable to have children are offered as gifts to desert tribesmen by the sheikhs.

What most anti-slavers seek is a chance to ask each harem girl if they do seek freedom, and offer repatriation to those who do. Naturally, they are opposed both to the idea of perpetuating slavery by making the children of harem girls into harem girls and the "restocking" of harems. They cite the case of a princely household in Malaysia where it is customary to send an agent annually to Singapore to buy 25 new concubines. Because it is usual to buy only ten girls per household annually, the agent is permitted to select his 25 previous to bidding and is given a reduced rate.

HOW COULD SELLING GIRLS TO BROTHELS BE PREVENTED?

Ultimately, it would require the eradication of the grinding poverty that forces, for example, 40,000 families in Bombay annually to sell a child into a brothel. There the girls are usually over 15. In Singapore, girls of ten are sold to brothels.

A more immediate solution to the problem would be strong governmental crackdowns on prostitution within their borders. For example, every village in Turkey of 1,000 inhabitants has its own brothel. Surely, the Turkish authorities could cut down on the quantity of brothels improving the quality of all. I remember visiting a brothel in Ankara during the summer, and being appalled by the conditions. My host informed me that the brothel was among the finest in the country. It was surrounded by a high wall pierced by a doorway less than three feet wide and guarded by armed police and soldiers. Guards also patrolled the interior which was brilliantly lit until 3 a.m. when the brothel closed. Inside the walls were 40 houses, each holding ten girls. The 400 girls serviced 4,000 clients a night. None receives a penny for her labors.

ARE ANTI-SLAVERS INTERFERING WITH A NATION'S SOCIAL CUSTOMS BY TRYING TO ABOLISH SLAVERY?

Most anti-slavers will, I think, admit they are interfering, but feel their interference is justified. Slavery, they point out, exists wherever the weak—generally the hungry and inarticulate—can be exploited for gain, prestige and pleasure. Governments encouraging or condoning slavery should be shamed into abolishing the institution by eliminating poverty and ignorance.

The claim that most salves are well treated may be true, anti-slavers admit, but those who are not, live lives of utter misery. There are slaves in the African republic of Cameroun on plantations who work through the hours of daylight 365 days a year. During that time, they do not eat, and are permitted only 15 minutes of rest a day. An eye witness told the Anti-Slavery Society last year that he had seen children in Singapore brothels, including one girl aged six who was dying as a result of assault and battery. In Afghanistan, the Hazara tribesmen are forced by the ruling Pashtoons to grow plots of wheat which the Pashtoons resell for two to three times what they paid the growers. The Hazara are forbidden to sell their crops elsewhere. If they resist, their women are raped, their crops poisoned, and the men whipped and branded with irons. In Gabon, girls of 13 are "married off" to men of 65. Brazilian natives are tatooed upon capture with knives to make identification easy.

These outrages are daily occurrences in most parts of the world. But even if all masters were kind, add the anti-slavers, the institution of slavery is still objectionable. Under slavery, man's freedom of conscience and his very individuality are denied. Slavery thus degrades both slave and master. The denial of the basic rights of one individual endangers that right for all.

Finally, the anti-slavers deny that to abolish slavery would lead to unemployment and destitution. Slavery, which allows only for an elite ruling class and the downtrodden slaves, is a hindrance toward economic progress on a broad base.

COULD SLAVERY BE ABOLISHED?

Yes. Four conditions are prerequisites.

First, there must be effective legislation against slave owning in any form—and that legislation must be enforced. It does no good to outlaw slavery in Burma if authorities permit a "master" to have "pupils" or "descibles" who are subject to his every command and sexual desire.

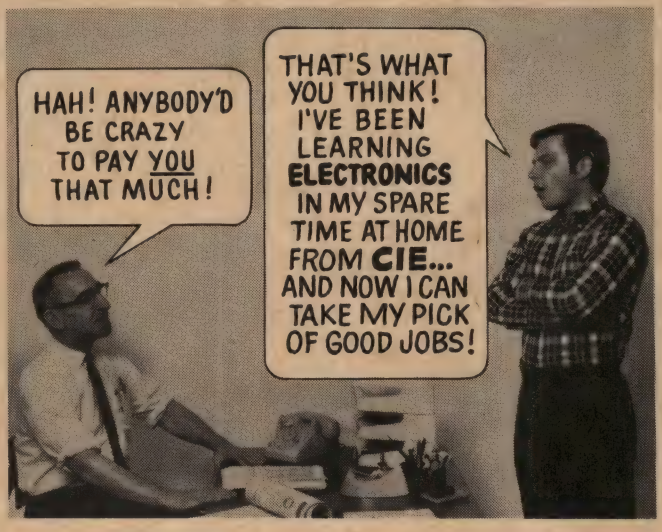
Second, there must be an efficient and relatively uncorrupt judiciary and police force.

Third, public opinion must be marshalled to show its disapproval of slavery.

Fourth emancipated slaves must be resettled and compensated for their years of unpaid labor.

These four conditions are, of course, only part of the cure for slavery. The total eradication of slavery in all its exploitative forms will only be brought about by a universal raising of the nourishment level of body and mind of the very poor. Over-population and under-nourishment are gaining ground and slavery receives low priority. This, however, is no excuse for inaction. ◆◆◆

The day Bill told off his boss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CM-50

LAST LAUGHS

"One more thing, I advise you to lay off sex for a few days!"

Two bikinied eyefuls met on the beach.

"Do you know they're holding a beauty contest here today?" said one.

"Yes," giggled the other. "I won it last night."

◆◆◆

There's a new show at a Las Vegas club. Four topless girls play accordians—you never heard such screaming in your life.

◆◆◆

An evangelist came upon a streetwalker after the meeting and said, "I prayed for you last night."

"Well," she responded, "you could have had me if you'd come around. I was right here all night."

◆◆◆

Bumper sticker spotted on passing car: "DOWN WITH HOT PANTS."

◆◆◆

After the barber had finished with his next-to-last customer, he said to a teenager with long hair: "It's your turn."

The teenager replied, "Oh, I'm not waiting for a haircut," And the barber hastened to ask: "Well, why have you been sitting here so long?"

"Well," replied the young man, sheepishly. "I'm hiding from my father. And this is the last place in the world he'd think to look for me."

A woman in her 80's ran out of the doctor's office and into the street, screaming with terror.

The doctor, not too concerned, explained to patients in his waiting room, "I told her she was pregnant."

"But, Doc," an incredulous patient said, "surely that can't be true."

"Of course not," was the reply, "but it sure cured her hiccups."

◆◆◆

"I think you've made a mistake in my bill," said the patron, after three excellent highballs in a swank New York bar. "You've only charged me 15 cents.

"No mistake," replied the bartender. "I only charge a nickel a drink."

"Fantastic," said the delighted patron. "But how, at a nickel a drink, can you afford to operate such a plush bar? Are you the owner?"

"No," confided the bartender. "The owner's upstairs with my wife. And what he's doing to her up there I'm doing to him down here!"

◆◆◆

"I want to buy a size 7-1/2 brassiere for my wife," announced the man to the lingerie saleslady.

"I'm sorry, sir," answered the saleslady, "there is no such size."

"That's impossible!" cried the man, "I measured the size myself."

"What did you use to take the measurements?" asked the lady.

"My hat."

◆◆◆

The psychiatrist wanted to get out to the links, but there were three women in the reception room who had appointments.

"I'll make short work of them," he said to the nurse.

He strode out to the reception room and pointed a menacing finger at the first lady. "Your trouble is you eat too much. I've told you to cut out all that food you eat. By the way, what's your little girl's name?"

"Candy," answered the lady.

"Ah," cried the psychiatrist, "see how your subconscious desires rise to the surface when you name your child."

He looked at the second woman. "And as for you, lady, you are a miser, you hoard everything, and by the way, what's the name of your little girl?"

"Penny," answered the woman shyly.

"Ah, ha," thundered the psychiatrist, "see how your subconscious reacts to your fondest desires. Penny, pennies, always thinking of money."

He looked toward the third woman, but she had already started for the door. She held her six-year-old son's hand tightly in her own. "Come, Peter," she said, "we'd better go now."

"This is just a wild hunch, but do you remember that crazy night nine full moons ago?"

Think you can top the editor's sense of humor? It's worth a fresh five-spot if you can. Send your favorite gags to STAG, 625 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. No limit on the number of submissions, but sorry, no returns, either.

WOULD YOU LIKE TO GET A PAIR OF SHOES FREE—*worth $39.95 at retail*—

—as a bonus for just giving friends an opportunity to buy these and other shoes at half the prices charged in stores for equal quality?

By Gordon King

Yes, I'll give you these shoes as a bonus—but what's even more important I'll show you how to make a lot of extra money just writing up orders for the famous Hanover Shoe. I've shown hundreds of men how to make from $7.00 to $15.00 an hour in spare time—evenings, week-ends, or even during coffee breaks at work.

And, right now, if you'll mail your name on the coupon below, I'll tell you how and why I send you my complete money making kits entirely free. No charge, not even a deposit. Just one obligation. You agree to *show* the Hanover catalog to just ten friends, neighbors, relatives, or co-workers. You don't sell. You just *show*. Because when other men SEE how much they can save, you can't prevent them from wanting to give you an order.

These are not "claims." These are facts. Look in the store windows at Nationally advertised shoes selling at $39.95. Hanover offers the *identical* styles—the *identical* quality of leather—the *identical* workmanship at $22.95. Would your friends "love" to save $17.00? Check the comparison shown in the column at the right.

Here's another surprise for you: Right now, today, almost all Hanover Shoes that are sold direct to the user are sold by men like yourself who have regular jobs, regular salaries, but who want extra money for spare-time. Most of these men have no sales experience whatever. Hanover quality alone and Hanover price does the selling. And, once worn the Hanover shoe is so great that your customers thank you for telling them about this great value.

Don't take my word for it. Read the actual words of men who have tried taking orders for Hanover Shoes as a spare time way to add needed extra income for family budgets:

D.M. of Maryland: "I've made as much as $210.00 in one month as a sideline."

H.J. of Illinois: "I made $225.00 my first month—just in spare time."

M.A. of California: "Today I sold ten pairs in four hours."

As a spare time Hanover salesman, in addition to $25, $35 or as high as $50 a week, you will get Life Insurance—Sick Pay Insurance—Gifts—Free shoes for yourself—Other Benefits.

I am ready now to give this money making opportunity to a few more men. Just your name on the coupon is all I need. No money. No deposit. Not a penny of cost to you. It costs my company more than $10.00 to put this money making sales kit in your hands. It is for that reason that we want your promise you will show the catalog to at least ten men. That's your only obligation. No selling. No sales talk. No pressure. No asking for an order. Just show the catalog. If you don't make at least $15.00 profit for yourself the first ten times you hand the catalog to another man, mail it back to me and forget the whole thing.

FREE SHOES FOR YOU IN A WEEK

But, you see, I KNOW what will happen. Within a week you will have sent at least ten orders. And, when you do I give you a pair of Hanover Shoes entirely free as a bonus. You take your pick of any pair at any price up to $22.95 (the $39.95 value) and that pair is yours, free, as my way of marking the day when your tenth order was received.

Many men who "couldn't sell" have found spare time profits with Hanover so good that they've "gone full time." And, some of these men have been so successful that we've promoted them to Selling Managers with income potential of $1,000.00 a month or more.

You decide how far you want to go. But, right now, send your name on the coupon. Everything I send you is free. Your only obligation is to just "show" the Hanover catalog to ten men. Then, if you're not excited over the money making possibilities, mail it back to me and you will not be under the slightest obligation.

Gordon King

Vice President

THE HANOVER SHOE, INC.
801 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

Make this sensational comparison with your own free bonus shoes!

This shoe, made by one of the most famous manufacturers in the U.S. retails in stores at $39.95. The Hanover Shoe of identical style, identical quality and, in two ways, superior, sells for just $22.95. And this is the shoe you can have as a free bonus.

COMPARE THESE FEATURES

1. **Upper Leather.** Both uppers are Barrett's Alpine full grain calfskin.
2. **Linings.** Both shoes are fully leather lined.
3. **Outsoles.** Both shoes have full grained oak tanned leather outsoles of the same quality and thickness.
4. **Heels.** Both shoes have leather heels with steel V Plate for extra wear.
5. **Innersoles.** Both shoes feature genuine leather innersoles but only the Hanover has a cushion between the outsole and the innersole for added comfort.
6. **Steel Arch Support.** Both shoes have a steel shank but only the Hanover Shoe has a longitudinal arch cushion as part of its famous Comfort Arch construction.
7. **Leather Storm Welt.** Both shoes have a leather reverse storm welt running completely around the shoe.
8. **Laces.** Better looking, longer wearing Cordo-Hyde laces are in both shoes.
9. **Fit.** Both shoes are made over identical wooden lasts purchased from the same last manufacturer.

Gordon King, Vice President
The Hanover Shoe, Inc.
801 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa. 17331

Dear Mr. King:

Send on your sales kit free and postage prepaid. My only obligation is to SHOW the Hanover Catalog to ten men. If the orders they give me voluntarily show that I can make good money in spare time, I will keep the catalog and sales kit and continue showing. If I am not enthusiastic about the profits to be made I will return the sales kit by mail and will owe you nothing.

It is also understood that I will have my choice of a pair of Hanover Shoes—at any price up to $22.95—(the $39.95 value) when I have sent in orders for only ten pair of shoes which have been accepted by my customers.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____ Zip_____

I have a_____ car. Year_____.

My home phone number is_____

☐ I have never sold shoes before.
☐ I have sold shoes for_____
☐ I will work spare time
☐ I'll carry as a sideline
☐ My present occupation is_____

NUDE MODEL

Continued from page 29

me, I would have broken down his door. He laughed. He liked that.

"It was in his apartment, on our second date, that I posed for my first nude photo. He had a polaroid camera. When he asked if he could take some nude shots of me, I hesitated for maybe three-and-a-half seconds. Then I said yes. I made him promise he'd never show them to anyone. He promised. The funny part of it is that I knew damn well he'd never keep that promise and I was glad he wouldn't. For the first time in my life, I got a kick out of knowing that men I'd probably never even seen would be looking at pictures of me in the nude.

"That was the beginning.

"Six months later, I graduated from high school with 350 dollars I had saved. I kissed mommy, daddy and my kid sister goodbye and, as I'd planned for some time, took off for Frisco to get a job and be on my own.

"I told my parents I was going to look for a job as a secretary. I hope they believed me. I was going to get into modeling. I loved having my picture taken. I knew I was good-looking enough to make it. And why live a drab secretary's life when I could be a glamorous model!

"I made the usual rounds from one modeling agency to another for around four weeks before I got my first job. I might add that I knew about certain agencies where I could get work right away. The other girls tipped me off to them. I wasn't ready for that kind of stuff. . .yet!

"When I got to the photographer's studio and found out what the job was, I had to laugh. I was to pose for a girdle ad! Hell, I'd never worn one in my life. But a job's a job.

"When he was finished with the girdle shots, he asked me if I'd like to pick up another 20 bucks doing some nude shots. I felt as I did the first time I had posed. Maybe I took 10 seconds to say yes this time, but I said it.

"He told me I'd have to sign a release that gave him permission to sell those pictures anywhere he wanted. Another 10 seconds, I signed.

He was perfectly straight with me. I was sure he'd try to make me as soon as I came out nude and stretched out on a divan for him. But he was interested in getting a set of pictures of me, not in screwing me. Frankly, I was surprised and even a little disappointed. He was a hell of a nice guy and I would have enjoyed making it with him. We never did.

"I guess most people think that every time a model poses in the nude, the photographer balls her when they're finished taking pictures. That isn't true. Most photographers who do this stuff are professionals. They make their living selling the photos they take. If a photographer gets a reputation of going for every model he hires, there are a lot of the best girls who won't work with him. This cuts down his income. It's as simple as that.

"I'm not saying, mind you, that the models never ball the photographers. What I am saying is that it is usually not necessary in order for her to get the job. There are a few guys at the top who shoot nudes not only for the magazines, but for the museums as well. Most of the girls want to work with them at one time or another. These guys, one in particular, a very good-looking Austrian stud, always demands the girl ball them before they even start taking pictures. This Austrian suavely tells you he can take finer photographs if he really knows you. He's no dope. He know the girl knows he's feeding her a fancy line. He always knows she'll go along with it. It's a game he plays. And I must say I didn't regret playing it with him. One of the nudes he took of me after we had finished a rather wild time in his bed, is hanging in a top museum in San Francisco. I've gone there a few times just to watch people stop and look at *me*! It's cool!

"The photographer isn't the only guy a model has to cope with. There are some magazine editors who want to see the girls before they're photographed. This 'look-see' can be just that or it can mean a roll in the hay in the bargain. One experience I had with an editor really turned out to be crazy. I was supposed to pose for a set to be used in one of the fancy women's fashion magazines. Very chic! The pictures were to be arty illustrations for an article about 'Your Body and You'. Well, I went to see the editor. She was about as cool and chic as you can get. Very beautiful, but more like a mannequin that a live woman. I found out soon just how alive she could be.

"She asked me some questions about myself. Where I came from, what kind of modeling I had done, stuff that had not a damn thing in the world to do ith my pictures in her magazine. I didn't get on to her at all, dumbo me!, until she asked me to undress (in her office). I had shown her my portfolio so she knew what my body looked like. When she wanted a live look, I sort of got an idea of what she wanted. I stripped and stood in front of her desk. She asked me to turn around. I did. I don't know why, but I felt a little creepy doing this for her, while it never bothered me doing the same thing for a man.

"She told me she thought I had a lovely body. She stood up, came over to me. As soon as she smiled the way she did, like that smile was a secret between the two of us, I knew the score. With all the expereince I'd had, I'd never been with a woman. I wasn't put off by the idea. I guess I had just never been given the opportunity.

"She took my face very gently between her hands and kissed me on the mouth. She could have taken out my tonsils with that tongue of hers! Wow!

"She had a big sofa in her office. She led me over to it. I stretched out and she started in with that tongue of hers. In no time at all, she had me on top of the mountain and what a beautiful leap it was from there. I must have had at least three orgasms as she went on and on performing *cunnilingus* on me. She was fully clothed. I looked down at her once and saw she was masturbating as she worked on me. I could tell when she had come. She nearly bit off my clitoris. But she let up quickly.

"I got that job. The pictures were so arty you could barely see anything. But that lady editor had seen enough.

"There are some model agencies who send out girls to photographers or to the cheaper magazines the way a madam would send out a whore to a customer. I've never worked for these agencies. They handle a lot of the porno business that's so big these days. I was in Frisco when the hard stuff started becoming as available as a package of chewing gum. I was asked by a few photographers if I wanted to do any of that work. There was a part of me that felt it would be a hell of a kicky thing to do. But there was another part that said it'd put me on the skids as a model. I loved balling. But I hadn't reached the point where I got any kick balling for others to see.

"When I moved to Los Angeles, they were turning out 'blue movies' there by the dozen. The lid had blown. Suddenly there were theatres all over the country showing movies you could only see at stag parties only a year or two before. I don't know what caused the sudden 'everything goes' attitude. But there it was.

"I had never been the kind of model who had the dream in the back of her head that I'd end up being a movie star. I get a kick out of going to the track sometimes with a boyfriend. But I don't bet on any million-to-one shots.

"A lot of the girls who go into the blue movie business really think some mogul is going to spot them and say, 'O.K. I'm doing a remake of *Gone With The Wind* and you'll be my Scarlet O'Hara. Earning good bread as a model is enough for me.

"I'd let a few guys do some crotch shots of me that I knew damn well they'd peddle. Like I've said, I dig being photographed in the nude and, I guess, little by little, I began realizing—the nuder the better!

Once you get on that track, the next step is being photographed either with a guy or with a girl. My first action stuff was with another model who was booked to work with this photographer after he was finished doing my set.

"He was one of the most successful girlie photographers in the business. Lived in a beach house at Malibu. You can't ask for much more than that. And he was good-looking and pleasant in the bargain. But as horny a bastard as you'll find on the face of this earth, bless him!

"He had done some beach shots of me. Then we came back to his house and did some indoor things. We were maybe half-way through when this other model comes in. She apologized for being early and said she hoped she couldn't be in the way. What a sweet line! While I was moving from one pose into another, she got undressed and sat down to watch me work—completely nude herself.

"I had never worked in front of another nude model before. But my bashfulness lasted no more than two or three minutes. Then I started feeling a little turned on myself.

"He had me stretch out on a big bear skin rug and do some poses on that. As I did, the other girl got up, came over and lay down on the rug beside me.

"When I didn't protest, she started in. And, for the first time, I started in too. With that magazine editor I had been completely passive. But now I was into it all the way. I didn't give a damn at this point that the photographer was shooting away like made. What a set he got! We went crazy doing each other there on that bear skin rug.

"Then he put his camera down, got undressed and joined us. There was no one left to take any pictures of the three of us. I sort of wish there had been. What a crazy bunch of tangles we got into. I felt like I was in a pretzel factory.

"It was this girl—call her Liz—who got me finally into 'blue movies'.

"We became good friends. We double-dated. We changed partners and danced on some nights. She was a cool, very groovy gal. And she knew how to work her body. . .I think she could have sent it flying to the moon.

"One day she told me she was going to star in a blue movie one of the top guys in that

(Continued on page 64)

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YOU ASKED ABOUT SEX

Continued from page 13

4. Is there such a thing as a sexual preoccupation? I'm 40 and I think about it all the time. My wife says I'm crazy. Is there something wrong with me?

L.G., Ohio

Studies show that the average man up to age 35 has a sexual thought approximately every 10 minutes, the average man from 35 to 50 once every 25 minutes, and the average man over 50 about once an hour. If you think of sex more often than this, it doesn't necessarily mean there's something wrong with you. Probably you're just not getting all the sexual satisfaction you desire.

5. I was circumcised when I was an infant, and now my penis is insensitive. Is there any operation that can restore my amputated foreskin?

J.D., Connecticut

There is an operation which can create an artificial foreskin by stretching skin from the side of the penis over the glans. Any competent plastic surgeon can perform it. But this won't make your penis more sensitive or contribute to your sexual enjoyment in any other way, so it's really quite pointless.

6. I have been married for nearly 13 years. My wife hardly ever wants sex, although she seemingly enjoys it whenever we do it. It has been like this ever since the honeymoon. She always claims she is too tired and refuses to discuss our sex life. What can I do?

A.F., Illinois

The first thing to do is to tell her what a strain all this is for you. The next is to bring her to a psychologist or marriage counselor, who will help you talk things out together. If she refused to consult a professional, your only alternative will be to look for satisfaction outside marriage. Tell her that, too!

7. Can a woman become impotent with age? My wife is 43. We've been married for 22 years and have always had a vigorous sex life. Lately, though, she's lost interest in sex. What advice can you give us?

P.G., Idaho

It's common for women in their 40's to lose the ability to become vaginally lubricated, due to hormonal changes accompanying menopause. This can make sex uncomfortable or even painful, and this, in turn, can snuff out desire. Have your wife consult a physician. If lack of lubrication is the problem, hormone therapy or use of an artificial lubricant can straighten things out in a hurry

8. I am almost 22 years old and I've never dated or had a girlfriend. I have a very small penis and I have the feeling that I wouldn't be able to satisfy any woman. I also have the feeling that if I do make love to a woman I will hurt her in some way. I hope you can help me.

C.L.W., Idaho

You don't need help; just a little self-confidence. Start dating as soon and as often as possible. Don't worry about the size of your penis—it's what you do with it that counts. As far as hurting a woman goes, there's no reason to believe that you will. Just relax and do what comes naturally.

9. I am in my mid-50's; my wife is in her mid-30's. Over the past 6 months I've had difficulty reaching climax. I'm afraid this may turn off my wife and make her look elsewhere for satisfaction. What advice can you give?

L.L., Pennsylvania

Your difficulty reaching climax shouldn't turn your wife off. Normally a woman's complaint is that a man climaxes too quickly. But if your delay in climax-time is bothering *you*, try making love in different positions or after reading erotic stories or looking at sexy pictures. Probably the delay is caused by your lack of excitement—which could be your wife's fault!

10. I'm 27. I've been married for 4 years but have no kids. My penis shrinks on erection to half its normal length and will not penetrate my wife's vagina far enough to impregnate her. Is there some way I can grow it longer?

B.S., Pennsylvania

I think you're imagining things about your penis shrinking during erection. If it really does, you're a medical first. In any case, you don't have to penetrate your wife's vagina deeply to impregnate her. Sperm naturally travels upward and eventually enters the fallopian tubes, even if it's deposited only in the vaginal vestibule—which can be done with a penis half an inch long. Maybe your wife is sterile. The two of you should consult a physician together and explain the situation fully to him.

11. My wife and I have three kids and don't want any more. I want to get sterilized, but our doctor won't do it because he says we may some day change our minds (we're both under 25.) Where can I go to find a doctor who will perform this operation without giving me any static?

W.G., Florida

Write to the Association for Voluntary Sterilization, 14 West 40 St., New York, N.Y. 10018. The organization keeps a list of physicians all over the country who perform the operation, and will refer you to one close to your home.

12. I'm a policeman. I've been married for 30 years and I've been troubled with this sex problem for all that time. Whenever I go near my wife—even if I just kiss her or hold her tight—I have a climax. I can't hold back. I've never been able to make love to her for longer than a few seconds without climaxing. I'd give anything to be able to last 10 minutes. Some men I know say they can last up to an hour. Is there any hope for me?

A.B., New York

Masters and Johnson, the famed sex research team, have developed techniques which are remarkably effective in cases like yours. Have your wife stroke your penis. If you ejaculate, have her continue stroking until you become erect again. Practice this without attempting intercourse until you can last 15 minutes without ejaculating. Then perform intercourse, but remove your penis when you feel you are getting ready to ejaculate. Continue this until you can last as long inside your wife's vagina as you like.

For more information on these techniques, read *The Laymen's Explanation of Human Sexual Inadequacy*, by Dr. Paul J. Gillette, published in paperback by Award Books.

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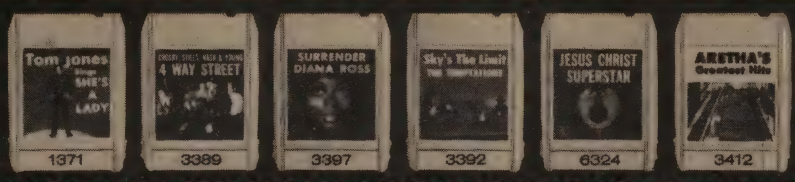

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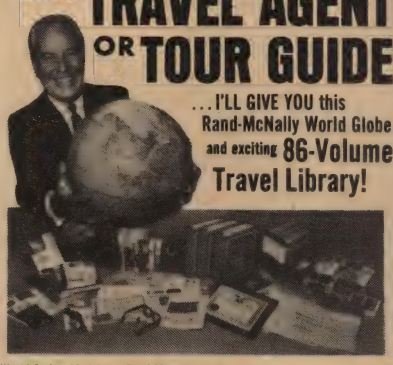

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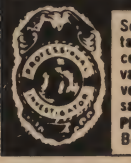

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(Continued from page 60)

business was making. She told me that if I wanted to, she could get me a part in the movie. I guess I'm a pushover for anything that's a new kick. My moral stamina holds up for three or four minutes at the most. Then I'm off and running!

The director lived in one of those fancy houses that hang on the edge of the Hollywood Hills. Swimming pool and the usual trimmings. He shot the whole movie in and around his own house. Liz was the star. Being a star in blue movies means you get to make it with more people than the supporting players do. Liz also got a little more dough—$400. I came away with $75.

"The movie was about Liz giving a birthday party for herself in this house she owned. Every guest had to give her a birthday present, which meant they had to perform one or another sex act with her. So a guy or a gal would come in alone or in couples and one-by-one, sometimes two-by-two, she took on everybody as the camera ground away. We made up the dialogue ourselves as we went along. There wasn't much talking though. The one interesting restriction that was imposed on us was we couldn't use any four-letter words. It struck me as funny. Here we were doing everything. But we had to be careful with what we said. It seems that in certain states or cities, you can show anything, but if they hear one four letter word, you're in court! Makes a lot of sense, right?

"I played Liz' maid. It was my job to greet the guests. I wore a 'uniform' of black silk stockings, a garter belt and high heels and a little white cap to show I was the maid.I didn't get into the action until the end of the movie. So I had a lot of time to stand around dressed as I was, watching everybody doing everything. Sometimes one or two of the men would be out of a scene and they'd stand beside me, naked. It was a tough job to just stand there like that. I was turned on something awful. And what a relief it was when the director told me I was to get into the pile and do my stuff! I could hardly tell who was doing what, it was that much of a happy mix up. What a hell of a movie that was! And to think—I was paid $75 in the bargain!

"If that sounds like I'm ready to turn tricks for money—no sir, thank you. That's not for me. It may sound strange to hear me say that after all I've told you. Maybe everybody has one line they won't cross, even the seediest old whore in town.

"If I wanted to turn tricks for money, I'd be a call-girl, not model. I don't believe in living half of this and half of that. It'd either one way or the other as far as I'm concerned. I know some nude models who do take money. Fine for them. It's just not my bag.

"Since that movie with Liz, I've made lots of blue movies in Hollywood and in New York. The business is booming right now. There are a couple of guys in New York who shoot two or three movies in one week. Since I'm a 'star' now, this full-speed-ahead production means I'm making very good money for myself, much more than I'd even hoped to make as a model.

"And my sex-life, if I may be formal for a moment, is highly satisfactory. That's a line I had to say in one of the movies I made last week. I played a surburban housewife who goes to see a psychiatrist. He asks her about her sex life and that's what she says. 'Highly satisfactory'! I almost broke up when I said that.

"While I'm telling this psychiatrist about my sex life with my husband, he's getting hot pants for me, himself, and finally he gets undressed while I'm talking. I can't see him since he's behind me. When I turn around and see him sitting here naked. I do a horror-take and start to leave his office. He tells me this is part of my therapy.

"Pretty soon he and I are going like crazy on the couch. Then his nurse comes into the room and she strips and joins us. There aren't the crowd scenes that we had in that first movie I made. But the three of us did a pretty good job of covering all the ground the whole crowd did. The movie's called 'The Dirty Old Psychiatrist', in case it plays in your neighborhood.

"My sex life, of course, is not limited to what I do on the job—whether it's a model job or making a movie. I date just like any other red-blooded American girl does. And just like them, there are men I'll hit the sack with and there are men I leave to their own devices. Just because I'll do anything in a blue movie or on a modeling job doesn't mean any guy who buys me dinner can ball me. Some of them think they can just get into the act as soon as they know what I do for a living. Those creeps I wave off.

"The one part of my life that upsets me sometimes is that it's not the easiest thing in the world to maintain a relationship with a man you respect, maybe even love, with him knowing you've been balling all day.

I have girlfriends, other models mostly, with whom I ball sometimes—like Liz. They know what I do and all of them are into the same scenes I'm into. One girl, for example, with whom I spend at least three or four nights a month, is a high fashion model. She does nothing but work for magazines like *Vogue, Harper's Bazaar,* that sort of stuff. None of them makes a fuss about my on the job sex life.

"In fact this *Vogue*-type model—she looks exactly like Princess Grace—gets a kick out of me telling her about some of my experiences. I don't come on with it. She asks me to tell her. We'll be lying in bed and she'll ask me to tell her about the movie I worked on that afternoon. While I'm telling her, she gets all worked up, little by little. She told me one night that she wished she could be as free as I am. She comes from an old family, lots of dough, best schools and all that. And *she* envies *me*! You figure it out.

"I know there are all kinds of names you can pin on a girl like me. Promiscuous bitch. Or, to be polite—an exhibitionist. I couldn't care less about the names.

"I'm 23 years old now and balling high on the happy hog. Maybe next year I'll meet a guy who'll give me everything I'm getting from everybody else. I don't know. I enjoy the life I'm living.

"In the meantime, if you see me in your favorite magazine or at your local blue movie house—just wave and say hello. You can't ever tell what's going to happen in this nutty world—I might wave back!" ◆◆◆

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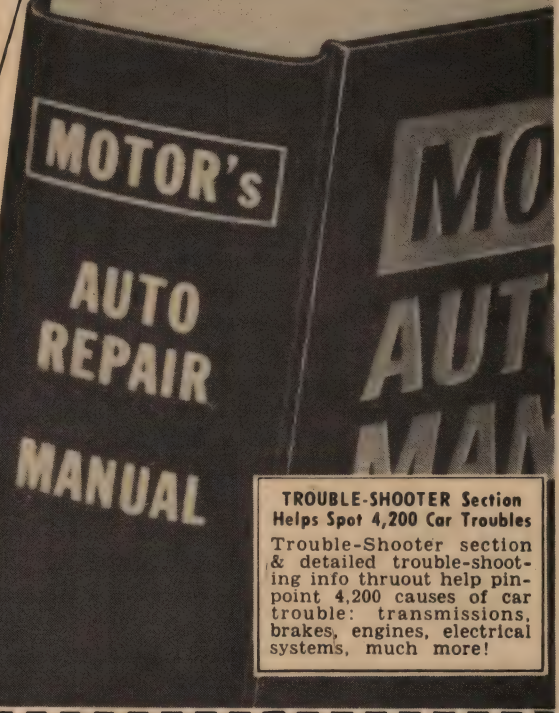

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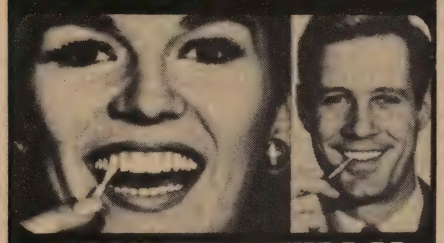

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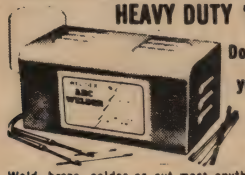

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AFRICA'S "BIG 5"

Continued from page 19

trestle sleepers, it too left the tracks, lurched on iron flanged wheels from wooden sleeper to wooden sleeper. Caleb Marsden, without even thinking of it, was trying to pull all the cars off the trestle and on to the level right-of-way.

Unfortunately for the people of the area and those belonging to the circus train, the flat cars held the cages of Africa's Big Five: the elephant, lion, leopard, rhino, and last but certainly not least, the Cape buffalo. Their cages were tipped, the fastening ropes and chains were strained, and each animal was bellowing its protest in its own way as the flat cars went off the sleepers, dug into gravel, then started sliding down the steep embankment.

When Caleb Marsden, a railroad man of 35-years' experience, saw the steep angle of the tilting flat cars and the cages sliding off, he took the necessary precaution of slamming the brakes. It would have worked safely with most any other cargo but caged animals. Due to the braking effect the cages swung as if they were on a pendulum and the tie-downs snapped like cotton strings. The corners of the cages hit the sloping ground and burst open.

The leopard was out like a spotted yellow flash, running the length of the tilted passenger cars. The circus folk, shocked and nervous from the fear their car would tumble down the gorge, were starting out and those already on the ground who saw Somali screamed and shouted and tried to get back in. Those inside were fighting to get out. A monumental jam was caused till those at the aisle end of the pushing line saw through the windows the streaking Somali. Everybody in the circus was careful around him. The pressure relieved as people trying to get out now saw the wisdom of staying in.

Somali, with his cat abilities, bounced over the trestle like he was running on a smooth road. He was angry, nervous, and therefore prone to attack and kill anything in his way.

In the next to last car, Al Kirby saw him go by, and admits to a sinking feeling in his stomach. He had brought the Big Five from Africa and owned them. In his contract with the Haley Bros., he was responsible for them. His first action was to reach for the luggage rack and take down his leather covered aluminum gun case, containing a well-used .458 Weatherby. He had the distinct impression he was going to need it.

Elephants come by the ton and Gigantor was no exception. Like most elephants he demanded firm footing under his drum sized pads and when the cage was sliding he was panicking. It had barely hit the ground before he had the two-inch bars scattered like a bowling strike, and was tearing uphill leaving a bulldozer trail in the second growth saplings.

No train passengers saw Caesar, the full-maned lion, leave his cage, but Tom Higgins driving a pickup truck of assorted farm gear squashed the brakes flat when he saw a lion ambling across the Duffyton Road, and he wondered about his eyesight and mental state. The Cape Buffalo, Big Grey, battered his way free, thundered towards the engine, took a swipe at the fireman, Tom Cardin, and galloped out of sight following the tracks. Porky, the African rhinoceros, humped after him, hooking left and right with his wicked horn.

It was 8:10 A.M. April 26, 1971. The Haley Bros circus played the 'stump' circuit, had just left the Georgia back country, was more carnival than circus. It was a 'one pole' outfit; that is, their Big Top tent was supported by one pole and could hold about 500 people in comparison to 'two pole' and 'three pole' outfits. Africa's Big Five, as the bally sheets advertised them, was their major drawing card. Where they played people didn't pay to see trained horses and dogs—they owned livestock of their own and while they'd sit through a horse act because of the pretty girl in ballerina costume, they wouldn't pay money to see it. But Africa's Big Five! That was something else. A lot of the big city zoos didn't have all of them.

Harry Leger, owner, manager, ring master of Haley Bros was standing on the Duffyton Road discussing the situation with Al Kirby when the police car drew up, notified by the still astounded Tom Higgins. They called for ambulance help for the few minor injuries sustained by the train passengers, then asked what the hell was going on.

Al Kirby said some dangerous animals were loose. The police officers thought he meant bucking broncos or possibly some Brahma bulls, mistaking the Haley Bros. for the Wild West shows that occasionally stopped for a weekend rodeo, but when Al Kirby explained he meant a lion, a leopard and . . .

Officer John Sprague grabbed the radio and frankly admits he was about to call out all official agencies including the Marines. Al Kirby stopped him by putting a hand over the microphone.

What they needed were trained hunters, preferably expert at tracking, men who didn't panic in a tight situation. Ideally they should have hunted in Africa.

By noon of April 26th they started to gather in the Duffyton Town Hall which, on Sundays, was the local church. Since men who had hunted in Africa were scarce in this part of the world, they had had to call heavily on National Park and Forestry Rangers; however, the call for civilians had gone wide and there were a few veterans of the African safaris who had filled their expensive big game licenses. Dr. Titus Oldfield, an orthopedic surgeon, had flown in from the Atlantic coast. Others, such as farmer-horse breeder Archer Smith, were eminently qualified by experience.

The all important communication equipment was checked, paper and pencils distributed, and Al Kirby lectured from the rostrum.

"The most dangerous, the one we have to catch immediately, is Somali the leopard. He's used to humans and doesn't fear their smell. He's bound to be high strung."

A National Park Serviceman whose name wasn't caught for the record, interrupted by standing. He was genuinely anxious, neither defiant nor domineering. "Mr. Kirby, if I'm going to take advice, I like to know the advisor. Would you state your qualifications."

Al Kirby, discharged from U.S. Army Service in 1964, had become an apprentice white hunter in Tanzania, Africa. He had gone on *bandukis* (hunts) from the steaming jungles

(Continued on page 68)

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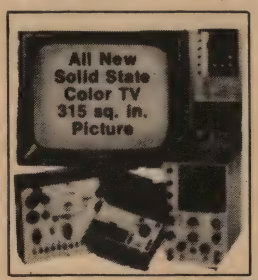

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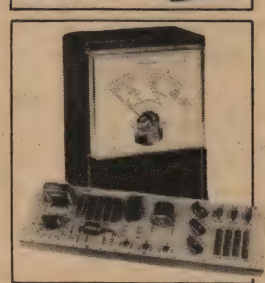

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(Continued from page 66)

of the Lake region to the frozen snow of the Mountains of the Moon. Through the years he learned the art of professional hunting; he was out so often the sun bleached his hair from a light brown to a wheaten blonde despite his constant use of a hat. All reports on his abilities were highly favorable. In 1969 he obtained his professional hunter's license but clients didn't come flocking to him as he expected. He wasn't known yet. He had to live on what the noted hunters left. When they were booked solidly, they turned over clients to him who didn't know any better. Wealthy clients refused his services completely, and that's where the money was. He had to refinance himself while he met prospective clients, so he dreamed up the idea of bringing Africa's Big Five to the United States and touring with them.

The only partially satisfactory arrangements he could make were with Harry Leger of Haley Bros. The circus—or carnival—didn't hit big cities but they did touch some wealthy suburbs, accepted dates from fraternal organizations, traveled extensively, northern Florida in a counter-clockwise swing to Ohio and back again.

"So you see," Al finished, "I'm a professional in this field." He told about the amazing vitality of a leopard. It could leap more than 20 feet straight into the air, higher than a two-storey building. With prey in its mouth weighing more than itself, a 15-foot jump to a tree crotch was usual. Its spots broke its outline in a sun-shadow area, and a man could walk by it without noticing. It charged like a lightning stroke and was on a hunter a!l fangs and claws before he could get his rifle up.

Like all cats it had a fragile skull, but the skull was flat, you couldn't be sure of putting a bullet there, and if you missed you were dead. A heart shot at close range would make him turn and charge, and again you were dead before he died. The only close-in sure shot was the neck and the vertebrae in a cat were quite high on the neck.

They were in the Duffyton Town Hall till 3:30, taking notes, breaking themselves down into five parties, one to go after each animal. They copied drawings Al made, then talked among themselves on what overnight equipment they'd need, and those who didn't have the proper camping equipment would have to return to town for the night.

Dr. Titus Oldfield, who was to lead the party after Somali, suggested drugged meat. Al vetoed that instantly. No one knew how a leopard would react—previous experiences had been bad. He might go to sleep, he might go on a wanton rampage. There was also the possibility Somali would absorb too much, regurgitate it, nullifying the effects, becoming a hungry and angry animal that was capable of pulling down any domestic animal. Then one had to think of children. A child was only easy prey to Somali. Al was willing, more than willing, to use the air gun with which he shot hypos into the animals when he had to treat them.

Kirby closed it out by warning them to be careful, take every precaution. "I don't care about the animals, but I am worried about human lives." He held up his portable transmitter issued by the National Park Service. "For your sake, for my sake, for the insurance company's sake, notify me as soon as you spot one of them. Let me take the chances; you do the tracking."

4:00 P.M. April 26. The tracking parties started. There was no trick to following Gigantor. It was like trailing a steam roller. From the space between his pad prints he had run scared for two miles or more, crushing everything in his way. Saplings and second growth were laying down as if a tornado had hit. Wherever one of Gigantor's feet had landed, the wood was fragmented to pulp. A beech tree with a bole nearly three feet thick had been snapped off short in Gigantor's charge.

The path of destruction gradually lessened as Gigantor's fears diminished. They found some branches he had used as back scratchers and a sapling that had served as a toothpick.

6:00 P.M. April 26. His tracks led through an apple orchard. A large number of the trees had been overturned. Evidentally the buds just appearing on the branches had suited Gigantor's taste, and now the apple trees looked like the victims of an artillery barrage.

A shutter in the house opened and the orchardman, poking a rifle in front of him, yelled at them, "You fellers get out of here. There's an elephant loose. I ain't lying. A real elephant."

He thought he could save himself and family by holing up, and he thought he could defend himself with a deer rifle whose bullet would have splattered on an elephant's thick hide. However, this was the first indication the tracking party had that Gigantor had taken out a number of telephone lines in his progress. The area was communicationless.

A half-mile beyond the orchard they could hear Gigantor's rumbling and grumbling coming from a thick grove. Wisely they radioed Al Kirby.

Al had a bale of sweet timothy hay ready that he threw into the back of the jeep along with loaves of stale bread. In the front was his .378 Weatherby loaded with solids, and an air gun loaded with a hypodermic filled to the hilt.

6:40 P.M. April 26. Al braked the jeep, warned everybody to stay far away, scattered the hay and threw down the stale bread. Gigantor's rumblings grew louder. Al held the rifle in his right hand, air gun in his left, ready to drop it. If Gigantor charged him, he knew from experience he could get off two shots at the most. Two shots to hit a 7,000 pounder rushing much faster than you can believe. The target is the size of an orange, the only entrance through solid bone to the elephant's brain. It is the *only* shot that will stop a charging elephant. The hand can't shake. You must be accurate within millimeters. The single reference point is the eyes: the entry is between them and slightly below. In actuality the hunter who chooses to bag his elephant in this way is shooting rather blindly, guessing more than aiming.

Miss, and you're dead. A man can't outrun a charging elephant who moves as approximately as fast as a galloping horse. When you're caught—and you will be—invariably the elephant steps on one half of you to hold you down, grabs the free end of you with his trunk, and pulls you in two. He then stamps your remains into the ground as if he wants to obliterate you from his memory.

That's what Al Kirby was thinking. He had seen it happen once to a poacher who was laying a trap for an elephant and didn't look behind him until it was too late.

Al tested the breeze. It was coming from behind him. What he was mostly worried about was the light. It was near sunset and the half-light made for very tricky shooting. Professional hunters in Africa quit before the light fades.

Gigantor came storming out of the grove, bellowing, trunk high, great round pads beating on the ground so it trembled and drummed. Because of his bulk he appeared to move slowly while a few sharp observers noticed he was devouring the ground. Many trackers put up their rifles and aimed for the shoulder, hoping to break the bone and cripple him or turn him.

To Al, it seemed he was on a railroad track and a high speed express was boring down on

(Continued on page 70)

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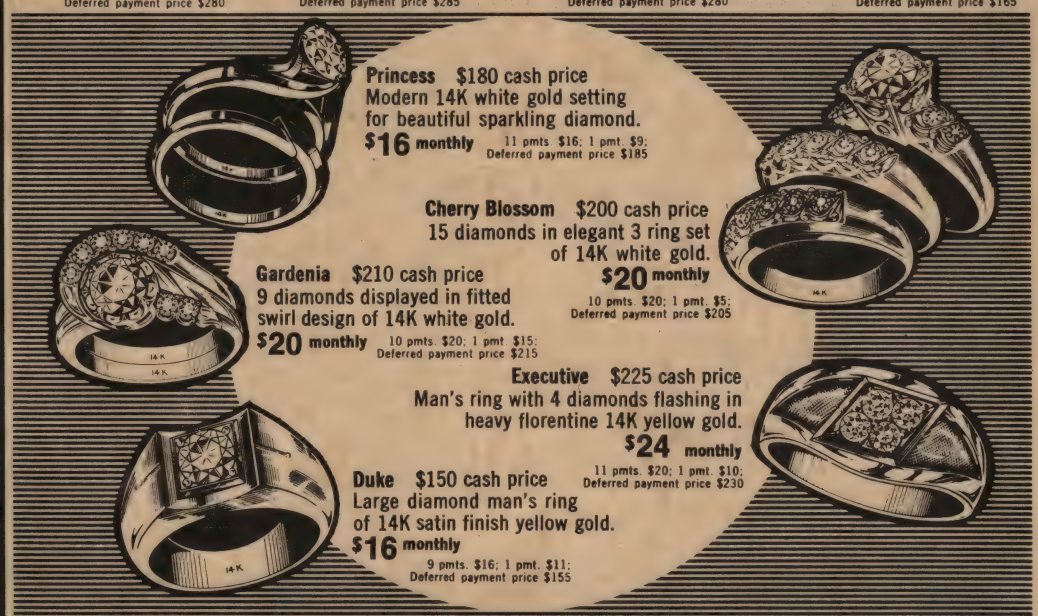

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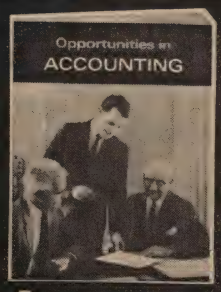

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SOLD ON MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

(Continued from page 68)

him, getting larger and larger, blocking out the view of the Great Smokies behind. He held his rifle over his head crosswise and yelled two words; "Gigantor!" and what sounded like "Hut!"

Gigantor reached with his trunk, squealing, slowed to a trot, smelled Al all over, snorting at him as if to say, "Is it really you, old buddy?"

Al turned on his heel and said, "Come on," and this completely untrained African elephant followed docilely. He had been hungry and scared and was looking for a friend in this strange cold country. Al picked up a few loaves of bread and the elephant chewed on them thoughtfully as they marched down the Duffyton Pike.

Gigantor walked peacefully into his repaired cage.

The trackers, when they got over their shock, passed a bottle around and joked and laughed and wondered. Al Kirby had been depending upon his extensive knowledge of animals, a knowledge they didn't have. When Gigantor was charging him he kept his trunk up. An elephant determined to kill keeps his trunk down and tucks the tender tip out of the way. Gigantor had poor eyesight like all elephants, was testing the air and getting a familiar friendly smell mixed in with a lot of strange—and therefore enemy—smells. The elephant was confused and Kirby knew it; therefore he had identified himself with a familiar gesture and his voice.

Al didn't reveal this—this is the first time it has been revealed—because he wanted the respect and obedience of his aides. Reports came in that it was too dark to follow tracks and Al started to sweat.

The leopard is a nocturnal hunter, kills by night. The last time Somali had been fed was in the morning and he'd be hungry by now.

Caesar, like every male lion, wasn't a hunter. His girlfriend took care of that end. However he was fantastically strong, much stronger than the killer lioness, with one stroke of his paw could pulp a cow's head, and in the dark, disturbed, he'd strike out indiscriminate death.

9:10 P.M. April 26. Al Kirby ordered all trackers to remain where they were, build fires, bed down for the night.

12:03 A.M. April 27th. A farmer from near Bailey called the police, said something had raided his hen house.

12:05 A.M. Al Kirby was driving his jeep there with two hunters and a load of equipment. One entire wall of the hen house had been pulled out. Inside it looked like it was painted with blood. Those laying hens that had not been killed and gulped so that only parts of them lay on the ground, had been frightened to death. Two hundred hens wiped out in a few minutes.

Al swung his flashlight and quickly picked up the pug marks of Caesar. The lion had been hungry and had had a small meal. It was fortunate for the farmer he didn't keep horses. Lions are very fond of horse meat.

The lion trackers, led by Archer Smith, the farmer-horse breeder with experience in Africa, moved to the farm, prepared to use it as a base camp come first light.

3:45 A.M. A radio call for Al Kirby. A farmer had reported hearing a high pitched bugling sound—"gawdamighty loud"—a beating rumble of a massive animal running over the ground, then his tool shed crashed and was reduced to boards.

Al was guided to the spot by 4:20 a.m. April 27th. With flashlight, he examined the ground carefully, even investigating the tender underside of grass blades looking for bruises and finding them, but he couldn't distinguish any definite prints and concluded Big Grey, the Cape buffalo had gone on a rampage.

Due to the commotion, the tracking party had assembled and Al gave the word on Cape buffaloes. "The most dangerous animal in the world."

The boss of the wide horns covers the skull like an armor helmet so a skull shot is useless. When charging its head is up and it watches its prey and a buff can't be dodged till its head goes down and by that time there's no dodging room. From the front there are only three possible shots: if the head is up, at the nose, hoping it drives through the face into the brain; in the chest to the boiler room, and even then with its heart blown out and its lungs ruptured it's still going to keep coming; or perhaps best, breaking the huge shoulder bones with a solid nosed, heavy caliber slug. This will knock a buff down, give a chance for a well-aimed, killing shot.

If the Cape buff isn't killed by the second bullet, it's going to kill the hunter. It can absorb a tremendous amount of lead. There are also reports that when wounded it circles back and hunts the hunter, but Al Kirby is doubtful regarding this. His opinion is that a buff usually circles when it's hit, trying to throw the tracker off its trail, and the tracker blunders by his wounded prey, therefore the natural happens.

A buff can also lie behind a small bush, no bigger than a bushel basket, and disappear from sight. Once its outline is broken and it remains motionless, it blends into the background.

Again Al warned the trackers not to try to kill this brute of the animal kingdom. Find the buff, then notify him.

5:00 A.M. April 27. All tracking parties were up, preparing breakfast, would resume duties at first light.

6:07 A.M. Caesar the lion had been spotted keeping watch on a rock.

6:22 A.M. Al Kirby, again using a guide, raced to the reported point. Caesar was stretched out on the rock warming himself in the rising sun. Al watched through binoculars. Caesar was well fed after his raid on the hen house, licked himself sleepily, and his head fell over. A ponderous yawn and he was asleep.

With Archer Smith following him, carrying the Weatherby Magnum, Al approached cautiously, holding the air gun. His eyes constantly watched Caesar's ribs, making sure the breathing rhythm of sleep didn't change.

From less than ten yards distance, Al shot a hypo alongside Caesar's spine. Caesar twitched as though a horse fly had bit him, mumbled something, and a few minutes later was snoring. He was in an area where they could truck in his cage. A veterinarian, Dr. Calvin Baxter, who had had some big game experience arrived with the truck, and after Caesar had been dragged into the cage, pronounced him okay. The time was 7:02 A.M. April 27th.

Many of those in the tracking parties breathed easier now that the lion and the elephant were out of the way, but Al worried over those remaining, Somali and Big Grey. He was disturbed about the peanut brained rhino too, although if it found a stream it would probably wallow for a mud coating, and this was a well watered area.

9:44. Dr. Titus Oldfield reported they had discovered the warm droppings of Somali. That meant they were close to the leopard. Al was getting behind the wheel of the jeep when at

9:45. The radio announced that a dairy farmer had seen Big Grey put his massive head against a stone wall, pitch the rocks like pebbles with one upward toss of his neck, and walk through the yard wide gap. Big Grey was presently grazing in the field with a number of cows, but if he went to the next field, separated by a fence and barbed wire,

(Continued on page 72)

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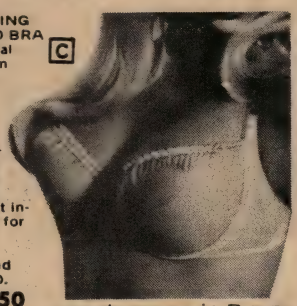

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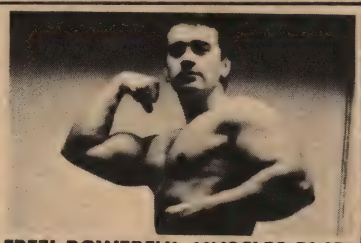

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(Continued from page 70)

where there was a prize bull, the Forest Service officer was afraid of the kind of carnage the two of them would leave.

Al had no doubts. He was positive Big Grey would take the domestic animal apart, literally apart, scatter pieces all over the fields. He told the Forest officer that only as a last resort and then by standing at long range could they commence pumping lead into the Cape buff. The target area was the heart and lungs, and the heart was much lower than most people suspected.

Kirby had to leave. Somali was more of a potential danger to humans than Big Grey.

10:22 A.M. Dr. Oldfield pointed across a large meadow to a good-sized walnut tree. "He's there up past the second fork. I spotted him through the scope," he tapped the glass sights on his .375 Winchester Magnum. "This is good deer country. He's over a game trail although all the deer will be way back in the woods at this time of day."

Somali coughed. Al watched him through binoculars and smiled. "He's trying to stir them up, get them moving, hear them. Then he'll stalk them." He put down his binocs. "Okay, everybody get out of here. This is between me and Somali."

Dr. Oldfield offered to back him up. Al refused. He found a comfortable spot in the crotch of an oak, threw a piece of meat into the meadow, and waited for the scent to drift to the leopard.

Somali was all appetite and hatred. The appetite could be appeased, but a captured leopard just hates and hates. Kirby was perfectly aware he should have left this fast disappearing species in Africa where it could possibly breed, most probably would be killed by poachers or hunters, but the collection wouldn't have been complete without him, and possibly his species could be sustained by breeding at a zoo.

Al was also aware that a hypo of sedation was very risky with Somali. This wasn't a sleepy, lazy animal. This was a hungry, extremely active killer.

Somali slid off his branch and dropped with graceful ease, slithered into the meadow and disappeared in the new growth of high grass. He had smelled the meat and was coming for it, not taking any chances.

Al wasn't taking any chances either. He braced his Weatherby Magnum where he could snatch it quickly, held the air gun at the ready.

Somali snatched up the meat as if it were live and he had to kill it, and with the same motion bounced to his left; Al Kirby was ready and waiting, fired the hypo, but the hypo was a slow moving object compared to the leopard and the leopard was gone before the hypo arrived.

However, the hollow snort of the air gun had identified Al's location, Somali bounced on steel-spring muscles, changed directions, was fully extended in an amazing leopard leap, hit the trunk of the tree already halfway up to Al, was gathering himself for the final spring that could put him in Al's lap. Al saw the glaring yellow eyes, smelt the breath, thought he could feel the fangs crushing through his head.

No time for the rifle. No time for anything. Al clubbed with the air gun as Somali sprang. The air gun connected, then was torn from Al's grip, but it had done some good. Somali's judgment of distance was ruined, he shot past Al while clawing with the front feet for a grip, fell back, momentarily held on to a branch, then his eyes clouded and he slipped to the ground trying to get his feet under him, landed on his side, twitched and was unconscious.

Al realized he had hit the cat in the head. Maybe it was dazed, maybe not. His fingers trembled so badly he had difficulty loading a hypo from the rubber sealed bottle, then he had more trouble loading the air gun. He put the hypo into the cat and didn't come out of the tree for ten minutes when, he frankly admitted, he wouldn't disgrace himself in front of others.

The vet, Dr. Calvin Baxter, came with the waiting party. He said the cat was more than sedated; it had a fractured skull and might or might not make it.

11:48 A.M. The report came that the party watching Big Grey had also watched him casually leap a four-foot fence and disappear into pine woods. They were trying to track him although the heavy coating of pine needles was causing difficulties.

11:49. An incoherent phone call from Archer Smith's place, probably made by his housekeeper. Al suspected Big Grey had appeared on the scene.

12:00. Archer Smith's manicured fields looked like a rampaging army had passed over them. A white wooden fence had a hole blasted through it. A horse nearby had the abdomen ripped open, the guts torn out of the body and scattered like spilled spaghetti. A horse carcass, similarly ripped, had been thrown into a tree and was caught there, hind hoofs dangling.

In a corner a number of thoroughbreds had holes punched in their chests or stomachs or abdomens. One horse had been pitched over a six-foot fence to a field that had been planted for silage.

Near the center of the field Archer Smith's horse trainer, Josh Penny, had been caught. Evidentally he had been trying to save some of the stock. After being gored he had been trampled into the ground and was recognizable by some remnants of the clothes he had worn.

Al shook his head. "The buff didn't do this. The rhino did. Look at the prints. Round, no sharp digs from a hoof. What the hell scared him?"

12:18 P.M. The party searching for Big Grey reported finding Porky the rhino, grazing in open land.

12:34. Al Kirby snapped the safety off his Weatherby, at 200 yards sighted in on Porky. It was an execution and he knew it. It is probable he could have sedated the rhino, but it had killed a man and an animal that kills a man, no matter for what reason, has to be killed in turn. That is the unwritten law of humans. And so the brainless rhino had to die, although why he had killed and left a field of destruction behind him no one knew or ever would know.

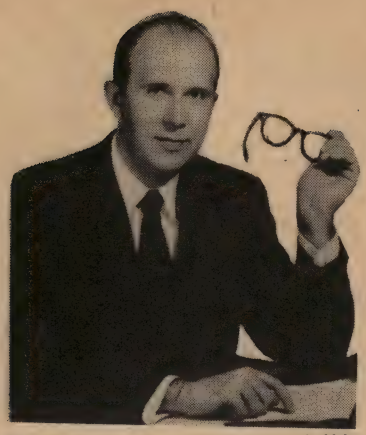
Al's first shot with this most powerful of all rifles broke both of Porky's shoulders, dumped him to his side. Al's second merciful shot broke the spine.

1:10 P.M. Big Grey, the Cape buffalo was found. He had circled back to the dairy farm and again was grazing with cows. It was anti-climactic. This, the terror of Africa, calmly accepted a hypo in its shoulder, staggered, fell over, and the limp load of meat was winched into its cage.

The 36-plus hours of excitement weren't quite over. At approximately noon of the day before police had discovered four railroad spikes had been pried out of the sleepers, thus derailing the hired train.

A constant police search turned up the fact a group of boys had built a tree house and needed very long nails to anchor their house in the tree. Not finding any at their homes, they took them from the railroad. They caused a deal of trouble, and received quite a bit of trouble after their complicity was discovered.

Some good came out of it all. Dr. Titus Oldfield mentioned to a number of his hunting cronies the exceptional animal knowledge possessed by Al Kirby. A few of them had been planning a Tanzania safari, and contacted him. Today Al is back in Africa and back in business. ◆◆◆



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Question *What does a "command of good English" mean?*

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Question *Are there other advantages to be gained by acquiring a command of good English?*

Answer Yes! Words are actually "tools of thought." The more you learn about words and how to use them to form and express your ideas, the better your *thinking* becomes. For this reason a command of good English often pays off in unexpected ways.

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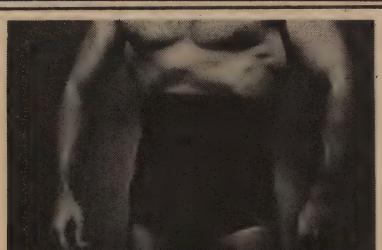

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Continued from page 36

wicked torpedoes considerably more powerful than American destroyer and submarine torpedoes. For undersea warfare they were equipped with the type of Sonar known as "pinging gear" and they carried a formidable load of ashcans. They were efficient anti-sub vessels manned by Japanese Navy sailors, strictly first team. With a *Chidori* somewhere in the area, *Puffer* was wisely held at periscope depth.

Then came the attack. The Japs were right on target. The bombardment was as unexpected as a rain of lightning bolts.

The time was 1145, as six depth charges exploded near the submarine. The conning-tower hatch and the conning-tower door lifted off their seats and reseated, admitting a shower of water. A number of sea valves backed off their seats. A plug in a sea valve casting in the after torpedo-room was loosened. Water spurted from this leak, jetting from under the plug in a flat stream the width of a knife blade. The damage-control men were afraid to tighten the plug, for if it were broken instead of only loose, any attempted repairs would worsen the fracture.

Puffer's rudder and her stern planes had apparently suffered injury. They complained like rusty hinges when put in motion. Their operating motors appeared to be overloaded. Gaskets were blown out of the main engine air-induction valve and the ventilation supply valves. Considerable miscellaneous minor damage was reported—toilet gear cracked, breakage in the galley, light bulbs pulverized. Flakes of cork and splinters of glass were everywhere. *Puffer* was hurt. Jensen ordered her deep under.

Ten minutes later another depth charge slammed nearby. The blast shook the submarine. Fifteen minutes afterwards, four depth charges staggered in depth went off almost overhead. It was evident the enemy had *Puffer* spotted and was able to follow her trail. The slow venting of the main induction and air supply trunk, as they flooded past the reptured gaskets, may have been leaving a wake of air bubbles. Or there could have been oil leaks. The deep-sea current impeded evasive maneuvers (when *Puffer* finally surfaced, she broached almost in the same place where she submerged—all her underwater running was just enough to overcome the powerful current).

Puffer had been lamed by the damage inflicted during the initial attack. But her injuries were far from fatal. They presented the crew with no insoluble problems in ship handling and damage control. Try as she would, however, the submarine could not elude the hunters "upstairs." In spite of deep submergence and evasive tactics, after the first blasting she could not shake the tenacious *Chidori* "pinger." Time and again the Jap anti-sub vessel put the finger on the submarine. As the day wore on and depth charges continued to slam, *Puffer's* crew began to feel the strain. When a second anti-sub vessel joined the game, the submariners knew they were in for dire trouble.

A hold-down.

As one of them reportedly said later, it was a "zim-blinger."

The gambit began as soon as the sub was detected. Few submarines could attack a ship or a convoy without detection, since their torpedoes left a telltale wake. Destroyers and other ships or convoy escorts possessed acute listening-gear of sonar "pinging" gear—devices that could track the whisper of a sub's propellors or put an electronic finger on the undersea boat's hull. Counterattack would be immediate with the anti-sub vessels steaming into action.

Frequently, however, it proved most dangerous for the hounded sub to play possum. Well-trained hunters would scour the area with a dragnet of depth-charge salvos, boxing the target with a closing pattern of explosions. That was the anti-sub play. Keep the sub penned in the vicinity. Damage her as she ran, or pound her where she lay. Either kill her with "teardrops" or "ashcans" down under or blast her with gunnery when she surfaced.

So the "hold-down" gambit prevailed. The hunters could not be certain of a deep-sea kill, despite flotsam oil or human remains (such items were sometimes faked). But if they could drive a sub under, and hold it down for several days, and if the sub failed to rise after long submergence, the hunters knew she was a goner. Her chances were on a par with suicide if, wounded, she rose for a gunfight with her tormentors.

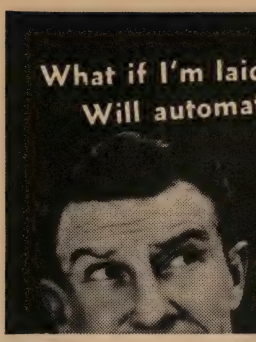
Relatively thin-skinned and only lightly armed, subs were not built for gun duels. Few ever survived a forced "battle surface" action against anti-sub vessels. U.S.S. *Salmon* got away with it, fighting off four of the Japanese escorts. A few other subs shot their way out of gang fights. But destroyers, corvettes and hunter- killer teams supported by aircraft made murderous antagonists for submarines compelled to rise after a hold-down.

Consider then the ordeal of the U.S.S. *Puffer*, one of the first American submarines to escape a hold-down in the maelstrom of the South Pacific.

Most of the *Chidori's* depth charges went off directly overhead. Luckily their explosions were not set deep enough to crush the pressure hull. The Jap torpedo boat kept hammering away. After dropping a string of charges, she would sidle off, only to return for another try. The *Chidori's* perseverance and the ease with which she located the hiding target soon proved unnerving to the submariners.

Going deep, *Puffer's* crew experienced some difficulty with depth control. There was a lot of water in the bilges. The main induction and supply lines were flooded; the leak in the after torpedo-room continually added weight to the *Puffer's* stern. Because the trim pump was unable to pick up a suction on the after torpedo-room bilges, the submarine took on a stern list as she coasted to a worrisome depth. There was a 12° angle on the boat when the motors, moving her at slow speed, finally propelled her forward, stopping her descent. Few submarines had ever gone so deep. This dive proved a mixed blessing. It lengthened the range between sub and hunter, but created a mental hazard that haunted all hands in *Puffer*. Could her pressure hull stand the strain?

Meantime, since the air-conditioning gear had been shut off to prevent noise, the air soon fouled. A bucket brigade went to work on the bilge water to forestall grounding out of the electrical motors. The specific gravity of the battery electrolyte went so low it could no longer be read on the hydrometer. But



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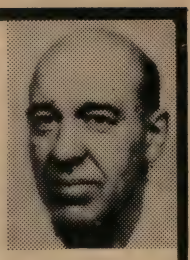

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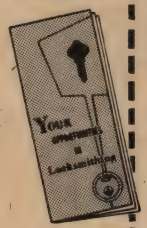

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their chief worry kept the submariners glancing at the overhead. Normally, the Japs were not so persistent. They tended to be cocky and assume a "kill" after a few hours of hold-down combat. But this *Chidori* was relentless. Like a bulldog she clung to *Puffer* and depth-charged her position.

The submarine had been submerged since 0525 that morning, and it was late in the day when the second Jap anti-submarine vessel joined the attack. Time was 1820. Down came the TNT. The shock waves caught *Puffer* by the scruff and shook her as a mastiff might shake a cat. Men pitched from bunks, went stumbling against bulkheads; skated across greasy deck plates. Vegetables and canned goods sprawled over the galley. When the storm subsided, the boat staggered stern down on a deeper angle. Bruised, shaken, the submariners clung to hand-holds, bracing for the next barrage.

They did not have a long wait. Sonar reported high-speed screws crisscrossing the surface like locomotives in a switchyard. Another roulade of depth charges boomed. The ashcans were on target, but missed in range.

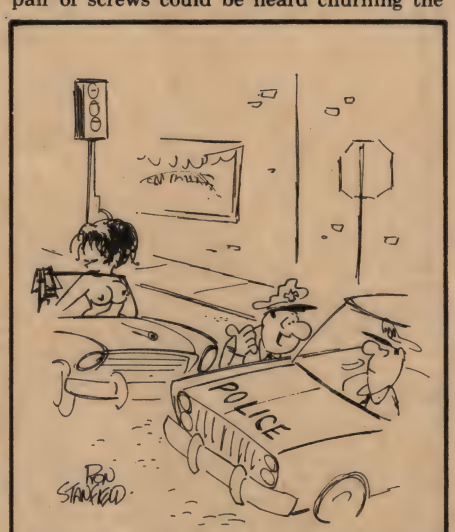
Puffer's hands stared at the overhead. Sound reported another rush of screws. Would the next salvo make the right depth? Had a Jap destroyer teamed up with the *Chidori*? Or had an *Otori*-class escort arrived on locale? In either case, *Puffer's* chances were fading. Jap DD's reputedly toted huge depth charges—new oceanic blockbusters of a novel design. These big ones were rigged with a sort of undersea parachute that set them adrift deep down like mines. As for the *Otoris*, some of them carried dozens of 350-pound ashcans. But worse than enemy munitions reinforcement was the realization that two anti-sub vessels could force a prolonged hold-down. *Puffer* had already been submerged for more than 16 hours.

Puffer's engineer officer and motormacs checked the battery readings in mounting anxiety. Orders from the skipper had stopped all machinery with exception of the motor generator hooked up to the lighting system. Still, the circuits drained juice and several batteries had been cracked.

"Those cans are really going low."

"We've got to get up on top to charge those cans!"

Maybe they could do it, now that it was night. Or maybe they'd broach right smack between the searchlights of the *Chidori* and her team mate, a beautiful bull's-eye for the vigilant Jap gunners. One of the anti-sub vessels had now withdrawn; only a single pair of screws could be heard churning the surface. But that was the hold-down gambit. The old one-two. A hunter retires to the backfield—or pretends to retire, but waits in the offing with engines silenced—as a ruse to trick the quarry. The sub may "battle surface," thinking she has only one foe to contend with.



"Hey Ed, how much is the fine? She wants to settle out of court."

Puffer's officers talked over the chances. Her captain shook his head. Not yet.

Another ashcan salvo boomed. This time it was some distance off. Had the *Chidori* lost "pinging" contact? Or was this another type of come-on? Orders were relayed from the control room. *Puffer* would continue to wait it out.

Nobody wanted chow. By the evening mess hour the boat smelled like a sewer. After *Puffer* had been submerged about 12 hours, CO_2 absorbent and oxygen had been used. But the dead air was only briefly revitalized. By 2100 it stank.

During the long night that ensued, the hours dragged as though time was slowed in a bog of inertia. The fouling air and oppressive heat seemed to retard the control-room clock. Once more soda lime was sprinkled. To some extent it could counter the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere, but no chemical could actually freshen the murk imprisoned in a long submerged submarine.

Bathed in sweat the men drooped at their stations or lay gasping in soggy bunks. Humid as a Turkish bath, the atmosphere reeked of body odor and dehydration. The very bulkheads of the submarine dribbled perspiration—the sweat of condensation. This worried *Puffer's* electricians. Dampness could soak into a submarine's wiring system and raise hell with switches and circuit gear. A short circuit and an electrical fire in a submarine could be an underwater purgatory.

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the "black gang" crawled from one of the engine-room spaces. Dragging themselves up the incline of a passage, they reached a tier of bunks. Distant depth charges thudded. The two men began to vomit, not from nervous tension, but from atmospheric reek and stifling heat.

"This steam room must be a hundred and twenty. It's making us sick."

A torpedoman growled, "You should gripe! That engine room is a refrigerator compared to up forward. That's the hottest spot in the boat."

Someone muttered: "It ain't as hot as the maneuvering room. I got a chill coming out of there."

Another added: "The quack (submariner dialect for Pharmacist's Mate) says it's drinking all this water makes us sick. You drink and then you puke."

A gunner shook his fist at the overhead. "Goddam it, why don't we go up and fight? Shoot it out with those Jap bastards!"

"With a three-inch deck gun? They'd clobber us!"

"Better than dying down here. Why don't the Old Man *do* something? What's the use of smothering in a sewer pipe?"

A man reared from his berth, snarling. "Pipe down (You want those Japs up there to hear us? Stow the gab, can't you?"

It was a war of nerves. Nobody knows it better than submariners in a hold-down. Endless hours of suspense. Hours of wakefulness and tension.

Puffer took another "going over" at 0115 on the morning of October 10. The blasting jolted the submarine, but did no material damage.

The Japs remained over *Puffer* making "dry runs." Obviously they were combing the surface for flotsam. So the hold-down continued, through the "graveyard watch," ttrough hours that dragged at the snail pace of time in a nightmare. About 0700—some 26 hours after *Puffer* had submerged the previous day, and about 21 hours after her attack on the Japanese merchantman, the sound of racing screws faded out. Had the *Chidori* and her team mate steamed away from the area to report a submarine kill? Or were they waiting in the backfield with lookouts scanning the seascape while every gun crew stood ready with finger on the trigger?

Puffer's officers contemplated a try for perisrope depth and a look-see. But a rise in broad daylight meant the risk of attack by the anti-sub vessels or possible exposure by Jap aircraft equipped with *Jikitanchiki*— a sharp submarine-spotting apparatus of Nipponese design. Battle damage had hampered *Puffer's* maneuverability. In the control room *Puffer's* officers weighed the odds.

Could they risk a surface action? Jensen conferred with his officers on the calculated odds.

They reviewed *Puffer's* internal injuries—not too bad, all things considered. She could make the surface all right. But she was dragging her tail and if a sea was running "up there," she might be slow to answer her helm.

Probably her hull had been dimpled, and her deck gun might have been damaged. With her gun out of kilter, *Puffer* would be virtually disarmed, if one considered the erratic behavior of her torpedoes.

Puffer's gun crew was willing to chance a daylight surface scrimmage. Skipper and exec mulled it over. The odds were too damned long. Nobody knew what might be waiting up there. The *Chidori* could have summoned a couple of Jap patrol planes to the scene. Maybe a team of I.J.N. destroyers had taken over the game. For all anyone in *Puffer* knew, the battleship *Haruna* (sunk early in the war by American propaganda) might be on the horizon. Nobody in *Puffer* thanked Washington for the sub's undependable torpedoes.

But *Puffer* had now been running deep over 29 hours. Could her feeble batteries survive the morning watch? How about the men? Well, "Quack" had his work cut out for him. A couple of hands were on the binnacle list—nausea and fever—and most of them looked pretty green around the gills. So did most of the officers. Drinking water made them puke. The boat had become about as habitable as a squid barrel in Fulton's Fish Market. You could hardly draw a breath in the torpedo-rooms.

Okay, who expected a picnic in a pig boat? Tell the guys they'd be a lot sicker if *Puffer* broached on the surface and got smacked in the conning tower by a Japanese salvo. If they didn't like the air, they could write a letter afterward to Tokyo Rose and. . . .

Sound reported "pinging" coming back.

Those bastards were still up there!

That settled the matter; *Puffer* would have to stay down.

They kept her down.

On the previous day the crew's initial reaction to the hold-down had been anger. Officers and men had been infuriated at everything—the Japs, the war, the boat, the lousy American torpedoes, even the Jay Factor. They were particularly angry at themselves for having volunteered to serve in submarines. They raged inwardly at having allowed *Puffer* to be caught in such a dire predicament.

Mutual anger was a safety valve; for some hours the submariners had enjoyed letting off steam. But as the first day had worn into evening, the desperation of inertia, the sense of being cornered, the inability to hit back—these had become torments harder to endure than mephitic air and sickening heat.

The suspense, too, had worsened with each successive "dry run" or depth-charge attack. Throughout the night there had been no relief. The ominous "pinging", the rush of screws, the hands in *Puffer* bracing theemselves for a TNT barrage—anticipation proved as nerve-racking as realization. Few of the crew had managed to sleep.

On this second morning the heat in the boat was insufferable. Men clung to water pipes and huddled at air vents, seeking a relief that was only illusory. The galley refrigeration had expired; fruit juices cokes and tap water had long since become tepid. Cook and mess hands did their best; but no one could stomach food on that second morning. The sailors constantly drank, vomited, drank again. "Quack," ill too, had to deal with severe cases of dehydration. Salt tablets were no help; a sailor had merely to look at a sweat-soaked tablet in his fingers and his innards rebelled. When the Japs came back during the morning watch of that second day, *Puffer* was a sick submarine.

Sprawled in their soggy berths or slumped against bulkheads, men roused to curse the *Chidori* for its persistence. They shook sweaty fists, vowing all kinds of reprisal.

"Look, Chief, we could discharge acid that would eat holes in the hulls of those destroyers up there."

"Why in hell don't we just blow all ballast and rise up under them and ram them?"

"I say we ought to battle surface and fight them off with rifles. And shoot every sonzabitch on board that *Chidori.*"

"Stow it, you guys—are you nuts? Don't need any more hot air in here."

The suspense and frustration that second morning showed up in foolish arguments and frayed nerves. "When you're compelled to take a beating and can't put up a fight, it's rough going," one of the *Puffer* men remarked. "It's like suffocating in a straight jacket. The only worse thing is waiting for an attack to come."

Sonar reported that the *Chidori* had begun to "ping" again.

"Goddam it!" someone roared. "We've got to do something!"

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The word came down from the grim exec. They *were* doing something. They were sitting it out. If they sat it out long enough, they'd break the hold-down, and that was the order from the Old Man.

"This submarine is going to escape!"

No one would be able to recall the precise hour when desperation first showed signs of becoming fear. *Puffer* was a tough submarine; her crew was tough. Men who wear the Navy dolphins are selected for their demonstrated physical and mental ruggedness. *Puffer's* hands had iron guts, or they would not have been in the Submarine Service. But at some time during the second morning of the hold down, confidence went slack and despair moved in.

By noon the Old Man, himself, must have had some doubtful moments. With the possible exception of Rabaul's approaches and Japan's home waters, no sector of the Pacific was more dangerous for U.S. submarines than this SoWesPac area deep within the embrace of the enemy's ocean forces. Since December '41, six American submarines had perished in the boiling seas that lapped the untenable Malay Barrier.

Puffer knew the obituaries. It was no help to think of them now that she herself had fallen afoul of an enemy trap in the East Indies. Submariners are a tight little family; most of the *Puffer* hands knew sailors who had disappeared in the SoWesPac maelstrom.

A man rubs his throat with a stinking towel and mutters to his mates, "Do you guys remember Red Coe?" Someone answers, "Skipper of *Cisco.* Helluva good Joe." Another whispers, "Her luck ran out, like ours." A voice rasps, "Why the hell don't you gab about somebody alive? Fearless Freddie Warder or Mush Morton. You birds are talkin' like *we're* dead." A man groans, "What makes you think we're not?" "Yeah, what if they talked like you in the *Squailfish?*" "They didn't? How do you know what they said in the *Squalus?*" "I knew some of that crew." "So did I. They figured help was coming. Who in hell is coming to Makassar Strait to help *us?*"

Direct quotes from *Puffer's* hands were not recorded that day. But the conversational gist was later recalled, and an undercurrent of persistent despondence had set in. Some of the hands were querulous. Some became bitter. Others just lay inert, or slumped in misery.

1225. Sonar went silent. The enemy "pinging" had stopped. The sound of screws faded out. The silence ticked on for an eternity, but the clock said it was only 1300. In the control-room the haggard officers exchanged glances. Had those bastards up there gone away at last? Or were they still playing cat-at-mouse-hole?

"She's had enough."

Again the officers reviewed *Puffer's* situation.

How are the batteries doing? Lousy; just hanging on.

The bucket brigade? Lousy; the bilge is slowly creeping up on them.

Rest of the crew? Worse. The heat in some quarters would frazzle a rhinoceros.

Puffer is in the same fix as yesterday.

Consensus: If her batteries could hold out, keep her down until nightfall. That meant another five hours. . . .

Her battle report indicates that the prospect of another afternoon at deep submergence seemed the last straw to many of *Puffer's* crew. There is no doubt crew morale went to low ebb.

Submarines enjoy more democracy than most fighting units. In the close confinement of an undersea boat, all hands work together in a fraternal cooperation unique in military service. For in this vessel's organization each sailor, a specialist in his own right, is as important as the next. Accordingly, "brass" is at a minimum. It is further minimized by the fact that the ship's complement, living intimately, knows that in cases of submarine fatality, all hands will probably die together.

As the afternoon dragged leaden minutes into endless hours, some of the wilted crew collapsed from heat exhaustion. Going from control-room to after torpedo-room, an officers had to stop and cling to a handhold several times to prevent his knees from buckling. He found a number of the men lying in a comatose stupor; neither he nor a stubbornly vociferous Chief could rouse them to go on

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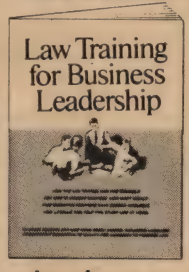

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watch. Given an order or asked a question, they would stare blindly and make no reply. The officer called for volunteers to man the stations. Dazed hands responded. But it was evident the crew was on its last legs.

Some of the sailors were beyond caring what happened. Says the *Puffer* report: "One man suggested flooding everything and getting it over quickly with mass suicide. Another, who had received a minor but painful injury, appeared incapable of understanding anything that went on about him. Toward the end of the long submergency, officers as well as men apparently reached the conclusion that they would never come out of it alive. The ease with which the enemy had repeatedly located the submarine forced them to his depressing conclusion. Pessimism was climaxed when, after remaining at deep submergence for many hours, all hands were ordered to put on life jackets."

Afterwards the life-jacket order would be recalled as a mistake. There was no emergency need. Evidently skipper or exec thought it would bring the crew to its feet; revive the hands and put them on their mettle. Instead, it sent a shock of panic through the boat. Men exchanged frantic glances as they fumbled with jacket harness and unruly knots. There were bleak exlamations. "My God, this is it?" Or, "Are we going out the escape hatch? At *this* depth?" Or, "The Japs are on top of us again!" Later a lieutenant complained furiously that the order roused him from the only nap he'd managed to take in over 48 hours. Then it was hurry up and wait. No attack. No battle surface. In the sweltering boat the jackets were unbearable.

Hating each other, a fireman and an electrician's mate glared, panting through clenched teeth. The fireman drew back a cocked fist. The electrician raised a defensive elbow. Someone—perhaps a petty officer—poked a snarling, dripping face through the door in a bulkhead. "Are you guys nuts? Since you want action, go join the bucket brigade!" The combatants at once shook hands. Maybe it happened that way. Men suffocating in a boiler could not clearly remember.

Time: 1830.

The Sound Operator removed his earphones and shook his head. Nothing. A blank. Sonar for some time had been deaf as a snubbing-post.

The Old Man murmured an order to a telephone talker. A moment later *Puffer's* motors began to hum. The submarine's hull creaked as bow and stern planes responded to the controls. In the wardroom and in the stifling compartments forward and aft, naked bodies reared from the tiered bunks like cadavers coming to life in the recesses of a catacombs.

"My God, we're under way."

Ages afterward came the command, "Stand by to surface!"

After 31 hours of hold-down *Puffer* was going up to fight....

Puffer had swallowed a lot of sea water during her marathon submergence. The boat was in difficult trim. An immediate attempt to rise to periscope depth could have ended in loss of control. Safety tanks, negative, auxiliary tank and after trim had been blown dry and had pressure in them. A 12-inch pressure in the boat effectively prevented the venting of these tanks into the sub. Some of the machinery was sticky, and the stern planes proved hard to set. But the crewmen at the wheels, instruments and levers devoted to their tasks—the agonizing concentration of demolition experts handling a ticking block-buster.

The diving officer chewed the orders through gritted teeth. "Close the Number One Kingston. . .Open Number One drain. . ."

"Number One closed, sir."

"Close Number Two Kingston...."

"Number Two closed, sir."

A rasp from the Old Man. "Up periscope. . ." Down periscope. . ."

"Ready on engines. Open hatch."

And at 1910 they made it. After 31 hours in aqueous Purgatory, sailors lifted their chins and looked upward in awe as a heady inhalation of pure ozone poured down the hatch. They drew in an expelled great breaths as the breeze bathed them. "Jeez! Get a load of this oxygen!"

The Diesels drummed into action. *Puffer* shook herself from stem to stern, like a logy whale suddenly revived.

Now orders went crackling loud and clear through the intercom. Corpses came climbing up ladders, incredibly animated. Cadavers buckled on service automatics and snatched battle helmets. Leading his crew, the gunnery officer scrambled topside. The men piled out on deck behind him.

Puffer had surfaced in bright moonlight in a sea of heaving silver. She had a cranky port list; some of her deck gear was all acockbill; she was dragging a phosphorescent wake as wide as a boulevard. But she was up there under a canopy of tropical night sky. She was alive on the surface of Makassar Strait.

The gun-crew attended the 3-incher. But the weapon had been damaged.

"Snafued!" The gunnery officer swore. "If we run into those Japs, it's small-arms fire or bust."

Where was that *Chidori?* Anxious binocular sweeps showed a sea as clean of ships as an expanse of open desert. The radar gear made equally unproductive sweeps.

"It was a damn good thing they were unproductive right then," an officer commented later. "*Puffer* wasn't in shape for a pitched battle with a Malay sampan at the moment, much less an enemy naval vessel. The crew was groggy; so was the boat. Emergency repairs were in order."

The submarine had yet to extricate herself from jeopardy. With Borneo on one beam and Celebes on the other, Australia seemed as far away as the moon. It would be a steeplechase all the way home.

Time was 1915. *Puffer* drummed along on the surface. In the vernacular, she was "jamming air," and "charging the cans." Every screw-turn injected plasma into the precious batteries. Given a good healthy run, she stood a fair chance of survival.

Time was 1925. *Radar contact!* Just fifteen minutes after surfacing, the electronic eye detected an enemy patrol. All hands braced at battle stations. The prospect of another crash dive—perhaps resumption of the hold-down—wrenched exclamations of wrath from *Puffer's* crew. In white fury the radar watch glared at the glowing blips on the screen. Was it the *Chidori* or only some wandering fishing smack?

"Maybe it's nothin' but a spitkid, Captain. If we don't look at it, maybe it will go away."

Puffer ran hell for leather, inhaling ventilation, manufacturing battery juice. For a time it seemed the enemy patrol was on her tail. But the Jap held his fire. There sounded no radio alarm; no signal rocket arched against the night. *Puffer's* bilge pumps had begun to correct her list. The Diesels droned steadily. She tied on the knots.

At last the Jay Factor meshed into gear. The enemy disappeared from the radar screen.

Borneo remained on the one hand; Celebes on the other. The Japs had a judo hold on Makassar Strait. But the battleship *Haruna* did not heave into view. No bevy of "Zekes" or flock of "Vals" came winging across the stars to blast the American intruder.

At 0450 in the morning of October 11, *Puffer* was able to make a trim dive. No serious leaks had developed during her sprint; damage control had patched her up,

and her condition now was close to normal.

Some days would pass before the crew relaxed to normal. If the diving officer wanted to work the vents, he had to pass the word quietly beforehand. Coming without warning, the noise of opening the vents was enough to bring every man to his feet in alarm. A sudden sound from the klaxon or brust of static from the squawk box would have sent many in the crew through the overhead.

The Old Man held her at periscope depth while the dawn came up. Then *Puffer* burrowed deep under. The navigator charted a course that would take her eastward. The air conditioning hummed. Intercom passed the word: They were going to take it easy for a day or so before they set out on the long voyage home.

A mess attendant showed up in the control-room. He was balancing a pyramid of coffee mugs.

"Jamoke, anybody?"

Nobody puked.

Puffer's subsequent patrol report was a classic of its kind.

To that date no U. S. submarine had survived a comparable battle ordeal. None had remained submerged below the accredited "test depth" for such a length of time. None had absorbed so prolonged a depth-charging. None had endured so persistent a hold-down.

The submarine's reactions and the crew's reactions composed a case study for the Service. At Force headquarters, boat and hands were psychoanalyzed, as it were, and their responses were scrutinized, diagnosed, measured, and debated from keel to breakfast. Endorsements of the case history were unsparingly critical; the submarine command was acutely aware that it could not indulge the luxury of institutional face-saving.

So *Puffer's* performance wrinkles were marked for ironing out. There were choleric comments on the shortcomings of the American torpedo. It was pointed out that *Puffer* exceptions proved the rule that a submarine had room on board for every thing but a mistake. While Captain Jensen's evasion maneuvers were remarked as being conventionally correct, H.Q. also remarked that something had gone drastically askew with crew morale.

It seemed that the shut-off of the vessel's air conditioning had invited disaster. Fleet-type subs of *Puffer's* design had been fitted with special air conditioning for use at deep submergence, and the narcotic effect of humid heat and gaseous atmosphere was considered far more risky than the chance of detection by enemy listening-gear.

Another error had been the needless order to don life jackets.

"Never be too hasty in sizing up a shipmate," one *Puffer* officer reported. "In our case some of the hot shots did not do too well. At the end, the hurriers and worriers had all crapped out, leaving the plodders to bring home the boat."

So the plodders brought *Puffer* home from the boiling waters of Makassar Strait. But what landsman could say that her entire crew had not behaved with exemplary fortitude? Boat and all hands had taken a tremendous whaling. They had escaped a trap. They had shown the U.S. Submarine Service that it could be done.

From there on out, American subs would embark on war patrol knowing that the enemy's ear-phones and ashcans were not invincible. From there on out, American submariner's would be confident that they could escape the grip of a hold-down.

Puffer, too, went on to acquit herself most valiantly. In February 1944, while on her third combat cruise, she caught a periscope view of a Japanese ocean liner in the South China Sea. *Puffer* bored in on attack. This time her torpedoes (new Navy issue) ran "hot, straight and normal." ◆◆◆

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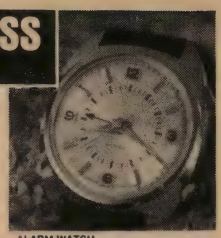

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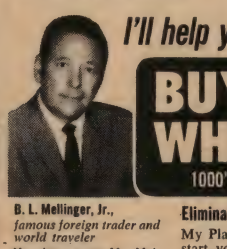

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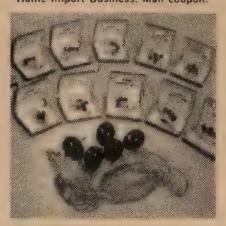

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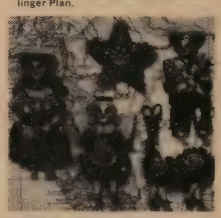

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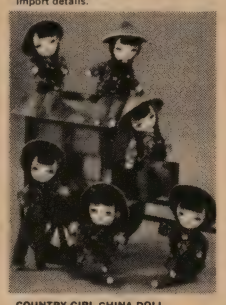

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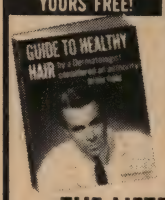

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SKYJACK

Continued from page 26

9052—the code for aircraft hijacking.

A shock wave went through the control center. The Middle East? This one looked bad. But Gerken was not altogether surprised. The hijacking of Pan Am Flight 93 made a sort of sense to him. He had even half-suspected that something like this might happen—because only minutes before, London dispatch had passed along word that an El Al 707 had been commandeered . . . as had a Swissair DC-8. Later, word was to be received that a TWA was under the guns of hijackers also.

There was uniqueness about the takeover of Pan Am Flight 93 in the midst of this series of hijackings. Flight 93 was a Boeing 747, the giant of the airways—two and a half times bigger than anything else in the air.

Details of the hijackings began to unfold.

Sunday, September 6, 1970.
Pan American Airways schedule control center log:

FINAL DESTINATION FLIGHT 93 STILL NOT KNOWN BUT LAST REPORT AIRCRAFT DIVERTED BEIRUT AND NOW HOLDING OVERHEAD BEIRUT AWAITING WORD FROM HIJACKERS AS TO DESTINATION.

Monitored radio transmission between PAA Clipper Fortune, Flight 93, and PAN American flight Operations, Beirut Airport:

CAPTAIN CALLING PANOP: Have somebody there to translate a message.
DISPATCH [PANOP]: Go ahead with your message.
HIJACKER IN COCKPIT: I want a responsible official from the Popular Front to be in your office so that I can talk to him.
DISPATCH: Do you have a telephone number?
HIJACKER: No, I do not have a telephone number.
DISPATCH: Thanks. Please wait a little.

Pan American Clipper 93 took off from Amsterdam on September 6, 1970, shortly before 10 o'clock in the morning, New York time. It was late, having been late in from Brussels, but nobody seemed particularly concerned by that. The jumbo jet was bound for New York after its Amsterdam stop, and carried a load of 152 passengers and 17 crew. Captain John Priddy commanded. Among the passengers were Captain Priddy's wife, Valerie, four members of a deadheading crew captained by Paul La Chapelle, and two young men, purportedly students, who had been declined passage by El Al.

The flight from Brussels to Amsterdam had been routine. The rest of the trip was not. Only a few minutes after a more or less uneventful departure from Amsterdam's Schiphol Airport, flight schedule controllers at Pan Am's schedule control center in New York, logging Pan Am's operation all over the world, found themselves setting down on their log sheets one of the most mind-bending stories in aviation history. Their notes, translated slightly from professional jargon to layman's English, form the outline of the story that follows.

Most of the details of the story are provided by an on-the-ball ham radio enthusiast who monitored and recorded all radio conversations that took place between PAA Flight 93 and persons at Beirut Airport. Speaking from the cockpit were Captain John Priddy and the hijackers; speaking from the ground were Pan American flight control/operations personnel, Lebanese government and army officials, and representatives of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Palestine (PFLP). The radio communications have necessarily been edited down to manageable length, and—for the most part—translated from colloquial Arabic to literal English, with perhaps some loss of flavor, but they are nonetheless the genuine article.

The ham in question prefers not to be publicly identified because he was monitoring and taping the air-to-ground-to-air transmissions without official government permission, but fellow hams may be interested to know that he used a Pye Bantam, Gonset Communicator, Xtal Converter with Collins KWM-2, TEAC 20, and Sony TC-120 and TC-350 tape recorders.

On-the-spot observations were offered later by Captain John Priddy in person.

The radio communications continue:

AIRCRAFT CALLING PANOP: Put the Arabic-speaking man back on.
DISPATCH: Go ahead.
HIJACKER: Brother—have you made contact with any of the responsible officials?
DISPATCH: We are now in contact with a responsible official, and shall communicate with you on this same frequency when he comes to the office.
HIJACKER: Thanks. Who do you have in the office with you? Is there a Lebanese responsible official or a policeman with you?
DISPATCH: Only Pan American personnel are here. . . . Do you want one of the officials to talk to you?
HIJACKER: Yes.
DISPATCH: Okay, wait a second.

The prologue of the story was this: El Al had taken a long second look at two of its own previously ticketed passengers due to board at Amsterdam for JFK, decided that they did not like what they saw, and regretfully informed the two young gentlemen that first class was oversold. However, El Al said helpfully, some other carrier would surely be able to accommodate them. Among the possibilities was a Pan American flight leaving for New York. The tickets of the two passengers were then given an "open endorsement," which meant they could present themselves at any ticket counter at any time of any day and, if there was space available, be admitted passage.

As it happened, there was space available on Pan Am's jumbo jet—Flight 93—and they took it.

But Pan Am ticket-counter agents had by this time become suspicious of the "open endorsement" ticket coupons. The Schiphol Airport police were notified immediately. The police did not attach a great deal of importance to the matter. Since Flight 93 had left the departure gate, they informed the control tower that two passengers onboard had been refused passage by El Al. They did

not mention any concrete reason for suspicion. The Amsterdam control tower thus could forward only a very vague warning to Captain Priddy.

As Captain Priddy afterward described it:

"We got the names of the two passengers—Diop and Gueye. I called the flight director up and asked if he knew these guys, and he said, 'No, I don't.' So the first officer said he'd try to find out something on the radio, and I said, 'Well, let's go down and talk to them.' And we went downstairs and paged these guys. When we got back into first class, these two guys said, 'Hey, that's us.' They were sitting in the last row of seats in first class in the middle.

"So I talked to them for a while. They were pretty well dressed and they spoke pretty good English. We talked for a few minutes. I said, 'Well, there's been some sort of misunderstanding, but I'll either have to take you back or give you the option of being searched.' So they said, 'Well, if you want to search us, go ahead.' So I did. I searched them, and they had two little Samsonite briefcases with just some papers in, and that was all. So I apologized and said we were very sorry, that apparently there was some mistake, and then we went back up front and took off.

"Some of the passengers later said that the two guys had been sitting in the third row of the first class seats on the starboard side, and after we started paging them they moved back to the last row of seats. So whether they left the stuff up front I don't know, or whether they had crotch holsters I don't know—but when we saw them later, they each had a revolver and they each had a hand grenade."

Captain Priddy was communicating with PANOP, London, explaining how he had searched the two passengers when the two men burst into the cockpit. For the rest of the trip either one or both of the hijackers remained in the observer's seat behind the captain.

Captain Priddy: "They had the pin pulled on a grenade, whichever one was in there at the time—it was mostly Gueye—and they sat there like that through the whole flight. That was the one big deterring factor to anything we might have tried to do. There's a machete sitting in back of the cockpit. . . . It would have been very simple to split him wide open—but what would have happened six seconds after his muscles relaxed?

Soon after the takeover, the hijackers told Priddy that they wanted him to head for Beirut. "Are we going to land there?" asked Priddy. "I don't know," said Gueye. "I'll tell you when we get there. I have to talk to my people on the ground."

Captain Priddy was perfectly happy to go to Beirut, so long as he was under hijack and had no hope of heading for New York. He felt that once they were on the ground the hijackers would let the people go.

So they went to Beirut and held overhead for over two hours. The Lebanese government did not want Clipper 93 to land; they wanted no part of this affair.

Radio communications between Clipper 93 and PANOP, Beirut:

HIJACKER: We are going to land it at Beirut. However, before landing, we want you to comply with the condition that no one is to approach the aircraft excepting for a responsible official from the Popular Front. If any attempt is made to approach the aircraft we will destroy it.

DEPUTY AIRPORT MANAGER BEDRAN TALKING TO HIJACKER: For your information, the main runway at Beirut Airport is closed at the present time due to work in progress. The other runway cannot tolerate the weight of the Boeing 747. We suggest that the aircraft

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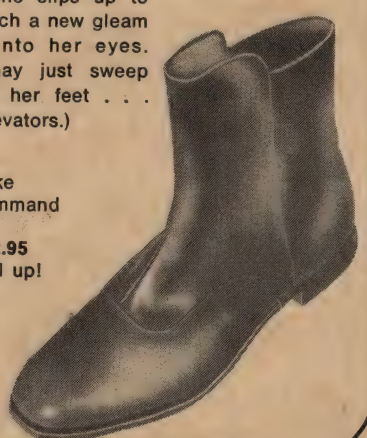

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be directed to Damascus Airport.
HIJACKER: We will not land at Damascus Airport, but will land at Beirut Airport. Did you hear? I will not land at Damascus, but will land at Beirut Airport. Answer, answer! We will not land at any other airport unless contact is established with a responsible official from the Popular Front. I want an answer.
DEPUTY AIRPORT MANAGER: We are in contact—attempting to contact—the Popular Front to send a representative to the airport. Therefore, please fly overhead Beirut until contact is established.

(Deputy Airport Manager Bedran and Colonel Salloum leave the operations office to contact a representative of the PFLP.)

DISPATCH CALLING CLIPPER 93: The airport authorities are now trying to contact a representative from the party of these men aboard, and until then please hold overhead.
CAPTAIN: Okay, we will hold overhead Beirut and will be standing by on this frequency for the arrival of the party involved.
HIJACKER: I want to give you a message —do you hear me?
DISPATCH: Yes.
HIJACKER: In case this aircraft lands at Beirut Airport, I repeat for the third time, if any attempt is made by any person, policeman, or military to approach the aircraft we will blast it. We have sufficient quantity of dynamite to totally destroy the aircraft.
DISPATCH: Contact has been established with a representative from the Popular Front, and in ten minutes' time he will be at the airport to talk to you.

(They all wait. Then the deputy airport manager advises the hijacker from the tower that the PFLP representatives are coming down from Bhamdoun, a summer resort to the north of Beirut. The distance is about a half-hour's driving time from the airport. Some of those listening in begin to suspect that the local PFLP representatives might not have been completely prepared for the arrival of the hijacker at this time and place and with such a gigantic trophy.)

TOWER: . . . From Bhamdoun to Beirut takes some time, therefore we are obliged to make you wait for some time.
HIJACKER: Okay, thanks.

(In the cockpit, Captain Priddy comments on the delay. He says to Gueye: "Jesus, it's taking them a long time to get those people." Gueye, not yet anxious, answers: "Well, you know the traffic in Beirut on a Sunday night . . .")

TOWER: For information, as we have stated earlier, the only one main runway is completely closed for over a month, and of the second runway the first 700 meters are unserviceable. It is extremely difficult for the 747 to land at the airport here.
HIJACKER: We will look into this matter.
TOWER: We have contacted Damascus Airport and they informed us that all their runways are in good condition and can receive this type of aircraft.

(Over the PANOP frequency the captain discusses with Dispatch the possibility and practicability of a landing in Baghdad. The chances there do not look good. Neither Baghdad Airport nor the handling airline, Iraqi Airways, is equipped to handle the 747.)

HIJACKER TO TOWER: We are still awaiting the arrival of the representative.
TOWER TO HIJACKER: We are still awaiting their arrival.
HIJACKER: Is there not a telephone to contact them?
TOWER: We have contacted the responsible authorities and they in turn contacted them. They advised they were coming over from Bhamdoun to Beirut and we are still awaiting their arrival.
HIJACKER (impatient now): How long ago has this been done?—ten minutes, half an hour ago, how long ago?
TOWER: I again repeat that the airport here is not technically ready to receive the aircraft.
HIJACKER: I repeat too—I will not enter into any discussion about this point unless a responsible representative from the Popular Front comes over.
TOWER: We are in accord concerning this and are still awaiting. . . . We have attempted to make contact again and were informed that he is on his way to the airport.

(The waiting and the holding continue. The hijacker makes a tentative inquiry as to the technical capability of Cairo Airport to receive the 747. Then, about an hour and half after the initial contact, a car drives into the airport grounds. A man gets out and heads for the tower.)

TOWER: To American aircraft—for your information a member from the Liberation Front has arrived and in a few minutes will start communicating with you. . . . A responsible official from the Popular Front will talk to you now and his name is Abou-Khaled.
PARTY REPRESENTATIVE ABOU-KHALED FROM TOWER: Hello, hello!
HIJACKER: Yes, go ahead.
ABOU-KHALED: Hello, hello, this is Abou-Khaled speaking—do you hear me?
HIJACKER: Who?
ABOU-KHALED: Walid Kaddoura speaking—do you hear me? Hello, who is talking to me? Do you hear me, brother? Who is talking?
HIJACKER: Samir.
BOU-KHALED: Samir?
HIJACKER: Yes.

(One of the occupational hazards of hijacking is the need to conceal your identity from your victims and the law while revealing it to your comrades. The conversation here is thus a little awkward at times; neither party know exactly whom he is talking to, and neither wants to use his real name.)

ABOU-KHALED: We have news from Amman that you could not land at the airport there.
HIJACKER: Of course we cannot land there.
ABOU-KHALED: Can you go to any other place?
HIJACKER: Where do you want us to take it?
ABOU-KHALED: Is there enough fuel?
HIJACKER: Is there enough fuel? I will ask the captain. . . . Hello, hello—he informed us that he has fuel enough for forty minutes.
ABOU-KHALED: Can you go to Amman? Is the fuel sufficient to reach the destiny place?
HIJACKER: Yes, it is—but landing is impossible.

Captain Priddy: "Then we got a message from the company saying they wanted us to go to Amman. Well, Jesus Christ, I don't know what they've got for an airport in Amman, but the last time I went in there was on an Arab Airline DC-3, for Chrissake, and they had about a 3,000-foot strip. . . ! And I wasn't about to go through the hills of Amman at night in a 747."

Radio communication between Clipper 93 and Beirut tower:

ABOU-KHALED: Brother, if anything happens to the aircraft there, it does not matter—is this possible?
HIJACKER: Does this mean that we can land there at the destined place . . . ? What I want you to understand is that this is a 747 aircraft and it weighs many times the weight of a 707 aircraft. It is impossible to land at the destined place under any circumstance whatsoever . . . the destined airport definitely cannot stand it, and if it lands there it will be a wreck. . . .
ABOU-KHALED: Do not at all land at Damascus.
HIJACKER: I will certainly not land at Damascus. However, is it possible for me —uh, shall I land at either Cairo Airport or Baghdad Airport for refueling and then receive new instructions to any destination you want?
ABOU-KHALED: Hold it, brother—hold on the line a little.

(Down in the tower, Abou-Khaled turns away to listen to Bill Haamad and J.N. Vasquez, respectively Pan Am's deputy airport manager and airport service manager in Beirut. They are attempting to convince him

"For Pete's sake, Clara . . . if you're going to wear panty hose, stop putting folding money in the top of your stockings."

to permit the 747's passengers, or at least the woman and children, to disembark.)

HIJACKER: We want a quick answer in order not to run out of fuel. Time is tight—think quickly!
ABOU-KHALED: I heard you, brother. Within five minutes we will give you an answer.

(Abou-Khaled now directs himself to a Colonel Hamdan and the airport manager, who have joined the group in the tower, and tells them that if they do not give him a decision in minutes, he will issue instructions to the hijacker to blow up the aircraft. The Lebanese officials are extremely reluctant to receive the craft, and the PFLP representative still seems unsure as to how to handle the situation.)

ABOU-KHALED TO HIJACKER: Talk to Abou-Ahmad.
HIJACKER: Hello, Abou-Ahmad—what shall we do? Have you received an answer, or not yet?
ABOU-AHMAD: Abou-Ahmad talking to you. I will give you an answer in three minutes.
HIJACKER: Okay, I am listening to you. . . . [fades out]. Didn't you expect us here, or what? Is that why you cannot give us a quick answer? Four minutes are over, and we are still waiting.
ABOU-AHMAD: Instructions will be given to land at Beirut Airport to refuel, which will take forty-five minutes, after which we will give you instructions as to where to go.
HIJACKER: Please inform the authorities of the following message: "If any attempt is made to approach the aircraft, we will destroy the aircraft completely."
ABOU-AHMAD: Brother—is it possible for me, Abou-Ahmad, and Abou-Khaled to come to the aircraft and reach an agreement with you?
HIJACKER: Please, let us establish some kind of a code between us so that we can identify you. You know it is dark and difficult to identify any person approaching the aircraft.
ABOU-AHMAD: Brother—I am wearing a blue sweater with short sleeves. Abou-Khaled is wearing a gray sweater with long sleeves.
HIJACKER: Okay, agreed. But—the two of you only. I will fire at any other person coming with you.
ABOU-AHMAD: Okay, brother. Only the two of us will come.
HIJACKER: A remark—concerning us on the aircraft, do you have any idea as to how many we are?
ABOU-AHMAD: No, I do not have any idea.
HIJACKER: Do you know who is talking to you?
ABOU-AHMAD: No—who?
HIJACKER: I am astounded that you do not know who is talking to you as long as you know that I originated in Amsterdam.
ABOU-AHMAD: Brother—! It was not planned for you to land at Beirut. Ashraf and Abou-Hani (party leaders in Amman) did not tell you to land at Beirut. This is an emergency—I am not supposed to know. . . .
HIJACKER: I know it is an emergency. We also did not expect it to be a 747.

Schedule Control Center Log:

2040 AIRCRAFT TOUCHING DOWN ON RUNWAY 03. BEY [Beirut] REPORTS HIJACKERS ARE ARMED WITH HAND GRENADES, PISTOLS, AND HIGH-POWERED RIFLES.

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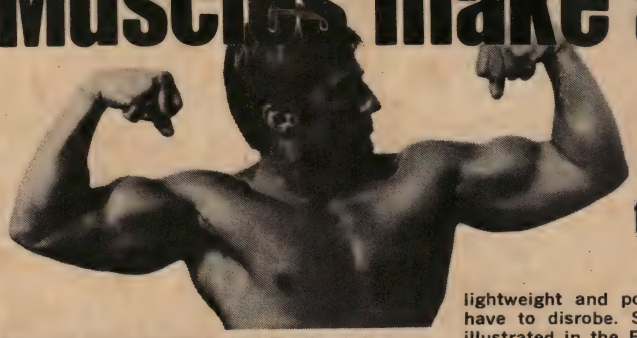

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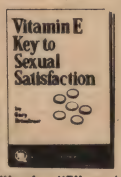

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(Watchers at Beirut Airport break into applause as the 747 touches down safely. To Captain Priddy, the landing is a little rougher than usual, but pretty much routine.)

2045 N752 (Clipper 93) ARRIVED TERMINAL. TURNED TO FACE TAXIWAY. STOPPED AND SHUT DOWN ENGINES.
2046 JEEP MOVING FORWARD WITH PFLP MEMBERS ABOARD.
2047 JEEP NOW MOVING RAPIDLY TOWARD TERMINAL.

HIJACKER: Come closer—I see you—come closer.
PARTY MEMBER FROM JEEP: Aren't you going to open the aircraft door?
PARTY MEMBER FROM JEEP: Can't you see me from the cabin?
HIJACKER: I see you—I can see you from the cabin and I am watching everything. . . . Now stop the jeep—stop the jeep, stop it.
PARTY MEMBER FROM JEEP: And then?
HIJACKER: Disembark from the jeep with the person accompanying you. . . . Get moving—hurry up.

Log:

2048 TWO PEOPLE APPROACHING AIRCRAFT. NO ACTIVITY FROM INSIDE OF AIRCRAFT.
2049 LEFT HAND FORWARD MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR OPENED. CONVERSATION BETWEEN TWO PEOPLE ON THE GROUND AND TWO PEOPLE ON THE AIRCRAFT.

Radio:

CAPTAIN TO TOWER: Beirut, this is 93—the people aboard would like you to take the jeep with one person *only* and bring up some steps.
TOWER: Okay, you want some steps with one person only—that is correct?
CAPTAIN: Okay.

Radio:

PARTY MEMBER SALAH FROM TOWER: Keep us informed of whatever happens at your end. Call Salah at the control tower. For whatever you want, call Salah at the control tower.
HIJACKER: Okay, but. . . . [The sound becomes completely garbled, but the tone of the hijacker's voice indicates that he is very much on edge.]
SALAH: I only asked you if you needed any help. Please talk quietly . . . relax. I told you that the two chaps down there are the ones we sent from here, and they are Abou-Ahmad and Abou-Khaled. You can trust them and discuss with them anything you want.

Log:

2100 LADDER POSITIONED AT FORWARD MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR. TWO PFLP PEOPLE BOARD AIRCRAFT.
2104 FWD MAIN ENTRANCE DOOR CLOSED AND LADDER BACKING AWAY FROM AIRCRAFT.

Monitored radio communication between Beirut tower and Pan American aircraft now at terminal:

SALAH FROM TOWER TO HIJACKER: Give us one of the two persons—Abou-Ahmad or Abou-Khaled—who came aboard your aircraft to give them Amman instructions.
HIJACKER: All right—talk to Abou-Khaled.
ABOU-KHALED FROM AIRCRAFT: Hello—Salah?
SALAH: Take the following instructions: News received from Amman to the effect that you first refuel. If they refuse refueling here, we will blow up the aircraft at Beirut Airport, of course after you disembark. After you refuel, the same chaps who are commanding the aircraft now will head on it to Cairo. In Cairo they will precisely act in like manner as Abou-Doummar and Leila Khaled have acted but they have to avoid all the mistakes that occurred in the operation of Leila Khaled and Abou-Doummar at Damascus Airport. This means that the operation must be accomplished in a perfect manner—the front and the rear, that is, the nose and the tail.

Heroine of the Palestine Liberation movement though she may be, Leila Khaled does make her mistakes . . . several of them. The reference here is to the incident of August 29, 1969, in which Leila Khaled and a young male companion hijacked a TWA 707 while on its way from Rome to Tel Aviv via Athens and forced it to Damascus. Minutes after landing at Damascus Airport, the jetliner's captain was obliged to warn his passengers that a time bomb was about to explode. The exodus was hasty but successful. Then, with passengers and crew just barely clear, an explosion rocked the aircraft and shattered the nose to the tune of $3 million.

Lelia's error: The damage, though costly and time-consuming, was not irreparable. She was supposed to have blown up the plane front *and* rear, "the nose and the tail." The aircraft eventually—forty-five days later —took off in one piece.

Log:

2125 INTERCEPTED MESSAGE FROM JORDAN: "FULL AIRCRAFT AND CONTINUE TO CAIRO WHERE THE AIRCRAFT IS TO BE BLOWN UP LIKE TWA IN DAMASCUS."
2130 FURTHER, "BEFORE BLOWING UP AIRCRAFT, DUMP FUEL ON AIRCRAFT."

(The normal crowd at Beirut Airport has been swelled by a good many PFLP members, most of them armed commandos. Their presence in force is adding immeasurably to the tension.)

Radio:

ABOU-KHALED FROM AIRCRAFT TO TOWER: Salah—secure for us all the items that must travel to Cairo. The chaps only got the items necessary for the accomplishment of the hijacking mission only. Did you hear me, Salah? Salah, did you hear me?
SALAH [puzzled]: We have contacted Amman, and their instructions were as relayed to you by me. I do not have any idea about any other requirements the friends aboard the aircraft have. Answer?
ABOU-KHALED: We are supposed to secure all the items required by the friends here because they are going to travel immediately they refuel. . . . Salah!—secure all the items required for the chaps to travel to Cairo regardless of the consequences.
SALAH: Possibly Abou-Ahmad may have a better idea about the proposal contained in the plan of Leila and Salim. . . . . Abou-Ahmad ascertains validity of the same instructions and considers that the plan originally made with the friends is

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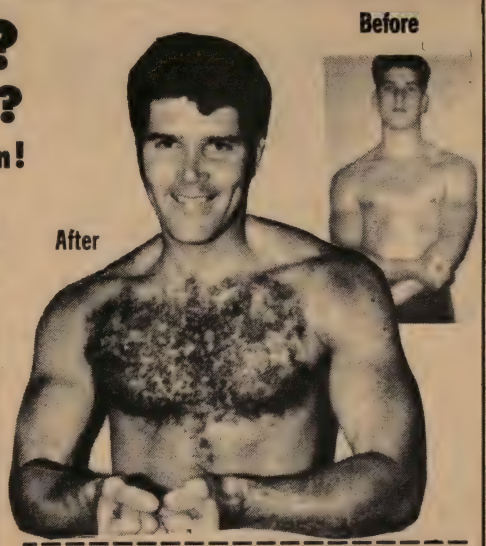

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canceled. They are to deal with the aircraft after it lands at the airport within any possible means to destroy it completely—burn it with fuel, blow it up if they have explosive devices, to act within any possible means—these are the final instructions.

(A lengthy and involved discussion in regard to refueling gets under way. Captain Ali and another member of the PFLP are to supervise the five men who will be refueling the craft.)

ABOU-KHALED: During this period, kindly secure the items required by the chaps here for travel to Cairo.
SALAH: All the items will be available quickly. And sandwiches will be sent to you so that the comrades may have dinner.

(There is plenty of food on the plane; no need for the comrades to send out for it. "Sandwiches" is the cloak-and-dagger term for *dynamite.*)

Log:

2150 FUELING COMMENCING WITH FOUR LOCAL FUELERS, ONE PAN AM SUPERVISOR AND TWO MEMBERS PFLP. APU [Auxiliary Power Unit] OPERATIVE.

Radio:

SALAH: The sandwiches which we have sent to get for you from downtown will be here in ten minutes——
HIJACKER: No, no—there is something else I would like you to know—do you hear me?
SALAH: . . . [garbling] . . . Anything you want from us, just ask for it and we will prepare it for you.
TOWER: Now, please let me talk to the captain to give him the frequency of contact for radar landing.
CAPTAIN: Beirut—this is Clipper 93. What is the field elevation?
TOWER: The field elevation is eighty-seven feet, sir.
CAPTAIN: Eighty-seven feet okay. What is the wind direction and velocity . . .?

Captain Priddy is not particularly concerned about any purported difficulties in landing. He knows from his continuing conversation with the tower that available runway length is 3,180 meters, which he regards as plenty. While captain and tower discuss landing technicalities, others discuss how the plane is to be received once it lands. Then the party members in the tower, who have now been joined by at least one other brother, suddenly get extremely excited.)

ABOU-AHMAD FROM TOWER: Do not land pending further instructions! There are army vehicles at the airport—do *not* land now. Hello, hello!
HIJACKER: Go ahead. Hello! Go ahead. . . . Hello—who is talking? Speak in Arabic.
ABOU-AHMAD: There is an aircraft—now army vehicles moving toward it. As for us here, if any attempt is made to approach the aircraft, we will create a problem from our side. We definitely will not permit this to happen. For the time being, postpone the aircraft landing to see this problem with them.

It seems that an Olympic Airways Boeing 727 on the center taxiway has been mistaken for the hijacked plane and is being surrounded by army trucks, half-tracks, jeeps, and troops. The PFLP people become very agitated and tell Colonel Hamdan of the Lebanese army to get those troops and vehicles out of there at once. If they do not pull out, and if they attempt to surround the Pan Am 747 in the same way, the hijackers will be instructed to blow up the aircraft in the air. Furthermore, there are armed commandos ranged in front of the terminal who can be expected to "create a problem" if provoked by army interference. None of this is known to those aboard the aircraft.

HIJACKER [bewildered]: Delay the aircraft landing? Why?
ABOU-AHMAD FROM TOWER: Brother, brother—! Abou-Ahmad is talking to you. We now see on the ramp army vehicles moving here and there. Therefore, any attempt to approach the aircraft from the army will not be tolerated by us at all. So please postpone the landing a few minutes to enable us to agree with them to pull out all army vehicles.
HIJACKER: Okay—I will inform the captain of this. I want to tell you something. If any obstacles develop and we could not land at Beirut, in about ten or fifteen minutes we will not be able to go to any other airport as the fuel would not suffice.
ABOU-AHMAD: Okay, I heard you.
CAPTAIN: Clipper 93 calling Tower.
TOWER: Go ahead.
CAPTAIN: Okay—this is the captain speaking. How about clearing that runway so that we can get down, huh? Do not cause us any more trouble. These folks are serious and are willing to destroy the airplane.

(At this time, Pan Am's Vasquez and Hamad are briefing the maintenance group down on the ramp, telling them not to approach the aircraft on the ramp and desig-

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nating one maintenance man to drive the passenger stand to the aircraft when directed to do so.

The captain gets impatient and tells the tower that their time is up. The tower gives the go-ahead for Clipper 93 to start descent. Captain Priddy switches over to radar frequency, and Clipper 93 begins its descent from the darkness at 27,000 feet to the brightness far below.

Minister of Public Works and Transportation Pierre Gemayel arrives at the airport and requests the PFLP to release women and children. Their reply is an unequivocal No.)

HIJACKER: With regards to the passengers—shall we release them at Cairo Airport?
SALAH: You will release all passengers at Cairo Airport. After you release them—
HIJACKER: ——We will execute the plan of Abou-Doummar and Leila——
SALAH: ——You will execute the plan you will now work out at your end. The quantity of the sandwiches which we will give to you—you will amuse yourselves with them on the way—arrange them properly in order for your plan to be a complete success. Secure the passengers deplaning. Of course, it is important for us that the passengers deplane safely.

(Of course it is: he wouldn't want to give hijacking a bad name or the PFLP an unsavory reputation. Odd, though, that the flight deck crew keeps getting the feeling that their captors are prepared to blow up the plane *with or without* the passengers.)

SALAH: Are there any Jews amongst them? If there are Jews amongst them of other nationalities, ascertain their nationalities and collect their passports and take them all and keep them with you after you get down.

(Captain Priddy explains: "They got all the people downstairs; they moved everybody aft from economy first, while we were still in the air, and then they picked up passports from all the passengers and went through them. Then they segregated the military personnel, diplomatic personnel—anybody they figured could give them trouble—and moved them up to first class. I guess the deadhead crew was up there with them. There was a French diplomat and his wife and baby, I think, and some other people. . . . An old Jewish fellow they didn't bother—he was Dutch, I guess, or Belgian—he must have been in his early seventies. But the old man kept wanting to put on that little skullcap and pray, and he was going to go up to the hijackers and try to bargain with them. He'd spent five years in a concentration camp and it didn't matter to him what they did with him. But Paul La Chappelle wasn't about to let him. The old man put on this little cap, and Paul yanked it off his head and stuck it in his pocket. Said, 'God knows you want to wear it, but God knows you're smart enough not to!' "

Log:

2235 1) FUELING STILL IN PROGRESS. AIRCRAFT HAS REQUESTED OIL AND WATER.
2) COMMANDOS HAVE TAKEN "FOOD" TO AIRCRAFT FOR THEIR COMRADES. COULD BE EXPLOSIVES.

2240 MAINTENANCE LADDER POSITIONED AT FORWARD ENTRY DOOR AND SEVERAL COMMANDOES INCLUDING A FEMALE BOARD AIRCRAFT. ALSO CARRIED ON LARGE SEAMAN'S BAG [packed with "sandwiches"?] WHICH APPEARED HEAVY. GROUP EMBRACED EACH OTHER IN AIRCRAFT AT DOORWAY, THEN DOOR WAS CLOSED AND LADDER REMOVED.

(The boarding party seems to be some sort of propaganda unit. Either that, or its members want to experience the thrill of being in on the hijacking of a 747. In any event, only one of the visiting group makes other than a verbal contribution to the proceedings. That one is the explosives expert, who now has to assist the hijackers in planning out the distribution and wiring of the devices brought aboard. The others stroll through the plane, admiring its spaciousness and talking to the passengers.)

Captain Priddy: "I didn't stay in the cockpit the whole time—not after he got us all downstairs. I saw these people come aboard, nine of them. Christ! they brought on a whole bunch of forty-fives and about eighty pounds of dynamite . . . you know, the 'sandwiches' they were referring to. I asked Gueye, 'What will happen when we get to Cairo?' And he said, 'Everybody will get off the airplane, I promise you.' He didn't tell me they were going to blow it up. I guess all this was decided in their conference on the ground, but all their conversation was in Arabic so we didn't know what they were planning."

Log:

2252 CABIN DOOR REOPENED. FUELING COMPLETED AND FUEL TRUCKS REMOVED FROM AIRCRAFT. SEVERAL PEOPLE (PFLP) APPROACHING AIRCRAFT FROM GROUND AND TALKING TO PEOPLE IN DOORWAY OF AIRCRAFT.

2300 THE PEOPLE WHO BOARDED ARE TOLD TO DISEMBARK. ETD IS IN TEN MINUTES. LARGE SMOKE-SCREEN FROM RIGHT-HAND SIDE OF AIRCRAFT.

2320 CABIN DOOR CLOSED. COMMANDOS ON GROUND LEAVING VICINITY AIRCRAFT. STARTING ENGINES.

2333 BEIRUT TOWER [still in the hands of PFLP commandos] ADVISED COMMANDOS IN COCKPIT NOT TO INFORM ANYONE OF DESTINATION OUT OF BEIRUT. TAKE OFF WITHOUT COMMUNICATIONS [that is, without official permission].

2336 TAKE OFF ROLL STARTED.

2337 AIRBORNE.

2350 AIRCRAFT RECEIVED INSTRUCTIONS TO PROCEED DIRECT TO CAIRO. BEIRUT ATTEMPTING TO ESTABLISH COMMUNICATION VIA HIGH FREQUENCY WITH CAIRO. CAPTAIN MAXWELL [Vice President-Flight Operations, head of schedule Control] ARANGED FOR TWA TO GROUND-HANDLE IN CAIRO.

(TWA serves Cairo, which Pan American does not. Pan Am, therefore, not having the necessary airport services at Cairo, has had to ask TWA for help.)

Captain Priddy: "From Beirut to Cairo we had three hijackers on board. The third one was in his early twenties—maybe twenty-one. He was the demolitions expert who had brought the dynamite aboard. All the way from Beirut this kid that got on was cutting fuses and putting bundles of dynamite all over the place . . . in the closets, lavs, and scattered all around the airplane."

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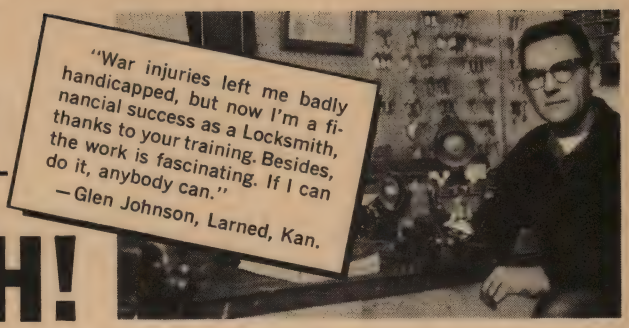
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0050 1) ON FINAL TO CAIRO
2) BEYOAPA [Pan Am's Beirut Airport Operations Manager Hal Williams] CONFIRMS DIPLOMATIC CHANNELS IN CAIRO HAVE BEEN CONTACTED. ATTEMPTING TO NOTIFY PRESIDENT NASSER.

0100 BEYOAPA ADVISES UNABLE TO ESTABLISH VOICE CONTACT WITH CAIRO. USING SWISSAIR TELEX BEY/CAIRO.

0123 NICOSIA AIR TRAFFIC CONTROL ADVISES BEYOAPA THAT AS OF 070121Z AIRCRAFT HAD NOT—REPEAT—NOT LANDED CAIRO.

0135 NICOSIA ATC CONFIRMS LANDED CAIRO 070124, SAFELY.

0140 NO RESPONSE FROM SWISSAIR, CAIRO.

But what really happened in the last few minutes of the life of Clipper 93?

The demolitions expert was very busy on the flight to Cairo, wiring the plane and supervising the distribution of the dynamite. The job was so coolly done—so professionally and unobtrusively—that few people realized what was happening. Among those who did notice were two or three passengers, the deadheading crew, first class purser Augusta Schneider, and inflight service director John Ferruggio.

John Ferruggio: "When we were about forty-five minutes from Cairo, I asked one of the two original hijackers exactly what was going to happen. All he would tell me was that they would give us eight minutes. 'Eight minutes for what?' I wanted to know. He said we would have eight minutes to get out. I asked that he allow me to tell the crew and passengers how to get off the plane. I called all the crew, including the deadheading crew, into first class, and completely briefed them.

"We divided up the passengers. I stationed the deadheading crew members at the doors, and told each to take a baby and slide out first. The mothers were to go next, take the babies from the crew, and the crew members would then help people off and away from the evacuation chutes."

And now, of course, the passengers had to be briefed as thoroughly and yet diplomatically as possible. Surprisingly, they showed not a trace of fear or anxiety.

A passenger: "Food was served, children ran up and down the aisles, no one panicked. Also, the hijackers weren't particularly frightening. Actually, they behaved like perfect gentlemen. Emergency procedures were first-rate.

But they weren't out yet. The plane was nearing Cairo . . . was over Cairo . . . and then circling . . . and circling.

Captain Priddy: "Coming into Cairo there were two of them up there in the cockpit. And they made us circle Cairo down low to make sure it *was* Cairo. Finally Gueye says, 'Okay, it's Cairo—go ahead and land."

Augusta Schneider: "Meanwhile, this demolitions expert of theirs was looking for a light. We'd seen him going around planting the dynamite and we knew pretty much what was going to happen. But—! Just before we were ready to land, this guy came over to me and asked me for a match . . . and I gave it to him. What else could I do?"

The explosive fuse was burning even before the aircraft landed.

A passenger: "The chutes were lowered to the ground and we were told we had eight minutes to evacuate the plane. The crew was incredible. Really cool. Efficient. No panic. When we hit ground, they told us, we were to run as fast as possible in any direction, so long as it was away from the plane. We went out carrying only what we stood up in, and we hit the ground and ran. Seems to me it took about a minute and a half to empty that plane—and a good thing, too, because it blew up in another couple of minutes."

Captain Piddy had not yet been warned that the plane was going to be blown up.

John Ferruggio: "He couldn't believe it when I told him the evacuation had already begun! By the time I got back downstairs the plane was empty. I scooped up two blankets full of shoes, threw them down a chute, and then went out myself. As I ran from the plane I heard rapid-fire pistol shots and I thought for sure that the men had shot the cockpit crew. I was about 130 yards away from the plane when I saw it start to disintegrate."

Captain Priddy: "Gueye told Zuby (Julius Dzuiba, the flight engineer) to go, and Pat Levix the first officer started to stand up, and Gueye said, 'No, you two guys stay.' And we just sat there and he watched his watch, and pretty soon he said, 'Okay—go—and good luck.' So we went down the stairs, leaving Gueye still in the cockpit. He was the last to get off the plane. Downstairs, I checked the right aisle and Pat checked the left. There was just one stewardess, Augie Schneider, still in the back of the airplane trying to pick up shoes. We told her to beat it . . . and she went out. Pat and I went out and Gueye came right down behind us. Then there was a lot of shooting. I don't know what that was all about. We made it somewhere in the vicinity of the outboard engine —and up she went, in the cockpit area first, then a tremendous explosion in the tail area. Then the whole top of the airplane went up.... Pretty sad, really was . . . sad."

Passengers, crew, hijackers and explosives expert scrambled and stumbled away across the desert sand. ◆◆◆

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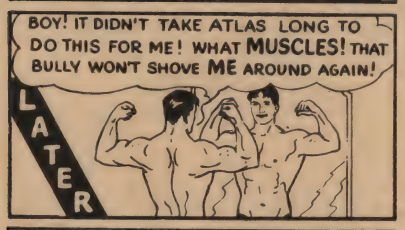

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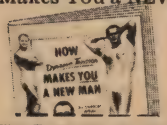

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"I NEVER SLEPT WITH A COP"

Continued from page 22

say something. I couldn't hear what. I asked him to get Valorie, but he didn't seem to understand and I realized I wasn't talking. I thought, the hell with it, and closed my eyes. Just before sleep a dull pain began working at the base of my stomach. I tried not to accept it all at once and let it come only in bits and pieces. It came.

Valorie wasn't beautiful. To me maybe she was, but I mean, like a model or such, she wasn't beautiful. We'd only known each other a few days. Maybe more. I guess it was a week ago the night Morgan and I went to her apartment. "Police Officers," Morgan said. He rang the bell.

Valorie didn't say anything at first, but walked to the entrance-way and stared out at us through the latched screen door.

I held my badge close to the screen so she could read it. "Are you Miss Valorie Whiteman?" I asked.

"Yes." She studied my badge then looked up at us.

"I'm Sgt. Donaldson," I said. "This is Sgt. Morgan."

"What's it about?" she asked.

"Could we come in?" Morgan asked.

She unlatched the screen door and stood aside to let us pass.

"It's about Janice Burton," Morgan said.

"Oh," she said noncommital.

"You know her don't you?" I asked.

"Why?" she said. The television set was tuned to a commercial and she crossed the living room to switch it off.

"Mrs. Burton's been reported missing by her husband," I said. "Mr. Burton told us you might know where she was."

"She left the guy. Is that a crime?"

"It's no crime," Morgan said. "It's just-"

"I mean, I don't have to even talk to you do I?" She walked into the kitchen.

"I don't think you understand." Morgan said. He was a tall slender man in his middle forties and had spent the last ten years on the Missing Persons Detail.

"Would you like a drink?" she asked. She came back to the living room with an ice cubed glass.

"No thanks," I said.

"I mean, you come by a person's home in the evening," she said. Bourbon, it was bourbon in the glass, and I noticed her legs were exceptionally well formed.

"According to Mr. Burton, his wife disappeared five days ago." Morgan said.

"So?"

"She was gone when he came home from work," I said. "She's never left him before and she didn't take any of her clothes."

Silence. She glared at us over the bourbon.

"Have you seen her?" I asked.

"I'm not going to answer that," Valorie said.

"There's no law against a woman leaving her husband," Morgan said. "Our only concern is that something might have happened to Mrs. Burton. Doesn't it seem strange that if she did walk out on him, she'd leave her clothes behind?"

Silence.

"If you see Mrs. Burton, or know where she is, please ask her to contact the police." I handed her my card. "As soon as we know she's alright, we can clear the case."

She took the card and studied it. "You're sure you won't have a drink Sgt. Donaldson?" she asked.

I told her no, thanked her and we left.

"What do you think?" Morgan asked.

"She's lying," I said. We got in our unmarked Plymouth and I started the engine. "I think she's seen the Burton woman, and knows where she is."

"That's what I think," Morgan said.

"So what can we do about it?"

"Nothing," he said. "Let's go home, its been a long day." We'd already put in four hours overtime checking a lead on a missing eighty year old man. He was senile and walked away from a rest home in Encino. The lead didn't turn out, but it took us within half a mile of Valorie's apartment in North Hollywood.

As long as we were close, we had figured to clear the Burton case with one stop. It turned out we couldn't. I mean actually, it turned into something more than that. More, really than either Morgan or I imagined.

It was almost ten by the time I got home. I thought about cooking dinner, decided not to, and opened a half quart can of Coors. The beer was pleasant and without thinking I switched television on. It was a talk show, not really all that bad, but by the third commercial, I turned it off. I was asleep half way through the second beer.

Next day, Valorie came to our office a little before noon. Missing Persons Unit is on the third floor of Van Nuys Division's building. The Unit's attached to Homicide Bureau and takes up five desks at the rear of room 327. "Sgt. Donaldson?" she said.

"Hello." I didn't recognize her at first.

"You wanted to know about Janice Burton," she said. "You came by last night."

"Oh," I said. "Yes." I asked her to sit down and noticed her legs to be exceptionally tan and the skirt she wore was short and—

"I'm on my lunch hour," she said.

"Yes." And her eyes were this bluish green which I hadn't noticed before.

"I mean, if I tell you I've seen Janice, what will happen?"

"Nothing, all we care about is—"

"You won't let her husband know where she is?"

"Of course not. Our only concern—"

"She was by my apartment two nights ago," Valorie said.

"Oh." I fumbled through a stack of missing reports and found the one on Janice Burton.

"He beat her," Valoria said. "Bruised all over and she was scared to death."

"Where's she staying?" I asked.

"I mean, I wasn't going to say anything but I thought -"

"I'm glad you did."

"If he beats her," Valoria said. "I thought you should know about it."

"I'd like to talk to Mrs. Burton," I said. "Where is she staying?"

"A motel," she said. "The Sands, in Studio City." I wrote on back of the report. "You won't tell her husband?" she said again.

"I promise," I said. Then sort of on an impulse: "Can I take you to lunch?" Smile, I gave her a smile, and Val's eyes seemed to glow.

"I—" she hesitated and returned the smile. "I've got to get back to the bank," she said.

(Continued on page 90)

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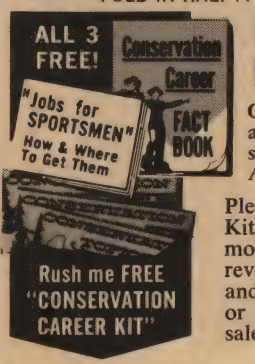

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(Continued from page 88)

"Dinner then," I said. "I'll pick you up for dinner."

"Alright," she said. "Fine. Alright."

I don't know why I asked her. We're not supposed to get involved while we're working. It's alright after, but according to the book, it puts us in a bad light to start something on duty.

Since the divorce there's been a handful of women. Mostly this girl at the Golden Tail, but nothing, no one you'd really go out of your way for. And—

I mean, I thought about watching television, the unfinished beer, and I remembered Val doing the same. I figured, the way she smiled, maybe, and her legs which were exceptionally tan and what the hell, is what I figured.

When Morgan came back from lunch, we checked the motel. "The Sands" in Studio City was a cluster of repainted red and blue bungalows on the old end of Ventura Blvd. "She's here," the manager said. Number seven. Mrs. Burton's been here a week."

"Thank you," Morgan said. We knocked on number seven and no one answered.

"Is she in?" I asked.

"She didn't check out," the manager said.

I looked at the registration card. Mrs. Burton drove a year old Chevrolet, which wasn't in the motel parking lot. According to her husband's missing report she hadn't taken the family car.

"She was here this morning," the manager said. "I didn't see her go."

Morgan thanked him, gave him a card, and we left. On the way back to Van Nuys, I used the radio to run a check on the Chevrolet's license number. In three minutes, communications advised the car was registered to a leasing company in Culver City.

"If we wanted to," Morgan said, "you could clear this Burton thing right now. Tell the old man that his wife's not missing, she just ran out on him."

"We could," I said. "But the bruises and all worry me. I'm going to talk to Mrs. Burton before we clear it."

"It's your case," Morgan said. Actually, though, he was right with both Valorie and the motel manager having seen her. I could have closed it with a supplemental report. I can't really say why I didn't. As it happened, one piece of paper more or less couldn't possibly have mattered.

Dinner was great. There is a restaurant on White Oak, just off the freeway, that is reasonably nice, and which I only go to with persons I think a lot of.

"It's delicious," Valorie said. She ordered roast beef. Not the most expensive thing on the menu, and not the cheapest.

"I'm glad you like it." And an after dinner drink, Kaluah, which is a coffee flavored Mexican liquor.

She sat close in the car driving home. Rested her hand like on the seat. Not touching, but vibrations. I mean, through her fingers I could feel vibrations of her heart beating.

"You turn your head so much," she said. "What you are looking for?"

"Habit," I said. "Ten years in a radio car. It's hard not to look at everything on the street."

"I don't mind," she said. Her hand touched, rested like against my thigh. "It's just—"

Silence. My car was an old Mustang with bucket seats, and I was thinking—

"It's just, I've never known an officer," she said.

"Cop," I said. Damn the bucket seats, is what I was thinking.

"I mean, I didn't even trust you that first night, and—"

"That's all right," I parked in front of her apartment building.

"And Morgan, is that his name? Morgan."

"He's like my father," I said.

"So serious," she said.

"Yes." We kissed gentle. Not rushed or hurried, but gentle in a way that left no doubt how the night would go.

"Would you like to come in?"

"Yes."

"For a drink?" she said. "Or coffee?"

"Yes."

"There's some bourbon," she said.

"Fine." I sat on the couch. A 24-inch color television dominated the room and I wondered what the payments were. Her apartment was as small as mine. I missed the house in Tarzana and my children and wondered what I could have done to save the marriage. Nothing, I guess. Really not a thing.

"Do you work tomorrow?" she asked. She brought two glasses and sat on the couch with me.

"No." I didn't really need the drink, but it was something to do. "We get weekends off."

"You're not married or—"

"Not anymore." Sort of a fresh fragrance about her hair, long, reddish brown falling onto her shoulders, and the way she smiled. "Its been a year now, I—"

"Oh." And even the fragrance of the bourbon seemed to act on us. sort of moved us closer. Touching, and its been so long that I've been with a person I cared about.

I put my hand on her knee. She wore panty hose which are hard to get out of gracefully, and I helped by moving under her dress and pulling down and—

She touched me and smiled. I loved how just smiling she could put things together. We kissed sort of holding our lips together exploring each other's mind.

"I don't," she said.

Her breasts were soft and rounded and I have always liked—I mean largish nipples and hardened like. I mean wet them with my tongue and blew and watched them harden which has always tended to excite me.

"The pill," she said. "I mean I don't take it, and it's the time when I could get pregnant and—"

"Oh." And I thought, did I have the Trojans in my car, and I knew I didn't because I seldom used them and—

"You don't mind," she said. She got up and walked into the bedroom, swaying cool with her breasts which were, if anything, I mean naked, were perfect breasts.

Thighs. legs tight, not dimpled and looked as good as—she bent over, searched through a dresser drawer. I don't know—as good as anything I've ever seen. Better. Maybe better.

"I'll put it on," she said. She tore open a tinfoil wrapper.

I always feel silly walking excited, and she watched sort of half laughing.

"Here," she held me like with one hand and—

"I'll help," I said. And we started the damn balloon on backward, which seems to happen half the time, and which—

She laughed, sort of covered her mouth with her hand and laughed. Then I joined in and we kind of hugged each other laughing. Laughing and I guess learning over again that sharing sex with a person is fun. Laughing, then quiet for a minute holding, then loving.

Like coming home. The smell and feel of her wrapped in my arms the loving of her was like coming home.

There was a way she had, resting her head on my shoulder, breasts falling onto my chest relaxed and warm as though we were one person. "Are you going to leave?" she asked.

"I don't know," I said.

"You can stay," she said.

I kissed her forehead.

"Don't let me fall asleep with you then be gone in the morning."

"I won't," I said.

"Please," she said.

"I promise."

The apartment seemed larger. Suddenly it wasn't as small as I had thought. She slept gentle against my shoulder, and it felt warm being home again. I'd been away so long.

We spent the weekend together. I thought of saying things that would make it more permanent, but didn't. Partly, I was afraid she'd say no. Then maybe I was even more afraid she'd say yes. I don't know.

Monday morning, Burton was waiting on my desk. "Sgt. Donaldson?"

"Yes."

"What word do you have on my wife?" he asked.

"Nothing definite yet, Mr. Burton." He was a large man, six-foot at least, early forties and maybe thirty pounds overwieght.

"What do you mean, nothing definite?" And nervous. Mr. Burton seemed very, very nervous.

"I mean—"

"Did you talk to Valorie Whiteman?"

"Yes."

"She's seen her. I know she's seen her."

"Here's the thing, Mr. Burton," I told him, "if your wife left you, she's not missing as far as the police are concerned."

"Have you talked to my wife?"

"No I haven't."

"What did Valorie Whiteman tell you?" he asked.

"Miss Whiteman told us she'd seen your wife last week," I said. "Mrs. Burton claimed you'd beaten her and she was afraid of you."

"Bullshit." Burton's face turned a radiant red. "That's bullshit."

Silence. I didn't answer and after a minute or two the redness drained back down his neck.

"Where's she staying?" He asked finally. "She's my wife. You know where she is."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Burton, I can't answer that," I said.

"You son-of-a-bith," He jerked his shoulders and for half an instant I thought he was going to lunge across the desk at me. He decided against it though, and spent what seemed like an hour staring at me in a helpless rage. I wanted to tell him things that would help; like how he can't force a person to stay with him, or how he should see a good divorce lawyer. Things like that, but I knew it wouldn't have done much good. Finally, defeated, he walked out of the office. I thought I heard him sob, I don't really know.

I took another look at the missing report Burton had made on his wife. The woman was 31, and the couple had two young children.

That afternoon, Morgan and I check at the Sands Motel. "She was here over the weekend," the manager said. "Spent both days with her husband."

"Her husband?" Morgan asked.

"Younger guy," the manager said. "Ten years younger at least. Tall, thin, good looking kid."

"Are they here now?" I asked.

"Left together early this morning," he said. "But she hasn't checked out."

"When she comes back, would you call me?" I asked.

He said he would, and I gave him another business card.

"Wonderful woman," Morgan said. We were driving back to Van Nuys Division.

"He doesn't have to beat her up," I said. "He can divorce her."

"Some guys are stronger than others," Morgan said. "Or smarter. Some guys just can't handle a thing like that."

"I don't know," I said. "Honest-to-God, Morgan, I don't know."

When we got to the office, there was a message to call Valorie at the bank. She worked a local branch,so I stopped by on the way home.

"Don, I'm scared," she said.

"What's the matter?"

"Janice Burton's husband was here today," she said. "He asked me where Janice was staying."

"Did you tell him?"

"No."

"How well do you know Janice?" I asked.

"From high school," she said. "We've been friends since high school. Don, I've never seen him so depressed."

"Why did she leave him?"

"I'm not really sure," Val said. "They'd been fighting a lot. She thought he was dull, and the way she talked, she was seeing some guy on the side."

I told Val about the man she'd spent the weekend with.

"It must be the same one," Val said. "Janice said he was good looking."

Silence. Standing close, Not quite touching. "What are you—" she started. "I mean are we—"

Do you have your card here?" I asked. It was a dumb question. I mean, how else—"You've never seen my apartment," I said.

"No." she said.

"I'll show you," I said. "Follow me over."

"Alright," she said. "Fine, I'll cook dinner for us."

She parked her Karmen Ghia in the carport. "I wouldn't do this for everybody," I said. I left the Mustang at the curb.

And a bottle of Chablis which I had been saving for a special thing. "You have a beautiful apartment," she said.

"Thank you," I said I turned on the High Fi set, played meaningful things by Carol King and Kris Kristopherson.

She cooked. I don't remember what really. Cheap steak and baked potatoes probably. I never kept the kitchen too well stocked, but there was a second bottle of wine I remebered, and —

"I lived in this apartment for singles," she said. We were after dinner and into the second bottle.

"You're a wonderful cook." Laugh lines by her eyes, which I loved and a way she had of smiling.

"But the guys were creepy and expected, I mean, if they said hello you were supposed to fall all over them."

I touched her hand, listened to her breath through my fingers.

"And I've been married," she said. "He was—you know, we were twenty and it lasted one good year and a bad one."

Reached my hand to her own, then sort of onto her shoulder.

"No more wine," she said.

"No." To her breasts which were perfect. I think I've already explained about her breasts.

"I mean, I've known lots of guys, but I'm not easy. I don't want you to think I'm easy just because you—"

"No," I said. "I don't think that."

"Because I've been thinking about it all day, and I've just never."

"Please," I said. "You don't have to."

"Honest-to-God," Don. I've never been with a person I've loved like you."

Breathing gentle on your chest, and maybe she's holding you limp and relaxed and that's loving. You don't really love when you're screwing. It's later the love comes.

The telephone rang six times before I picked it up. I thought it was the alarm at first. Tried to ignore it, but the ringing continued. "Sgt. Donaldson?" a man's voice.

"What time is it?" I asked.

"Two o'clock."

"Jesus Christ."

"This is Division Desk," the voice said. "Sgt. Morgan asked me to call."

"Oh."

"He wants you to meet him at a motel in Studio City. The Sands."

"Why?"

"I don't know sir," the voice said. "There was a homicide call there around midnight."

"Oh," I said. "Okay."

"The address is," the voice started

"I know where it is," I said. "Thanks. Tell him I'm rolling."

Val watched me with fear in her eyes. I didn't shower. I should have, maybe. I don't know. Threw my clothes on, kissed her, and told her I'd be right back. She smiled and said something about fixing breakfast, but the fear came through. Like wondering if she should live with a man who leaves in the middle of the night. Asking the question then not being able to accept the answer.

"What he did," Morgan told me. "What he did was wait in the closet for them, because—"

Janice Burton was on the bed nude. She'd been dead over six hours and was just starting into post mortem lividity. Blood covered the mattress in a solid crust. Only a few drops had seeped through to the floor.

"Because," Morgan continued, "notice the wounds are on the left side of her body and the right side of his."

"Yes, " I said. He lay on the floor with his own puddle of brownish red and the right half of his head missing.

"And no struggle," Morgan said. "If the suspect had forced his way in there would have been a struggle."

"Or at least they wouldn't have been caught like that."

"One shotgun shell," Morgan said. "On the floor of the closet we found one twelve gauge shell. The manager said he heard a report around nine-thirty, but didnt' think it was a gun."

Her boyfriend was youngish, middle twenties with dark curly hair. He's a salesman," Morgan said. "Department store in Sherman Oaks."

The walls in the room had been dotted with tiny flecks of red, which I didnt' look too closely at.

Two Homicide Detectives were working the case. I gave them what I could on her husband and we decided to check Burton's home to see if he'd gone there.

I left my Mustang at the motel and rode with Morgan in an unmarked radio car. Burton lived on Colbath Street in Sherman Oaks, a solid neighborhood of older thirty-thousand dollar homes.

We parked in front of a newly painted white stucco house. Well trimmed shrubs lined the family Buick parked on an asphalt driveway. Walking to the porch, we left a trail of footprints in the lawn's thin film of dew.

Two Homicide Detectives covered the rear door. Morgan and I stepped onto the front porch. "If he did it," Morgan said, "he's got a shotgun."

There was a flickering light on in the living room. A late, late show from television and someone selling cars.

"Police Officers," Morgan said. He rang the doorbell.

Stand at the side of the door, I told myself. Never stand in front of a door.

"Who is it?" Burton's voice from inside.

"Police," Morgan said again. "Open up Mr. Burton."

"Oh." Defeated. Footsteps moved inside. The television switched off, more footsteps and the door opened.

My hand was on the revolver. I mean, I was ready it's just that—

"Yes?" he said. Burton opened the door in his shorts. Do most people watch television in their underwear? I don't know. The shotgun pointed downward at first, then lashed out at us from his right arm.

"Freeze," Morgan yelled.

It's just, the night turned into an orange flash. I didn't hear it. Just the flash, and I don't remember the falling.

I thought about getting up, but decided against it. There was a peaceful feeling, and the grass turned suddenly warm. Popping noises filled the background and men shouted things which I really didn't understand.

Hospital sheets were white and I refused to worry. Pain tried to break through, but the whiteness wouldn't let it. Pills, codein I think, and morphine and I know the pain was there, but off in the shadows someplace, and I refused to worry. Evenings, sundown usually, seconal took us off to sleep.

"Burton's dead," Morgan said. He stopped in on the fourth day and visited, but didn't have all that much to say. "The Homicide people came around from the back and finished him."

"What about his kids?" I asked.

"With the wife's parents," Morgan said. "You'll be out of here in a month. Did they tell you? A month at the most."

"They didn't tell me," I said. "Did you get any of it?"

"Two pellets in the shoulder," he said. "You took the most of them."

There was a nurse on the fifth day who was not all that young, early thirties maybe, but who was extremely attractive and had wonderfully gentle hands.

"You do a beautiful bath," I told her.

"Thank you," she said. A whore's bath with a wash cloth is what it was. She had a pan of warmish water with a beautiful smile and moved the damp cloth in an especially erotic way. "You can finish," she said, and stopped at a spot just short of my groin.

"I hoped for more," I said, and she laughed. Roberta, her name was. Roberta Conklin, R.N., and she seemed to help with the loneliness.

Valorie was in on the sixth day. "I wasn't going to come, Don" she said.

"You don't have to explain."

"I mean, Morgan got me, and I came when it first happened, but you couldn't—"

"I don't remember," I said. "I'm sorry."

"I'm too much into you, Don" she said. "I can't be with a man that lives like you. I just —" And she ran out of words.

Silence. The hospital's air conditioning, usually very soft, seemed to roar through the room. "I've thought about you, Val" I said. "Lying here, I—"

Sort of half crying, she bent forward, kissed me, and left. I felt a little bad at first, sort of a self pity thing. Actually, though, looking back, too many things about Valorie reminded me of my first wife.

R.N. Conklin and I became great friends. By the second week, we were bathing with the door locked. There was something about her, I mean, Roberta is the only person I've known who giggles with a whisper. ◆◆◆

"I'm going to teach you all you ever wanted to know about sex but were afraid you couldn't afford."

PRE-MOVIE BOOK BONUS

THE GREAT $3,000,000 SPEEDWAY HEIST

(Continued from page 31)

the ground, letting the length rest in four fingers, not letting the metal ferrule to touch the sidewalk. The balance was very far up toward the curved handle, and it was evident the cane was loaded.

Slim wasn't sure whether he'd have another bourbon or go back to the trailer. He decided to go back to the trailer. Another bourbon or two would be nice, but he had disciplined himself too long to allow himself unearned luxuries. Yet! . . .

The stranger started walking faster, noticing that Slim was approaching an alley mouth. At the same time he carefully checked the street. The bars were lively and the rest of the buildings were dark. The risk wasn't great. And the reward was. That auto jock had won $3,000 today. And from the looks of the roll he was carrying in the bar, he still had all of it on him. Stupid! But then what could you expect from a jock. He, William Prescott, could do a hell of a lot more with three grand than that dumb chauffeur could.

At the same moment Slim passed the alley, Prescott caught up to him and, swinging the loaded cane against his head, drove him into the alley. Prescott leaped after him, swinging, battering, smashing him to the filthy asphalt. After a moment or two, Slim stopped twitching. With swift hands Prescott went through his pockets, pulled out the folded fifties, counted them swiftly, muttered,

"Hell! A little over a thou. Well, it'll be enough to take Sonny for it."

He exited the alley, walked away casually.

All this walking was annoying but he had to clear the scene before he could catch transportation. If he didn't he might be identified. Actually he should be in a chauffeured limousine; and he would be if his grandfather and father hadn't squandered the family fortune leaving him only expensive tastes and an empty wallet; degrading him to living by his wits. Since he was clever, he did rather well and intended to do much better.

Fifteen minutes later he was in an exclusive section of Trenton, made exclusive by the amount of money needed to live there. The house where the cab dropped him sat well back from the road, was on at least two acres, and further privacy was insured from the neighbors by rows of pine trees. A number of cars were parked in front of the garage. Good! They'd all be here, curious as to hear what he had to say. And he'd say enough to earn a dwelling that would make this residence look like the gardener's cottage.

The door was opened by Bobo Janecki, who looked like a weight lifter, had the reputation of being a stud among the hookers, and it was rumored that he had killed a man —or men—with his fists. An inconsequential person, but dangerous.

Prescott put his hat and cane carefully in the foyer, strode for the office door. His quick movements caught Janecki off guard. Bobo was supposed to frisk him. Prescott knew it, and avoided it by shifting from deceptive laziness to high speed.

Jimmy Graham was behind the large desk in the plush office which, when not being used for business purposes was called the library, and had floor to ceiling books, many of them showing signs of having been used. Jimmy, gray at sideburns and temples, would have been handsome without the dead eyes that stared ceaselessly at you.

Beside him was Basil 'The Owl' Trasker, his eyes magnified grotesquely by thick lenses. It wasn't the eyeglasses that gave him the nickname: Basil had been a science professor and could work mathematics in his head like a computer. He might still have been a professor if a C student, female variety hadn't been striving for an A, got them caught at it. Basil, if the word was correct, still had a predilection for coeds.

Jimmy nodded at him, said, "Sit down. Don't waste our time. Give."

Prescott put his elbows on the chair arms and folded his hands under his chin. "The jewel collection of Allison Baldwin."

"An impossible hit," Graham snapped.

"For you, not for me," Prescott said.

"What do you want?"

"Money—first. Later on, your varied talents."

Graham smiled. "That's what I thought. You're conning me about the dream hit no one can make. Except you. All it takes is a lot of my loot. Bobo! Throw him out!"

Prescott stood. "You're a fool! You can stop dreaming about that hit. I can make it reality! I know her. I can pull her out of her seclusion. And I really don't need your money." He pulled a thick pile of fifties out of his pocket. "I *could* hire help, but they wouldn't be as competent as your people. If you're going in with me, you're paying for the privilege. Make up your mind."

"Why can you get near her when no one else can?"

"I was one of her escorts at her debut. Check on it."

Graham turned to Kurt Von Koenig (supposedly German royalty, usually called Count von Koenig). Whether the royalty was real was doubtful, but he was a good contact man and in international salesman. His specialty was stealing jewels in North America and fencing them in Europe to the new breed of manufacturing millionaires. Graham asked him,

"How much is that collection worth right now, as it sits?"

Count von Koenig touched his pyramided fingers to his forehead and contemplated the Baldwin collection aloud in his slight accent. "She is fourth generation and hasn't bought much, but the first three generations were heavy buyers. There's a pendant necklace that's a wonder. Some of the settings are old-fashioned and will have to be redesigned. I doubt if you could duplicate the collection today for anything less than ten million."

"How much can we make out of it?"

"A million easily, with the possibility of three or four."

Graham looked at Prescott. "Sit down. We'll listen."

The police listened as Slim Durgin held the doctor's ice pack to the egg-sized swelling behind his left ear, and talked. His words echoed off the white tiles of the hospital's emergency room.

"I could barely hear what he said. It was like he was zooming in and out of focus."

"Try to remember exactly what he said."

"I can't. It's too vague. He said something about sunny Florida, or sunny in Florida, going to take a trip there, I guess. I got the impression he wasn't pleased with the thousand; it was too small, but it would do. That's what he said: 'enough.' And I'm sure of the sunny and the Florida."

"You can't describe him at all?"

"No. It must have been a baseball bat he used. Something long. He hit from behind and the first shot drove me into the alley. He kept hitting me. He wasn't trying to kill me; he aimed for the neck and shoulders."

"That's evident from the bruises. Could you see his shoes? That might help."

"No, it was pretty dark and I was busy covering up. Wait a minute! I did see an outline. He had one of those curl-brimmed hats. The fancy kind. Sometimes you still see them. What do you call them? A German name."

"Oh! A Homberg."

"Yeah. That's it. That's what he was wearing. That's about all the help I can give you."

"It should be enough," Jasper McLeod pushed himself away from the wall. For once he was wearing clean coveralls and didn't leave a stain on the tiles. Even his hands were almost clean. "It's your worry," he told the police, and looked at the doctor. "Any reason why you have to keep a strong healthy boy here?"

"Well," the doc mused, "there's the possibility of a concussion."

"Not with his hard head. Come on, Slim."

"Wait a minute," a detective stopped them. "Where are you going to be?"

"The trailer park near the starting grid."

They walked out of the hospital. Jasper was smaller than Slim but his stockiness brought him to the same weight.

Slim said, "I thought we were pulling right out. Why did you tell them we were in the trailer park?"

"Because that's where we're gonna be. You're in no shape to drive. We can forget the next race and go straight to Charlotte, North Carolina."

"Hey, that sounds like money."

"It is."

"Jasper, I was heading back for the trailer when he got me."

"It's okay. Cry about the lost money, not the lost time. I got an idea how to squeeze a few more horsepower out of the engine and still stay inside the rules. You go enjoy yourself, relax the nerves. I brought some dough for you."

"Don't need it. Still got a dime. For the phone."

Bootsie Caine was a pit bunny, a gal who strolled along gasoline alley before the race, and connived and schemed and struggled

and strove to get a seat above the pit of her favorite driver, and if his attention was exclusively occupied by another bunny, she'd switch her sights to a more available driver, and hoped to become exclusive property too. 'Companions,' or more formally, 'secretaries' were the nice words for pit bunnies.

It would be hard to describe a Bootsie Caine as a whore although she sold herself in exchange for the thrills and glamor of the racing circuit. The roar of power, skirting the narrow margin between life and death, the smell and sound of burning rubber, symbiotic linkup of man and machine—and the sight of a driver's body dripping blood all over his flame retardant coveralls—brought her to the point of orgasm. Then there were the wild parties where the drivers sought relief, and afterwards the seeking of relief with their women.

Every track had its bunnies and Bootsie had hinted to Slim after he'd won the race that it was open house at her place for just the two of them. A sort of additional winner's reward. Slim hadn't thought about the invitation much, believing he and Jasper were pulling out for the next circuit, however, since she was a very racy broad and he was now on a sort of vacation, he contemplated all of three seconds before dialing the phone number she had given him.

Despite the hour, Bootsie was prepared for company. The green hostess pajamas went well with her long blonde hair, and, cinched at the middle, emphasized her fine, high breasts, and nice comfortable ass. Another interesting feature was her eyes; if green can be said to smoulder then she had smouldering green eyes, like a fire banked under a sheet of emerald.

"Hi, stranger," she smiled at him. "Thought you were leaving town?"

"Change of plans. Got a drink for a needy man?"

"Sure. Come on in. Hey!" she caught sight of the discolored swelling behind his ear. "What happened to you?"

"Got rolled."

"Drunk?"

"No. Some guy slugged me in an alley."

"He get everything?"

"My partner had most of it," he poured bourbon over the rocks. Nice apartment. Comfortable. Evidentally Bootsie was a gal who had a good job, worked hard all week, got her kicks out of the Saturday race. Swell place to spend a Saturday night. And maybe a Sunday.

Bootsie touched the swelling with tender fingers, helped him out of his coat. He grimaced as he moved his shoulders.

"Get you there too?" she asked.

"Yeah. Good."

"I've got the cure for it. Get on the couch."

She went into the bathroom and came back with a bottle of liniment. "Real volcano juice. Okay now, get on the couch. And take off your shirt; I can't work through it."

He took off his sport shirt, put his drink on the rug, lay face down. Bootsie poured liniment into her palms and worked it into his shoulders.

"Whew," he exhaled. "That stuff feels like the working end of a blow torch."

"It's good for you," she kneaded his neck and shoulder muscles with a sensuous motion, loosening, being careful of the purple bruises. Durgin had been nicknamed Slim because he was slender from chest to spine. Actually his shoulders were wide and he was very muscular with that lean sinewy muscularity that intertwines layer on layer and seems to be in motion even when still. Bootsie enjoyed the hard cables sliding under her fingers. He was better than she had expected. Her insides were going mushy.

"Roll over," her voice was strained through a tense throat. How the hell could she feel so soft inside and be violin taut outside? "Want another drink?"

"Thanks," Slim stretched on his back.

She poured more bourbon in his glass, handed it to him, realized her fingers were shaking. Immediately she used some liniment, resumed the massage, leaning over him, swaying back and forth.

He put the glass on the floor again, pulled the knot of the silken cord at her waist. Her high-necked peasant blouse ballooned forward. He put his hand underneath, caught a full breast. Bootsie's eyes closed and there was a little smile on her face as she continued to sway back and forth. Slim stilled the conical breast, yet there was interior motion to it and the stimulated nipple thrust into his palm.

His free hand slid the elastic circled pants from her waist, caressed the curve of her rump, outlined her thighs and calves, turned around her ankle, slid up the silky skin of her thighs and nestled in her crotch. Bootsie, eyes still closed dreamily, moved only her pelvis in a languid sensual way.

Suddenly she moaned "Oh!" fell to her knees, kissed him, tongue darting, piercing, a flame in his mouth. Her hand went to his trousers and found him in a partial state of erection. She opened the confining clothes. Her searching, grasping fingers brought him to full erection.

Throwing one leg high, she brought the knee across his hips till she was astride him. With a wiggle and jounce of her rump she pegged herself on him, impaled herself. A few fast agitations and she orgasmed, shivering, clinging to him, kissing.

All the while he was thrusting slowly with his pelvis, holding her buttocks. On her recovery she used a counter rhythm, and as his speed increased so did hers. They peaked together violently, almost falling off the couch in their unrestrained flailings.

Later, in the bedroom, he got on top of her and worked long and slowly inside her. Her orgasms kept coming faster and faster. She said he was killing her. She pleaded with him to stop while she took a very active part in the proceedings. Then he reached his climax and instead of relaxing, sleeping, they stayed side by side playing erotically with each other till they were ready for more intercourse, eager for it.

Throughout the night and most of the next day they napped and one would wake the other as new desire possessed them.

In the late afternoon Slim dressed. "Whew!" Bootsie wiped her forehead. "I don't know if I should be glad or sad you're going."

Slim grinned in the mirror. "Be glad. I'm limp from hair to toes."

"That was some party. Can we do it another time?"

"I guess. I've got your phone number."

"Can you give me an idea of when?"

"I don't know, it's up to my partner. I just drive the car, he puts the vitamins in it."

"Well," she walked him to the door, "the next time you pass through, it's open house."

"I'll be here," he patted her buttock and closed the door . . .

Jasper grinned at him. "You look like something a seagull would ignore. Get your rest and recreation?"

"Jasper, if we're going South, you'll have to drive. I had too much rest."

"Oh, I'll drive. You sack out. You guys are all the same. If you don't try to kill yourself on the track, you try it in bed."

* * *

William Prescott flew south for Palm Beach, First Class, of course. He was well financed by Jimmy Graham and, he thought, hadn't made a bar bargain for himself. Thirty-five percent of the gross. Graham provided the money and the muscle, he the viability.

Naturally, they would try to cheat him, but he had contacts in Europe. If necessary he would accompany Von Koenig and participate in the sales. That was one way of keeping them honest. Another possibility was the chance of grabbing Sonny's jewels for himself. Then he'd be able to dictate terms to Graham. It would be dangerous with Bobo Janecki around, but he could be neutralized.

Prescott was very pleased with himself. He had talked Graham into financing what was actually a vacation for him, using the argument that he needed time to establish himself in the closed community of his wealthy and ultra-social friends—including Sonny Baldwin. In reality he needed only a few days but (this was the basis of his argument to Graham) it wouldn't do for him to appear suddenly in town, then disappear immediately after Sonny's jewel collection does. That was tantamount to telling the police who to look for; and if he, Prescott, were caught, he certainly wouldn't go to jail alone.

Yes, he sat back and contemplated, he had handled things in his usual competent fashion.

* * *

Slim Durgin skidded into the pit, twitching the wheel to keep his car from swapping ends. His rear brakes were wearing faster than his fronts. The geometry of the car must have been knocked into a cocked hat when he sideswiped number 16 trying to get around the four-car crash. Donny Luny was in the hospital and might not make it. The flames had been pretty bad. Slim twisted the wheel and stood on the brake and held the car. The pit crew swarmed around it.

Jasper watched them for a second, then came over quickly, handing Slim a bottle of water. "Everything running okay?"

"Yeah, okay," Slim gulped. "The rear brakes are wearing but I can handle it."

"Nothing we can do about it now anyway. Listen! You're running about 30 seconds behind Blasco. You have a damn good shot at the win if you don't pit again. Blasco has to come in so pinch those drops of gas. Think you can make it?"

"I'll make it," Slim promised, felt the tap on his helmet and roared down the inside of the pit straight till he found a hole in the traffic. It was pretty heavy going among the slower cars. He had to wait for his openings, pounce when he got one and get past fast. Ahead was Blasco's Mercury and he was flying.

The heat was murdering his body. It was 130 degrees inside the car, and more at his foot but the insulated shoes took care of that. His Nomex long johns were slimy with sweat and he felt like he was splashing around in them. The white coveralls were soaked. He was sitting in a pool of his own sweat.

Coming into turn one he slowed, and when he down-shifted his right hand was a blur. The tachometer on the dashboard barely twitched. When he was a kid, 16 or 17, he discovered one of the secrets of racing was to shift quickly and smoothly so your engine rpms didn't die on you, so that when you geared up you still had all you needed to come out of the turn fast.

Blasco was just ahead, holding the lead but not pressing. He didn't want to pit if he didn't have to.

Slim feinted a pass on the outside. Blasco reacted quickly and covered. Instantly Slim put his front bumper a foot from Blasco's rear, was caught in the suction behind Blasco's car and literally pulled along. Drafting was the first trick that even the rawest NASCAR rookie learned. You used his gas instead of your own.

Blasco, a canny veteran, knew what he was doing and tried to fight him off, lose him by breaking the suction. He zigzagged and that didn't work. He swayed to the right, hesitated as if he were going left and instead swayed further right. Slim was right behind him.

Blasco had to shake him. He reverted to a

trick that only a stunt man, or a desperate man, would use. He swung over to the inside of the track, Slim still following him and dragged a wheel on the inner dirt strip, leaving a plume of pebble-filled dust behind. He could blow a tire, lose a wheel, break an axle, have any of a hundred different and fatal accidents, but he had to shake his pursuer and was willing to take the risk.

Slim swung out of the dust, floored the gas pedal, swept around Blasco and blow torched down the circuit, putting distance between himself and Blasco. There were cars in front of him but they weren't giving him trouble; they got out of his way when they saw him coming. When he had half a circuit lead he started to conserve those precious drops of gas himself: he picked up a draft from a slower car, utilized him for a few seconds until he got a good position, then switched to a car ahead till he found another draft. In this way he sort of sling shotted along.

Blasco fought through the pack, caught up to him again and immediately tried to get in front. Slim came off the gas, slid behind him again and drafted. Blasco cursed his own stupidity and headed towards the dirt. Slim let the Plymouth loose and grinned when he passed Blasco's pit and saw them holding up the sign warning him to pit for gas or he'd have to walk home.

Slim knew he had the race if the car held together. Always the big 'if.' Take it careful, keep drafting, be sure to stay in front and pick up lap money.

The checkered flag of victory was an anticlimax. He drove the victory lap smiling and not feeling a thing. Then he was in victory lane and being kissed, given a cup and flowers while press photographers took pictures.

The lady who presented him with the trophy was no beauty queen. Much more rare, she was a fine, handsome woman. She didn't wear makeup but then she had a deep, rich tan in place of it. Her sun-whitened hair was stretched back behind her neck, then allowed to fall freely in a luxurious tail. She had a suede jacket and knotted scarf against the chill. And she had a sparkling smile. She was smiling when she said,

"You drove a heady race. I like to see drivers who use their brains."

He didn't pay much attention because he knew he had driven a hell of a race and didn't need her to tell him so. All he wanted to know, when he got back to Jasper, was how much they had won.

Jasper rubbed his bald skull and left grease streaks. "They haven't finished adding the lap money, but with first place and all, I figure around nine thousand."

Slim sat down. "Nine grand. Nine big ones. We made it, Jasper. We made it."

"So far. Some reps from oil companies want to sign you up. It means the big time."

Slim stood and grabbed him by the shoulders. "I'll sign, Jasper, I'll sign."

"Take it easy. In your state they'll slice you like salami. Never get excited with these leeches. Let them dangle a while, make them eager. Want me to handle it?"

"Yeah, you better. My insides are jumping. I'll cool off in the shower."

Outside the shower room Blasco nodded at him. "Next time I'll know enough to run you off the track. A few of us are going to The Flame for some cold ones. Want to join us?"

"Hold a spot at the bar for me. I'm dehydrated."

"What did Sonny say to you?"

"Who?"

"Sonny. The broad who gave you the soup bowl. She's the one who sponsors this race."

"Oh. She congratulated me. That's kind of an odd name for a girl. Is that Sunny like in you are my sunshine?"

"No. Sonny like in sonny boy. Her name is Allison. Sonny. Get it?"

"Yeah, I guess. I'll see you at The Flame."

In the shower the name "Sonny" kept bouncing around the inside of his brain. *Sonny. Sunny. Sonny Florida Sunny Florida. Sonny in Florida?* That made twice he'd heard that recently. First in an alley in Trenton, now here. *Sunny Florida? Or Sonny something else?*

Ah, what the hell, he decided. It was one of his business.

At The Flame they were three quarters in the bag and he was asking Blasco, who had been around the oval circuits for more than 20 years, "What's so special about this Sonny?"

"Well . . . Sonny Baldwin's got a couple hundred million dollars and a collection of diamond jewelry that's almost a legend with the ritzy set."

"Ought to be a cheap date. She already has everything."

"Yeah. Except you can't get to know her. She lives in a fortress. Nobody past the gate."

* * *

Sonny landed the amphib on the water, taxied to the concrete ramp and rolled to the hangar. There the mechanic took it over from her. Sonny didn't use a pilot. She liked doing things herself. She liked flying her own plane. She liked to drive her own car. She liked to repair minor things around the house, such as electrical and mechanical appliances. She had a logical mind and enjoyed the logic of mechanics.

She took a golf cart to the main house. Harris, an honest-to-god English butler greeted her.

"Miss Baldwin, I admitted a gentleman who insists he knows you. He had photographs of you and himself. A Mr. William Prescott. Shall I have him removed?"

"No. I know him." Sonny walked into the living room holding out her hand. "William. How nice to see you again after all these years. Where have you been hiding?"

"Switzerland. I became a tradesman. Stocks, bonds, loans, securities, that sort of thing."

"Why didn't you let me know?"

"Actually I did very well in the world of finance, but I don't want to advertise myself. I seem to have the Midas knack."

"I'm glad William. I was sorry when I hard about your father. And the money?"

"All history. I earned a long vacation, then I'm going to open a branch bank in New York. Came here to find out what happened to everybody."

"You should go to see Pete and Marge Tangrey. They're social. Drink?"

"Yes, thanks. Actually I wanted to see you again."

Sonny handed him a Scotch with plenty of ice. "Wrong address."

"I never did get to first base, did I?"

"Well . . . you're one of the few who made it from the dugout. Say to the 'on deck' circle." . . .

As he left the Baldwin enclave, William Prescott wasn't at all discouraged by Sonny's attitude. He had accomplished what he wanted. He had gotten a good look at the interior of the house and the film in the Minox camera was better than a floor plan.

From a public phone he called Jimmy Graham. "I think we can start the operation in a few weeks. Come down and look around. I'm mailing you some photos you'll be interested in, and an explanation of what they're about. The best time for your purpose is the Daytona 500. Our subject is a racing buff, as you'll recall. I think I'll go there myself. I doubt if I'll see you."

* * *

Slim Durgin drove down from Daytona. That reference to 'sunny' or 'Sonny' kept sneaking into his thoughts, and he wasn't going to be happy till he got rid of it once and for all. Now that he had sponsors, he had some leisure time, and could afford scratch that nagging itch while Jasper worked on the Formula One car. He'd wring out the car later.

Sonny Baldwin wasn't listed in the phone book but a few questions brought him to her place—and it was quite a place. A ten-foot wall, with spiders hooking down to discourage climbers, surrounded 15 acres. It was obvious she had her own private beach, and liked it that way. Royal palm trees hid anything you might see through the barred gate except a peek of the red tiled roof that gave the impression of Florida hacienda, *circa* 1920.

Slim found a phone embedded in a concrete pillar. Harris answered, and wasn't at all like the traditional English butler; no pomp, no ceremony, just a hard-nosed, blunt, "What do you want?"

"The name is Durgin, Slim Durgin. I want to see Miss Baldwin."

"She's not available. If that's all . . ."

"I'm not a stranger to Miss Baldwin. Now be a good flunkey and open the gate."

There was some whispering, then a feminine voice said, "Hello. Who is this? I don't recognize the name."

"I won the race in Charlotte. Slim Durgin."

"I congratulated you on that."

"This has nothing to do with racing. I don't think it does. I'm not selling anything. I'm not trying to borrow money or present you with a once-in-a-lifetime proposition. Maybe this concerns you, I don't know. Will you listen to me for five minutes?"

"Well . . . all right. Press against the gate."

When he got to the house, Harris was holding the door, not out of courtesy but to make sure the stranger came straight to the house and didn't make any detours. Harris most likely carried a gun.

Sonny was standing in the wide greeting hall, a cynical smile on her face. "You were determined to get in, weren't you. If you'd come unannounced, Harris, instead of holding the door for you, would be throwing you out of it."

"I don't think so. He's not as tough as he looks. No guy is who carries a gun."

Harris interrupted. "With your permission, Miss Baldwin, we could have a bit of a punch-up. Purely in an experimental nature, of course."

"No, Harris, I value you too much. You might win but you'd be injured."

"At the least," Slim promised. "At the very least."

"You wanted to talk to me," Sonny opened a door. "Come into the sitting room. Sit down . . . talk."

Slim told his story and ended, "I thought he said sunny Florida. Then I heard your name was Sonny and it is Florida, and I am here, and that's three out of three. It's been driving me crazy ever since. I'm not sure but I think he also said, 'Take Sonny for it.' I heard you have quite a jewel collection. Could he have been talking about that?"

Sonny shrugged. "Anyone who knows anything about jewelry knows the insurance companies are very funny about whom they insure. Most of my valuable stuff is in a bank vault and I had paste duplicates made up. It's a common practice—if you want insurance. Paste isn't worth stealing, Mr. Durgin."

"Maybe a con game is being worked on you. You know, a swindle to separate you from your stocks or money, or something."

"I don't see enough people for that. I admit swindles were tried on me, but my money is handled by lawyers, accountants, and business managers. So you see I'm well protected in that regard."

Slim ran his fingers through his hair. He wasn't getting anywhere, but he had a hunch she was in danger, and he was a hunch

player. It was like sometimes he knew a crash was coming, could see it in his head and positioned himself on the track so he could avoid it. He had that same feeling now.

"Miss Baldwin," he said desperately. "This man wore a Homburg. Do you know anybody who wears that kind of a hat?"

"In the northern cities maybe. Not down here."

"That's where I was. Somehow I know he was talking about you."

"*Possibly* he was talking about me. There are plenty of people named 'Sonny' in this world. Not many women, I'll admit, but quite a few men. Another point you should consider is that most of the people I know could hardly be classified as the criminal element. Then there's the fact I rarely leave here and the few men who live here are legally armed."

She stood and opened the door in an obvious invitation for him to leave. "I appreciate your concern, Mr. Durgin, but I'm sure you're mistaken."

Slim strode across the room. "I hope I am. I surely hope I am."

* * *

Jimmy Graham spread 8 x 10 glossy photos on the dining room table of the rented house. "The place is a cinch to enter. It's entirely open from the seaward side."

"There's the mechanic," Prescott warned.

"He's only around during the day. At night he holes up in his own cottage. Look at all those palm trees!" he went on. "Perfect approach cover. Perfect escape route."

He finger traced a line. "Here's the main power cable. Cut it and the alarm system and lighting system goes. No trouble with the telephone wire either. We've got this made."

* * *

Slim Durgin finished the race in eighth place, totally exhausted, gulped the water bottle Jasper handed him. He had a lot to learn about handling these low, sleek, powerful, remarkably light Formula Ones that could hit 200 on the straight and snap around turns like they were on rails. He had overraced the car. There wasn't a micron of brake lining left. The clutch plate was warped.

"Not bad," Jasper said. "We win a few bucks."

"It was a lousy drive and you know it."

"Eighth place ain't bad for your first trip."

"I made a lot of mistakes."

A voice came from the stands above the pits, "You did well, Mr. Durgin." He looked up and saw Sonny Baldwin sitting next to a guy who was dressed like a dude in sun hot enough to melt concrete.

Jasper said, "It was his first time in a formula car."

"Then you did very well, Mr. Durgin."

Slim shook his head. "I'm not satisfied one bit." He headed for the trailer to change.

The next morning he and Jasper were talking over his mistakes at the motel. Jasper promised to get films so they could catch not only his mistakes but also the small things those who finished ahead of him did. One happy note was that the sponsors were not disappointed; the representatives assured them eighth place was very respectable for a driver just into open wheelers. However Jasper advised him to ignore the assurances on the grounds that they could yank the magic carpet out from under them just as fast as they'd shoved it in—faster.

A knock on the door. Slim answered it. A man was standing there, at least as big as Slim, thicker through the chest and shoulders. A nice looking guy with an easy way of holding himself that suggested controlled strength. Probably college, possibly an ex-footballer.

"Hi," he held out a card. "Harry Dantine, Acme Insurance Company, we insure Miss Allison Baldwin's jewels."

"Uh-huh. And?"

"You warned Miss Baldwin her jewels were in danger of being stolen. Can I disturb you two fellers for a minute?"

"I guess. Come on in. Jasper and I were winding it up anyway. Bourbon's all I got."

"That'll be perfect. A little water on top, please. Miss Baldwin's jewels *were* stolen yesterday."

"Gee-zuz! She told me they were paste."

"They were."

"Why would anybody want to steal paste?"

"A good question. No suspicion on either one of you two, both of you were here all the time yesterday. Miss Baldwin told me about the weird story you have."

"Were those guys amateurs? They went for paste?"

"I don't think so. They cut the main electrical line so the alarm system was useless. But Harris had a rig in his room whereby if the main circuit went out, a warning light went on in his room. He went to see what was wrong. They killed him. Once through the head. Very professional. He walked right into it. His gun was still in his hand and hadn't been fired."

Jasper asked, "The shot that killed him—there were more servants in the house. Wouldn't it wake him?"

"We think a silencer was used. We also think they came up the beach past the mechanic's cottage and left the same way. They're pros, alright. Miss Baldwin mentioned she was sitting in the stands over your pit. Do you know the man who was with her?"

"Dark hair, white sideburns, movie star features. Never saw him before. Looks like money. Who is he?"

"William Prescott. An old friend of Miss Baldwin's. He wanted to see the race, asked her to fly him up. He was with her when they got back and found the police there."

"Lucky."

"Perhaps. Miss Baldwin has a strong character. She isn't the fainting kind. How long will you fellers be around?"

Slim grinned. "You haven't told us why they went for the paste."

Dantine shrugged. "A bum steer, I don't know. Harris' room was in the back on the main floor. From the angle of the bullet they were on the stairway, at the bottom, when they shot him. Miss Baldwin kept her jewels in her bedroom on the second floor. I think the appearance of Harris surprised them. If you fellers are thinking of leaving—don't."

Jasper said, "We were going to work out at Sebring."

"That's just fine," Dantine nodded. "Even closer than here."

Sonny Baldwin invited him to the house as soon as she heard he was calling from the gate. The plane mechanic, who was filling in, opened the door for him. Sonny gave him a warm and enthusiastic greeting, taking both his hands in both of hers.

"Slim Durgin! I was trying to get in touch with you and they told me you had left. I wanted to apologize. The way I acted proved I was a plain damn fool."

"No need to apologize. I wouldn't believe a stranger who told me a hairy story like that either."

"Well, come on in," she pushed open the door to the sitting room, "and have a drink. Have you met William Prescott? He was at Daytona with me."

Slim shook hands and Prescott muttered something about it being a pleasure.

Sonny said, "Do you have a sports car, a really good one?"

"No. Stock and Formula One. That's a lot for a guy like me."

"I was thinking of next year's Can-Am Races. I might be able to get an almost-new McLaren and, with your ability, you could be really competitive."

"No thanks, Miss Baldwin--"

"Sonny."

"Sonny then. I know what a McLaren costs—if you can get one. I came here to tell you I was sorry about Harris. He was a hunk of man."

Sonny sat down, her arms folded across her stomach. She whispered, "Yes, he was."

Slim pushed the hair out of his eyes in a nervous gesture. "Well . . . I guess I'll be going."

Sonny jumped up. "You didn't have a drink."

"Too early. Maybe another time."

"Tomorrow," she forced a smile, then it became genuine as an authentic idea struck her. "I'm having a swimming party."

"You are?" Prescott looked at her in amazement.

"Yes. At the swimming pool, not the beach. Everyone knows about my addiction to racing. Now I have a real driver. You'll be the guest of honor, Slim. You will come, won't you?"

"Well I—"

Prescott stood. "Isn't it rather soon? I mean, after Harris."

"It's not as though he was a relative. I have to forget, don't I?"

"But you never have——"

"I'm starting now. If you don't come, Slim, I'll have to cancel the party. Starts at one."

"Well . . . okay, in that case."

"I'll go out with you," Prescott offered. "Need a lift?"

"Matter of fact, I do. I can't use the track cars and it's a little ridiculous pushing a trailer through the streets."

"I understand you perfectly. It was good of you to accept Sonny's invitation. She doesn't entertain much. Not at all, as a matter of fact."

"Why not?"

"Oh, an aversion to people, I guess. She lost her parents young, was more or less thrown on her own. Many of her friends . . . well, disappointed her. They weren't forced into character growth the way she was. That's why I think Sonny will be very vulnerable if the right man comes along. Or the wrong one. Never had enough social experience."

"What's wrong with her finding the right guy?"

"She's one of the richest women in the world. There'll always be a suspicion. She attracks men like flies, though she's pretty good at brushing them off."

"Yeah. I had a sample of her technique."

"She told me about your being mugged. Didn't recognize him, did you?"

"No."

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"Remarkable you were conscious."

"Guess I have a thick head. Prescott . . . I been pretty busy with cars. I mean I haven't done much socializing either. Not at this altitude. The truth is I never did any at all. How do I act?"

"Naturally. Be yourself. These people are experts at spotting phonies."

* * *

Jimmy Graham and William Prescott sat across the table from each other. Bobo Janecki lifted weights, dressed only in shorts which displayed his extraordinary muscular development. Count von Koenig wore a full beard and moustache and dark glasses because of the real danger of his being recognized.

Graham said, "I don't think we should take chances with this car jockey. I think he should go."

"I agree," Prescott nodded, "but he's serving a function right now, occupying Sonny's time, and because he is, Dantine the insurance investigator is wasting his time checking on him. You see how nice and neat it is."

"Yes, but he still gets hit."

"I'll take care of it," Bobo grunted as he heaved a bar bell.

"Yes," Prescott glanced at him. "At the proper time, not before."

"Whenever Mr. Graham says."

Jimmy grunted. "What about the girl? Miss Baldwin?"

"What about her? What harm can she do?"

"Identify us."

"You're using local talent, aren't you? Bobo gets rid of them later. Let Sonny identify them in the morgue, who cares?"

"He is right," Trasker agreed. "She is extremely dangerous dead. Her estate can offer a reward of one million dollars for her killers. Ten million even. I have never known a crime to be a complete secret: if the police don't guess from the methods who did it, certainly our . . . er . . . associates in the underworld will come to a correct conclusion, and the reward money is just too great a temptation. Prescott's way is best. The racing car driver dies—who will miss him?—and Miss Baldwin lives."

Prescott left, satisfied things were going his way. Jimmy Graham and Basil Trasker smiled humorlessly at each other. Graham said to Bobo,

"When the time comes, you hit the car jockey, the girl—and Prescott to make sure."

* * *

The pool area at Sonny Baldwin's was fairly well crowded. No one she knew could refuse an impromptu invitation even if it meant a drastic change in plans. Slim Durgin sprawled in a beach chair letting the warm sun dry him. It was very relaxing just to lie here while the group shifted in constant movement, making different patterns.

Some of the men were well-built but the muscles were slack, not work-hardened like his own. A few of the women were fleshy; most were either built like models or were stringy.

A girl came out of the pool and sat next to him. She pulled off her cap, shook out her hair and threw herself back in an explosive sigh. "Pretty weird, isn't it?"

"What?"

"The group. Our own private rat pack. We've known each other since childhood. We play the same games, do the same things together, think the same way. I suppose if the truth came out, we'd all admit we're bored."

"Break out, cut loose," he advised.

"It's a comfortable rut and there's strength in numbers. Got a drink over there?"

"Bourbon and water."

"Oh hell, I want scotch."

He got up to go to the catered bar. Jane Harrow, he recalled was her name. A nut! A nice nut. A bra load heavy enough to force breast flesh over the bikini top and form a straight cleavage line. The rest of her was leaner meat. Ski slope nose, curly black hair. He handed her the scotch and took his chair again.

She indicated the scars on his ribs. "Get those in the armed forces?"

"Automobile accident."

"I thought you were an expert driver."

"You earn the rating of expert. Just about all of us are patched, sewed and grafted."

Harry Dantine approached the pool, wearing brief trunks. Definitely an ex-footballer. His eyes were in constant motion till he saw them, then he came straight over.

"Hi, Jane. Mind if I borrow Mr. Durgin for a minute?"

"Not if you return him."

Slim put on a robe, followed Harry. "You taking me to jail again?"

Harry grinned. "Nah. I did a background check on you and Sonny won't hear it till you're present. In here," he opened a sliding glass door.

You had to see Sonny in a bathing suit to appreciate her. Deep chested, slender flanked, long legged. Right now she was as tense as a weight lifter's arm, quivering.

Harry shook out typewriter pages, told her, "Relax. He's not a bad boy. I'll go through him quickly."

"Wait a minute," Slim stopped him. "Who gave you the right to root around in my past?"

"The police did," Harry looked up, then continued. "Father was an alcoholic, mother died of cancer when he was 12. Sent to a boy's protectory, which is a pleasant term for an unpleasant orphanage. Attended technical school, learned about car engines. At 16, shook loose, worked in gas stations, mostly as a mechanic. Arrested once for drag racing on a public street."

Slim's voice snapped out: "Arrested a hell of a lot more than that. Just booked the one time. In secret, I'm an ax murderer."

Harry calmly folded the report and put in a desk drawer. "That's all that's important, outside of his service time. Don't get so hard nosed, Slim. A credit company does the same job. As a matter of fact, I saved time by using some of their information."

Slim was still fuming. "I didn't know I was a suspect."

"Why not," Harry reasoned. "You came to Miss Baldwin with a cocamamie story that begged for checking. It could have been part of an involved plot. Now you have a clear bill of health. Be happy."

Sonny twined her fingers in and out. "I'm sorry, Slim. I've been through this before and . . . well, I'm sorry."

Harry interjected, "What Miss Baldwin is trying to say is that if we don't investigate people she meets casually, then her law firm does. She has no say in the matter. The proof that we're right and she's wrong is that Harris is dead. She needs protection. If you can't understand that then you've got less between the ears than I give you credit for."

"Oh ferchrisake, I can see the necessity to it. But this behind-the-back business. Why didn't you tell me? I could have saved you time and trouble."

"And maybe sent me up a few false trails. Kinky guys don't want their backgrounds exposed. Kindly remember that Miss Baldwin asked you to be here. If I were wrong or mistaken in any way, you had a chance to defend yourself."

"Yeah, yeah," Slim looked at Sonny. "It's okay. I guess."

Jane Harrow, seated in the same spot, watched while Slim downed his bourbon in one gulp. "Sonny bad to you?" she made a move.

"No!"

"Then it must have been Harry. He's a big bad man. Come here and mama will soothe."

He stalked for the bar. She was a nut. Bourbon on the rocks. To the brim.

A few or four or more later, and kidney pressure got to him. He fumble footed around the main deck of the house and found two baths, both of which were occupied. What a joint! What people. And Sonny was the worst.

Up the stairs, down a long hall, and at last —found it! Going out, he passed a darkened bedroom, heard a voice whisper, "I'm in here."

He turned, following the siren call, and, in the dusk of drawn drapes, saw the white form of Jane Harrow. She had her bikini bra off and her arms out.

He walked straight between them and kissed her and palmed a globular breast. Her hand went down into his trunks like a burrowing squirrel. He slid his hand into her briefs, peeling them toward the equator.

As he discarded his own shorts, Jane kept one hand on his engorged penis while with the other she felt the hardness of his shoulder and arm muscles. Slim took her by the waist, lifted her to the side of the bed, sat her there, pushed her backwards and followed her to the yielding mattress. Her heels came up, up, hooked under his shoulder blades.

He felt no sense of urgency, worked slowly and thoroughly. The liquor delayed his natural reaction and gave Jane a chance to catch up to him.

"Mygodamn," she whispered. "At last a real man."

He stopped her mutterings with a kiss, continued the lazy lungings. She gripped her arms around his shoulders, heaved her pelvis at him, gave him all she had, took all he had.

They were quiet for long minutes, then he laughed, "That was a sobering experience."

"That was a great experience. It calls for a repeat performance."

"I'm willing. Just have to wait a little while."

"Not now! Tonight. You leave first. I'll talk to you downstairs."

"Sure." He left, and moments later plunged into the pool. When he got out he was pretty near sober. Jane was talking to Harry Dantine looking like nothing had happened.

The smells of barbequed ribs and chickens and chops and small steaks brought everyone around the charcoal pit where the cooks worked industriously. Most of the people were talking about the same subject, a coming ball or dance of some sort. It seemed it was to be the biggest thing of the year.

Prescott said to Sonny, "I'd like to take you to the Charity Ball," and all were quiet to listen to her answer. Her attendance would make it a success. A lot of people who ordinarily wouldn't bother, would follow her there.

Sonny smiled. "Thank you, but Slim already asked me."

A piece of meat stuck in Slim's throat. "Yes," he gasped. "And she was very kind to accept."

Instead of a smile of gratitude, he got the icy stare, and wondered why. Had he put his foot in his mouth? Again. Didn't she want him to drag her to the boring dance?

Jane stolled by and whispered without moving her lips, "My address is in your beach robe. See you tonight, lover."

* * *

Prescott spoke to Jimmy Graham. "Durgin's going to take her to the Charity Ball. He picks her up here at her house, and has to drive along here to West Palm Beach."

Basil Trasker adjusted his eyeglasses to see the map better. Von Koenig leaned so close his beard almost touched the paper. "Hmmm," Basil deliberated. "A deserted stretch here, but at that hour of the evening, say between 8:30 and 9:30 a lot of cars will be traveling it on that particular night. Would have been much easier if you were taking

her."

"I asked, but she *said* Durgin asked her first."

Graham caught the inference, took the cigar out of his mouth. "She *said* he did? Did he or didn't he?"

"Durgin was more surprised than I was. Draw your own conclusion."

"She's not suspicious, is she?"

"No. Neither are the police. They think it's a robbery that went wrong."

Basil polished his glasses. "So she goes with Durgin. There's no guarantee she'll be coming back by the same route."

"None," Prescott confirmed. "However, they'll have to use one of two bridges across the bay back to Palm Beach. I'll know which bridge they're going to use. From the upstairs window you can see across the bay to the country club terrace. Get a decent telescope so you can identify me easily. There'll be plenty of light. If I stand in the north-end corner to light a cigarette, they'll be taking the north bridge and you can intercept them. South side, south bridge."

Jimmy Graham nodded agreement. "Basil, take care of the details."

Prescott asked, "Do you have the locals for the job?"

"Yes. Smart enough but not too smart."

Prescott drove back to his hotel, doing a lot of thinking. Graham and Co. were plenty smart enough to doublecross *him,* therefore he'd have to doublecross *them.* It was the only way to come out ahead.

* * *

Harry Dantine held 12 bottles of frosted beer, enjoying the cold coming through the bag, put his finger on the motel doorbell. Slim opened up. Harry smiled at him. "Hi. Not disturbing you, am I?"

"No. Come on in."

Harry gave him the bag. "Always preferred beer with my bourbon."

"So do I. Want a glass?"

"Just for the bourbon . . . There's a breezeway on the other side of that wall. Who lives over there?"

"It's going to be one of those talks is it? Jasper lives there. He's okay. He's been spending a lot of time on the car."

"Heard you've been working hard at Sebring too. That's what made me think of the beer . . . You know why Sonny's jewels were stolen, don't you?"

"Sure. So she'll wear the real ones."

"That's right. And I can't stop her. It's in the contract that she can wear them for special occasions and this sure is a special occasion around these parts. Got a gun?"

"No. Never found a reason for one."

"You have millions of reasons now. That's how much jewelry she can wear and has worn before to affairs like this. Seven and a half million on the hoof."

"It's your risk, not mine. Jewel thieves don't kill."

"They killed Harris."

"What do you want from me?"

"I want you to jilt her. Drive to Miami, anywhere you want. Phone her about ten, say you'll be there in an hour or so. Keep her home till it's too late to go out."

"Why should I do you favors?"

"You'll be doing Sonny a favor, protecting her from possible harm. I'll explain to her afterwards why you stood her up. You'll be doing yourself a favor. If you live for another ten or fifteen years, you'll lose your reflexes and you'll be looking for a job. I remember guys who do me favors."

"You're basically a decent person, I can tell. And I really admire the price you put on me—twelve stinking bottles of beer. I'm dating a girl who with one word can put up housing developments on half the auto circuits in this country and you," Slim made a wide, throwaway gesture, "You tell me to stand her up. Ask something easy."

"Yeah, I was afraid you'd take it like that. Well," he shrugged, "can't win 'em all." Without further speech, he left.

Next day Slim examined the note that came in the mail. It was informative, that's all. And very chilly. 'Call at eight. Black tie.' End of statement. Obviously something was bugging her. He'd better find out what.

Sonny stared at him as he talked. "Every girl in the place will be wearing white, correct? So why don't you wear black? Something very simple. You'll stand out like a spotlight on a dark night. I'll wear a white coat to set you off. Maybe just a string of pearls around your neck." He waited to see what effect his words had.

She continued to stare at him, then nodded slowly and slightly. "It comes to me now. Harry Dantine bought you."

"He didn't buy me. I'm still sole owner."

"He doesn't want me to wear my jewelry so he sent you with his message. You can tell him it didn't work. I'll wear what I want and as much of it as I want."

"You tell him. You're on speaking terms with him, I'm not. Yes, he tried to buy me. Ask him what happened."

"I will."

"Okay, I guess that's it. Unless you want to back out of the date."

"Why should I?"

"It's obvious you don't want to go with me."

"It's obvious you'd rather go with Jane Harrow."

"What's she got to do with this?"

"Oh don't insult me. I saw what happened. In my own home."

Slim peered at her directly, trying to understand. "Is that what you're mad about? Because it happened here?"

"You admit it then?"

"Sure. She was feeling a little lusty, so was I, so we did the natural thing. Just about every night since. I'll be seeing her tonight. So what?"

"So what!" Sonny screamed. "You're dating me and . . . you're doing with her what you're doing?"

"We're talking about two different people, two different things. You like to dance, she likes to screw. You don't put out, she does. What has one got to do with the other?"

Sonny rubbed her fingers against her forehead. "He doesn't comprehend, he really doesn't."

"Wait a minute," Slim stopped her. "You see any strings dangling from me? We're not tied to each other. If we were married or living together, you'd have a legitimate bitch. I'm taking you to a dance. No big deal. You've been very nice to me and I appreciate it. I want to be nice to you. But what I do outside this relationship, such as drive racing cars or screw Jane Harrow, has nothing to do with you or us. That's a square deal, isn't it?"

Sonny shook her head in amazement. "Something . . . square. Probably it's me. Do you . . . er . . . bed everything in sight?"

"Of course not. If a girl looks real good and she wants me and I want her, that's different. That's what makes the world go round."

"I must have stepped off the world somewhere. All right, Slim, I'll see you at eight. Wear sunglasses. I'll dazzle you with my sparklers."

The crowd at the country club gave a mutual mental gasp when Sonny walked in on the arm of a grinning Slim Durgin. She wore a black dress with a single strand of pearls and that was it. They had expected a maharani blazing with gems and got the working girl's version of class.

A few women had the class and intelligence to congratulate her. Harry Dantine wiped his sweating brow and felt his heart rate returning to normal. Prescott's jaw dropped and he hurried for the phone to warn off Graham, but women had grabbed all available phones and were settling in to gossip about the latest sneaky trick Sonny Baldwin had pulled.

Dantine got Slim alone. "How did you manage it?"

Slim shrugged. "I didn't think I had. She thought you and I were scheming to keep her from wearing the diamonds, and she was determined to wear them. Then I call for her and she's dressed like that."

"She took the goods out of the vault. I'd better check to see if she returned them."

The affair was a bore, as far as Slim was concerned. The liquor was good, except he had never acquired a taste for imported champagne, so he stuck to bourbon. The band played mostly draggy numbers and the sweepstake game they were playing for sweet charity asked more for openers than his whole evening bankroll.

The Tangrey gal, who was really a friend of Sonny's, first suggested escape, either to her place or some swinging joint.

Prescott was still trying to get on the phone, and getting more frustrated by the minute. He had to stop Graham. He was fairly sure Graham and Co. had set up both Slim and Sonny for a kill. He had to stop them.

He went to the terrace, the north side, lit his lighter, and made a negative motion from shoulder to shoulder.

Bobo Jacnecki was looking through the telescope. "It's Prescott. North Side."

Basil grabbed a telephone, dialed a number. The ringing stopped. "North," was all he said . . .

Harry Dantine found Slim at the bar. "The women in this place have telephonitis, I had to use the public booth in the parking lot. Anyway, Sonny put the jewels back in the vault. Just the same, I'd be careful taking her home."

"I don't think she's going straight home. They're trying to cook up a party."

"Maybe that's best. But play it careful anyway."

"Yeah, Okay. I never heard of jewel thieves using their pistols."

"I'm on to something. This is an unusual set up. Just play it safe."

Sonny put her hand on top of Slim's. "Let's leave. This isn't much fun."

"What about the Tangrey party?"

"She's taking forever to plan it. We can call later, and if something's doing, then we'll go."

"Okay," he stood, and remembered to hold her chair for her. Jasper had said that was very important. Hold chairs and doors and coats.

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Prescott grabbed a phone a woman just left, quickly dialed Graham. "Prescott here. She isn't wearing her jewelry. Nothing! A lousy string of pearls. Call it off. Call the whole thing off."

"Too late!" Jimmy tried to remain calm. "Basil already sent them."

"I was trying to signal you 'no,' couldn't get to a phone."

"Stupid! Bobo read it for north. That's where they'll be waiting. You're closer than we are."

"Oh hell, they're leaving now."

Prescott saw Slim and Sonny walk by. "I'll follow them, try to get them to go south. You go to the north side and call it off."

"You pay for this, Prescott, I swear you pay for this."

He hung up, hurried out to the parking lot. Slim was just pulling away. Prescott gave the parking attendant five dollars that sent the boy running, and brought him screeching back. Prescott tore out of the parking lot, chasing after them. They were heading north. North! Where Graham's hoods were waiting with a definite set of instructions.

Slim just naturally drove fast. Sonny, a good driver herself, secure in his competence, relaxed her head in the corner.

"Where to?" Slim asked.

"I don't know. Home I guess. I think I'll have a diplomatic headache."

"Didn't think I bored you that much."

"Oh it's not you, Slim. It's the damned Charity Ball. I hate to go to it. Compulsory attendance. Same people, same conversation, year after year. All for a worthy cause—that's the way they hook you."

Prescott followed the road blindly. He couldn't even see them ahead of him.

The two hoods were cracker boys and very tough. Johnny Grimes and Charles Metcalf, waiting by the side of the road in their car, saw Slim breeze past them. They had only a glimpse of the license plate, but it was enough. Johnny hit it hard, coming out of the grove like a bullet.

Slim checked his rear view mirror, looked again. "Somebody following us," he spoke calmly.

"Why?" Sonny twisted around, looking out the rear. "How can you be sure they're following us?"

"They were waiting off the road, took out after us. They're also going too fast. I'm doing 70, they must be doing 90."

"Maybe they want to pass."

"I'll find out. They're coming close."

Slim touched the brake pedal.

Johnny Grimes saw the red lights flash up at him, squashed the brake. Charley Metcalf cursed as he went into the dashboard. He had been aiming his long barreled Smith & Wesson to take out a tire. His head was damn near ruined.

Slim was far down the road, and Johnny realized he had been forced. He floored the gas pedal.

"Satisfied?" Slim's eyes flashed to Sonny.

"I saw the gun," she nodded. "Kidnap?"

"Don't know. Where there're guns, it doesn't matter. Get the seat and shoulder belts on. The party's going to get rough."

"Can you outrun them?"

Slim shook his head. "Not in this car. It's full out now and they're coming up like I had it in reverse. So we see if we can slow them down."

He hit the brake, twisted the wheel, did a sliding skid that covered the middle of the road. Johnny either had to duplicate the movement, shed speed, or crash into Slim, defeating his own purpose. Charley was aiming out the window. Johnny yelled at him, "No shooting. I want that bastard for myself."

Slim drove into the skid, let the engine pull him out. Sonny looking out the rear, gave him a running report on what was happening. He let her talk although he could see perfectly well with the rear and side mirrors. It kept her cooler.

"He's coming out of the skid too."

"Yeah, he can drive, he's just not quick enough."

"The man with the gun isn't leaning out the window anymore."

"Good. They'll be pulling up alongside us in a few seconds."

Johnny swung out into the curving lane, started creeping up. He yelled at Charley, "Flag them down. If they don't want to stop, I'm cutting them off."

Slim used the side mirrors for this one. The nose of Johnny's car was well past his rear wheels when Slim hit the brake and twitched the driving wheel. At that speed, even the small sway he had imparted to the body, broke the rear wheels loose and swung the tail end sharply against Johnny Grimes' right front fender. Johnny felt the wheel whip in his hands. He didn't think, just reacted. He put his heel through the brake pedal. It was neither right nor wrong, merely too late. The car caught a wheel on the shoulder and began rolling over and over. Johnny and Charley were already dead. They were also saved funeral expenses. The car burst into flames as it took giant bounces on the highway.

Slim had straightened out his car with another wheel twitch. Sonny stared behind. "How awful," she spoke through the fingers covering her mouth. "How terribly awful."

Slim wasn't overly concerned. "I'd rather have them dead than us dead."

"You don't care, do you? You don't care at all."

"That two guys who tried to murder us are dead? I don't care about that one bit. I'm happy because they'll never have another chance at me, and I take my murder very personally. I'm sorry two human beings died—and I'm glad it wasn't four."

* * *

Prescott saw the flames from far away. So did Graham and the rest. They stopped by the flaming car and Graham yelled to Prescott.

"Dead?"

"Of course."

"They won't be identified. Call us when you can. Sonny still has the rocks at her place, doesn't she?"

"Yes. I followed her from the bank."

"Okay, keep tomorrow night clear. Get moving, Bobo." Graham lit a cigar. "And Bobo, when we get into Sonny Baldwin's house, and we get her jewels, make sure you put a piece of lead into a vital part of Mr. Prescott."

Bobo grinned. "It will be a pleasure."

* * *

The airplane mechanic opened the gate for them. Sonny told him he could go off duty now. Slim drove her to the front of the house, opened the door for her, said goodnight. Sonny told him he could come in. There was still the phone call to make to the Tangrey's and she didn't want to go there alone.

In the sitting room, while he poured a drink for himself, she opened the drapes, slid back the glass doors to a square of dark night.

"Turn off the lights," she told him, "and you'll see my favorite view."

He turned out the lights. The pool sprung to life in moonlight, there was a clear view to the white beach and the surf breaking on it.

She sighed. He looked at her profile as she stood by the floor-to-ceiling opening, and that was beauty to him. He put down his drink. He had survived one murder attempt tonight. She couldn't do anything more to him.

He turned her around by the shoulders, dropped his grip to her waist, pulled her close and felt the softness and tautness of her. He kissed the red cushion of her lips. It was all an experiment on his part. She kissed him back, relaxing, some of the tension leaving her. Her arms went around his neck. Her mouth was partly opened. He probed with his tongue. She started, then acquiesced, then enjoyed it, then joined him.

His hands were splayed against her back. He took his right one away, put it directly on her buttock, pushing her groin against his, his fingers curling around the sensuous rear in turn, finding that she wore only a garter belt under the dress. His hand went lower, encircled her thigh, came up again——

She broke away from him. "No!" her tone was sharp. "We can't."

"Why not?" he demanded. "What's stopping us?"

"Oh . . . I am."

"Chee! You start out great but you finish lousy. What is it, Slim Durgin isn't the guy?"

"I think if it were anybody it would be you. The trouble is with me. I tried this sex thing twice in college. Both times it was a complete flop, yet I've actually seen Paul Tangrey feeling up Marge and the two of them trying to get away so they can get to bed. I know an awful lot of people enjoy it, I saw you turn Jane Harrow into a passion pot, you've got me feeling like it, but I've felt like it before and it turned out to be flat. A nothing."

Slim nuzzled her cheek, ran a hand over her breast, searched for the dress clasp under her hair that held up the top. "Guys in college are in an awful hurry. On. Off. Home. We've got time."

"I'm sure you're a skilled seducer, Slim. I just don't want to be disappointed again."

"You won't be," he found the clasp, pulled the front of her dress down, "not if you just follow your instincts."

"This is the part I enjoyed best," she admitted as he kissed her lips and nipples.

"Enjoy more. I can't get you out of this dress."

"Zipper at the back."

He found it. She was nude except for her stockings and shoes and belt and pearls. She started to move from the light to the shadow.

"No, don't," he stopped her. "I want to look at you."

"I'm embarrassed."

"You've got nothing to be embarrassed about," he took off his coat and shirt and dropped his trousers. "You're perfect all over."

"It's the first time a man ever stared at me."

"I thought you said you did it twice before?"

"Yes. In the back seat of a car. Who can see anything?"

He stood aside in front of her. "First time you've ever seen a man?"

"Outside of pictures. I'm curious."

"Satisfy your curiosity."

She looked and felt, and the feeling brought him to erection.

"I remember that," she nodded definitely.

"Lie down," he said.

She started for the couch but he caught her waist. "Here. In the light."

"On the rug?"

"On the rug."

"It seems . . . wicked," Sonny folded gracefully to the floor. "I love all sorts of wild sensations."

Slim joined her, pulled her to her side. "That's very good," his hands stroked her breasts, stomach, ribs, back. He probed the depths of her and she was nearly ready—not quite but nearly. Her problem was she'd never had an orgasm, at least not a natural one with a man. Once she attained one all her misconceived ideas about sex would leave her. He kept touching her, touching

her.

"Oooh. Aaah." Her hips fluctuated as she moaned in orgasm. He repeated the procedure and brought her to orgasm a second time. It was killing him, he thought his penis was going to burst, but he wanted to show her what it could be like.

When she was approaching her third orgasm he rose and slid swiftly into her. Startled, her heels, pushing hard against the floor, drove down in a reflex action and nearly pushed her out the door to the pool. Quickly she returned, searched for him with her hand, coupled with him, instinctively locked her feet behind his knees.

He probed deep, deeper, and soon she was clinging to him, her pelvis turned to a trampoline, shouting wild and bawdy words.

When both were finished, there was quiet, except for her heavy panting. Her hair was sweat-plastered around her face.

"Have I," she gasped, "been missing that all these years?"

"I guess. Although I'd have to declare you a natural."

"I'm burning up. I've got to get something cool."

"Go for a swim."

"Yes. I'll get my suit."

"Why?"

She laughed. "Habit pattern. No reason why." She paused and held his hand. "There'll be more later, won't there."

"I think so . . . Seeing you in the moonlight, I know so."

* * *

Harry Dantine woke him up in the motel. "Thought I'd let you get a few hours sleep. You got home late. Or early."

"Big party at the Tangreys. This high class living is ruining me."

"On you it looks good. Going to see Sonny today?"

Slim looked at his watch. "Have a date for this afternoon."

"Good. I'll be over later with some friends."

"Forget it. You know Sonny doesn't let people barge in on her."

"These friends are cops."

"Oh, you expect uninvited visitors tonight."

"That's right. Reason it their way . . . Sonny took her jewels out of the vault. They know that. They didn't get them last night and she hasn't had a chance to return them yet. Therefore they must be at the house. And the best way to get them is to go in and get them. Your job is to get Sonny out of the way. Stash her with Jane Harrow, for instance——"

"I don't think that's a good idea."

"Okay, Marge Tangrey. Get the gate key from Sonny. Drive back and let us in."

Slim poured orange juice, thinking. "Why are you so sure they'll come tonight for Sonny's jewels? She did take them back. Maybe they know that too."

"They don't."

"Make me as positive as you are."

"William Prescott is their contact man."

"Prescott!" Slim's eyebrows went up. "Doesn't sound likely. Childhood friend, all of that."

"He's likely, all right. He claims he spent the last few years in Switzerland. Actually he spent them in Illinois State Prison. Defrauded a Chicago woman of her jewels. Sold them to Jimmy Graham."

"Who's Jimmy Graham?"

"Biggest jewel thief in the country. Has never spent a day in jail. He's in Palm Beach right now. By the way, if it means anything to you, Prescott was in Trenton that night you got slugged."

"It means something," Slim said, his face changing. He rubbed behind his left ear. "I want a gun tonight."

"I thought you never saw any reason for a gun."

"I have reasons now."

* * *

Basil Trasker protested, "If we come in from the beach, we're repeating ourselves. I don't like that. She could have installed some sort of an alarm system."

"She didn't," Prescott said confidentally. "I would have known it."

The phone rang. Jimmy Graham answered. It was Bobo from his observation post near Sonny's house. The banks had just closed, she hadn't left the house, therefore the jewels were still in the house.

That decided Jimmy. "We go in over the beach tonight. Wrap burlap bags around your shoes. Prescott—you're sure they'll be in her bedroom safe."

"Yes. But I couldn't get the combination."

"That's all right. Miss Baldwin will open it for us."

"Sonny can't be made to do anything."

Jimmy waved his cigar. "This, pressed against their feet, turns 'em all to jelly."

* * *

Sonny couldn't understand why she had to go to Marge Tangrey's. Slim insisted, "She's expecting you."

"But why did you call her? I wanted to be with you, not her."

"I'm preparing a surprise for you here. As soon as it's ready, I'll pick you up."

"That's a ridiculous excuse. Now tell me the truth."

Slim saw that time was running out. The police would be arriving soon and he had to let them in. "Okay. Dantine is convinced a gang is going to make a try for your jewels tonight. He's setting a trap."

"Well I should be here to spring it."

"You won't be and that's final. Bullets will be flying."

"Are you going to be here?"

"No. Outside with a walkie-talkie."

"All right. I'll go to Marge's. You'll pick me up as soon as it's over."

"Sure. Oh, before I forget, give me the gate key." . . .

It was nearly midnight. In Sonny's bedroom, Slim was crouching behind the couch, dying for a smoke. The feel of the .45 Colt automatic was familiar in his hands. Dantine, behind the bed, carried a .357 Magnum.

When the hell were they coming? This waiting was weird and eternal. His wristwatch sounded like a blacksmith's hammer. Dantine must have added the score wrong. No thieves would be operating this late, they'd be too conspicuous on the streets.

A sound of a lock snicking open. The front door! Then nothing again. Slim tried to see Dantine to alert him.

A board squeaked under substantial weight. Dantine must have heard that. Slim braced himself for action.

The door swung open noiselessly. Figures stood in the faint bit of light, moved forward on peculiar looking feet as if they were cushioned—which they were.

Dantine hit the light switch and yelled, "Freeze!" and everyone was paralyzed for a fractional second, blinded by the lights in night-adjusted eyes.

Graham yelled, "Trap!" and let go with the Tommy gun, spraying the room.

Slim ducked behind the couch as bullets tore through it and, as he was about to bob up and peg a shot at Graham, the substantial weight of Bobo Janecki thundered down on him and huge hands went for this throat. He was pinned on his back.

He came up with his knees, caught Bobo in the crotch. Bobo screamed. Pressure was eased on Slim's left arm and instantly he wiped the fist across Bobo's jaw. He kneed him again. And hit him again.

Bobo sat down groggily. Slim slapped him across the head a few times with the automatic, and Bobo went to sleep. Slim came up ready to shoot.

Jimmy Graham was spreadeagled on the floor, his chest blown out through his spine. Harry Dantine was standing, swaying, the magnum still smoking in his hand, with blood leaking from his left arm.

The Count and Basil had the same idea at the same time: beat a hasty retreat back down the stairs. They didn't notice that the hall lights were on; they just wanted to get to the door.

A policeman came out of the sitting room holding a .38 and yelled, "Stop! Hands on top of your head."

The Count panicked and shot at him. Behind the policeman, in the still-dark room, another blue uniform squeezed off five fast loads from a repeating shotgun.

The Count and Basil The Owl were literally sprayed all over the stairs.

Dantine yelled at Slim, "Prescott! He went to the back of the house. Get him."

Slim ran down a long hall, saw an open window, went out and landed on the garage roof. He couldn't be sure but he thought he saw a figure moving in the shadow of the palm tree. Off the roof, onto the grand, after Prescott.

Prescott showed up nicely against the white beach. Slim dropped to one knee, held the .45 in both hands, deliberately aimed high, touched off one.

The figure staggered. Damn! Just winged him. Lousy shooting. Have to get closer. Slim got up and chased him.

Prescott was trying to get to the rubber raft with the outboard motor. He ran holding his right arm.

Slim stopped at the beginning of the beach, aimed down the slight slope, holding lower. Prescott turned, saw Durgin and raised the gun in his left hand. Slim fired twice. Prescott spun around, gun flying high, and pitched forward onto his face. He was motionless as the incoming tide reached for his body.

* * *

He found it difficult explaining everything to Sonny. She sat rammed hard against the passenger door, face blank, eyes uncomprehending. Slim drove and talked at the same time.

"I don't know *why* he did it. Pride? Poverty? Both, maybe. But he served a jail term and Harry Dantine thinks he would have killed you."

"You're talking past tense. Is he dead?"

"No doubt. There was a lot of shooting, none of them escaped."

"Were you involved?"

"I was helping. You know that. I told you before I took you to Marge's."

"Yes. I'm partly responsible. But I can't think he would have allowed me to be killed."

"It's Harry's opinion. When you get down to it, he probably wouldn't."

As Slim drove through the crowd of reporters, Sonny kept her back to the window and the police closed the gate against the pushing newsmen. Harry was waiting by the front door. He got Sonny out and a cop came around and whispered to Slim, "The house is pretty clean. Don't let her near the garage."

In the guest bedroom Sonny turned on her heel and held her hands out helplessly. "I don't know what to do."

"I'll be here a while," Slim suggested.

"Awhile?" Sonny blinked. "Then where are you going?"

"Where the auto races are. The circuit. The tour. That's my job."

"I forgot. You're an honest guy. You have to make a living."

"But I'll come back here every chance I get. If you want me to."

Sonny walked to him, held his arm, kissed him on the lips. "Now that I've found you, I'm not letting you get away. I'll be traveling with you." ◆◆◆

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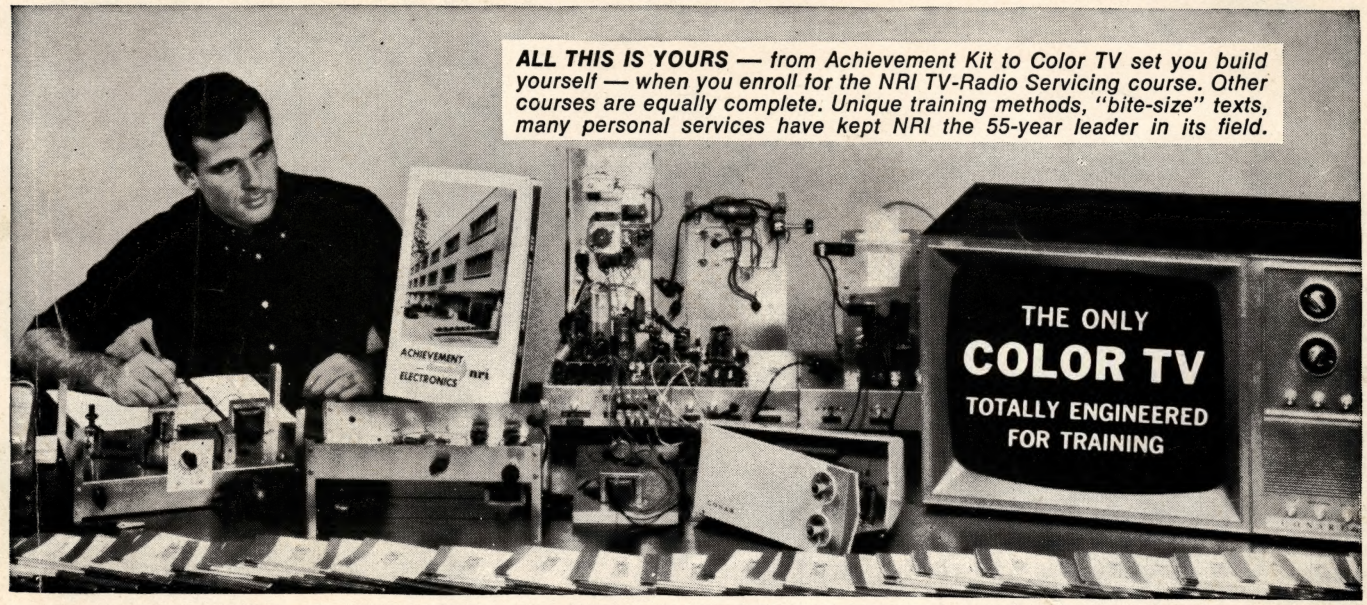

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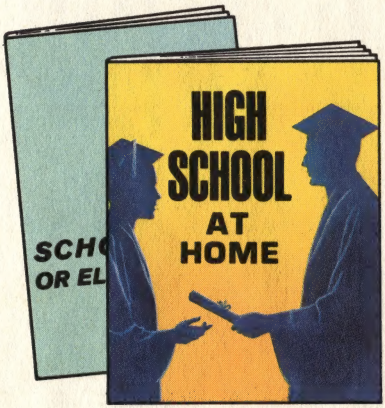

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